

January 25, 1961

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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE



**PRINCESS
MARGARET**
*The happy
housewife*

Page 10



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The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● From the very day of her wedding, Princess Margaret tried to make sharply plain the difference between her public and private life, says Helen Cathcart, who wrote "Margaret—The Happy Housewife" (pages 10 and 11).

AS a bride the Princess rode back from Westminster Abbey to Buckingham Palace in the traditional glass coach with a captain's escort of the Household Cavalry.

But Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong-Jones left for their honeymoon with only motor-bike police outriders to accompany their car through the London crowds.

It didn't work out, of course. The car was mobbed and it cost about £600 to dispel the dints and scratches on the coachwork caused by the characters whom George VI once called "our fervent admirers."

On her Caribbean honeymoon, too, the Princess made a personal appeal to the islanders to treat her arrival as "an ordinary visit by a honeymoon couple."

This did not prevent 100,000 calypso-singing Trinidad folk from frantically jamming the roads to catch a glimpse of the couple.

Nor were long-range-lens fiends deterred from snooping as Margaret and Tony went swimming.

Even the privacy of the Royal yacht Britannia was not sacrosanct. Planes swooped low for candid-camera shots.

The only other girl aboard the honeymoon yacht, assistant hairdresser Sylvia Davies, faced a fire of questions back home at her father's pub.

"They wanted to be alone always. I have never seen any two people happier and so much in love," she was quoted.

LUCILLE FLETCHER, author of "Blindfold," our new serial which begins on pages 24, 25, is a talented young American.

Author of the best-seller "Sorry, Wrong Number," she also writes many scripts for television, mostly for the American "Suspense" and Orson Welles shows.

Lucille Fletcher was born in Brooklyn. She graduated a Bachelor of Arts at Vassar, and now lives with her husband and two children in Arlington, Virginia.

Her hobbies are playing the piano and writing, although the major part of her life, she says, "is spent housekeeping and cooking meals."

If her meals are as exciting as the plots she cooks up, she sounds like a wonderful housekeeper.

LOUISE HUNTER is shrieking "Help!" all round the office as she is engulfed in an avalanche of letters from teenagers who want to find pen-friends through her "Here's Your Answer." Years ago, we had to stop giving the names and addresses of teenagers who want pen-friends. If we did, "Here's Your Answer" would be just a long list of names and addresses. We simply can't cope with them.

Our cover



● Princess Margaret, beautifully gowned in a heavily embroidered evening dress, as she fills a London engagement. Another glowing color picture of the Princess and her husband, Anthony Armstrong-Jones, page 11.

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Louise says "Sorry," but because of lack of space she can't help.

NEXT WEEK: Cake Decorating—five-page feature with easy-to-follow directions for attractive cake icing . . . Tulips—hints on planting and care, illustrated with brilliant color pictures . . . Holiday Homes—three contemporary holiday homes for which plans are available at £10/10/- a set.

When pups put on dog...

DOGGIE fashions have entered the field of haute couture in New York, where Mrs. Ted Steele has put poodles into pyjamas—or nighties—party clothes to match “Mother’s,” casual clothes, the lot.

She held her winter showing—of Dog House Fashions—at Eva Gabor’s smart New York apartment. Poodles were the models, for poodle togs are a Dog House specialty.

Eva Gabor and other proud poodle owners saw a glamorous range of off-the-peg coats and collars and caps and boots and jewellery, and an exclusive selection of custom-built clothes.

The poodle that wears model clothes is carefully measured and the winter suit or negligee ordered from samples of swatches. Often it’s dressed to team with its owner’s mink coat, her lame cocktail dress, slacks, sweaters.

When a poodle orders a custom-built fur coat, Mrs. Steele’s Dog House makes it from a toile — just as they do in the big Paris fashion houses.

For the dog that has simply everything the Dog House at 979 1st Avenue, New York, supplies toys, nail lacquer in 16 colors, toothbrushes, and toothpastes with a variety of flavors.

Mrs. Steele, a TV fashion commentator, shows her canine collection seasonally, gives special showings at cocktail parties, and private showings at the homes of celebrities, including Constance Bennett, Mrs. Phil Silvers, and Kim Novak.



● At a winter showing of Mrs. Ted Steele’s Dog House fashions at Eva Gabor’s apartment, Mrs. Steele shows Eva the smart white jacket worn by poodle Bell. On the right is male model John Dahlman, who came along to choose a holiday outfit for his pup.



● Mrs. Steele shows a poodle coated in brocade to match her own elegant cocktail dress. Dog House fashions range from a few dollars up to about £35—for a ranch mink coat.

● Right. Cover-girl Sharon Tapley and brown poodle Pat Mandlebaum again show the matching trend. Pat’s turquoise velvet lounging pyjamas have ranch-mink trim, cost about £15.



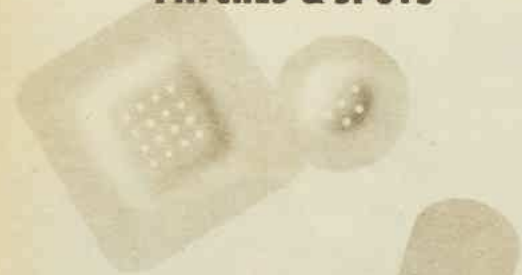
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your "any place"



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**Dr. Scholl's
ZINO PADS**

Craftsmen who make antiques of the future

By FREDIA IRVING



ROJO BROTHERS. Frank (above), managing director, discusses a design with a client. The stand of wooden egg-cups beside him was made of Australian wood by his grandfather, the firm's founder, in 1888. Robert (left), works manager, tries a yellow hide chair, one of the firm's modern designs. The cabinet at right is a Queen Anne reproduction.

A BAKER'S rolling-pin and a £3000 reproduction of a Louis XVI dining-room suite in bleached mahogany, finely carved and tipped with silver and gold leaf, have something in common when they're made in the workshop of an old Melbourne firm. That something is craftsmanship.

The staff of C. F. Rojo, this near-century-old wood-working house, give as meticulous attention to the turn of a rolling-pin or a crutch as they do to a luxury period piece or a box for presentation to Royalty.

Craftsmanship has become a tradition through three generations of the Rojo family and staff members who served their apprenticeship under the founder, Cristobal Francis Rojo, the son of Spanish parents who came to Australia last century.

Modest start

Cristobal Francis started as a general wood turner and cornice-pole manufacturer in a tiny section of a timber merchant and joiner's factory in Napier St., Fitzroy, in 1877.

Very soon he became a specialist in gymnastic and callisthenic equipment as well, and moved to larger premises in Swanston Street.

Before long he was the city's leading wood-turner, maker of fine furniture.

Today the Rojo family firm is housed a couple of hundred yards or so from the original headquarters in Napier St.

Here the founder's grandsons, Frank, managing director, and Robert, works manager, carry on his reputation.

Two who are as keen as the brothers in their determination to maintain the tradition are foreman Ivan McIntosh and cabinetmaker Bob Grigor, who served their apprenticeships under the "old master."

Bob was apprenticed 46 years ago at 8/- a week and has spent all his working life with the firm. Ivan is a comparative youngster, having started a mere 35 years ago.

Ivan keeps an eagle eye on the apprentices in the workshop and is also a part-time instructor at Collingwood Technical School.

Providing another link with tradition is french-polisher Jack Feehan. He has been with the firm only 21 years. But he learnt his trade under a man who was with it for 40.

Three times Rojo staff members have won the Apprentice of the Year award in cabinetmaking. One year one received the award for craftsmanship out of apprentices in all trades.

All of which adds up to a

sound basis of fact for Frank Rojo's statement that the firm is making the "antiques of the future."

Future antiques take in anything from household to boardroom and executive office furniture, and reproductions of present-day antiques adapted to meet current needs.

The firm is known especially for its perfect reproduc-

"You've got to be versatile in your thinking," he said.

"I like modern form and I like to produce some of it. But I do NOT like a contemporary home filled with modern furniture. It all gets too geometric and produces something that is lacking in warmth and tiring to live with."

"The ideal is a contemporary home with touches of the past in good pieces of

One owner couldn't tell their copy from his original

tions of period pieces. One reproduction turned out in its workshop was so like the original that the latter's owner couldn't tell them apart.

Period furniture is Frank's first love. As soon as he'd got past his first job with the firm, sweeping the shop at 10/3 a week, he concentrated on intensive study of styles of furniture and master-makers.

He was taught design and its construction by a man who was an early apprentice of his grandfather's.

His period favorites are the Georgian, Hepplewhite, Sheraton, and French Louis styles.

"Chippendale? We don't make a practice of reproducing it," said Frank. "It was misused and mishandled by a lot of cheap manufacturers."

"If we do make Chippendale reproductions we get into some of his oriental designs, using straight lines and the Chinese influence of decoration."

But in designing for the firm, Frank is by no means tied to the period past.

period furniture which bring it alive.

"Don't let anyone tell you this can't be done successfully. It can."

"One of the most livable homes I've ever been in" was created in Sydney in this way.

"It is one of the most beautiful contemporary houses in Australia and is furnished entirely with some of the most exquisite pieces of antique furniture in the Commonwealth. To me, that makes the ultimate in living."

In his designing Frank does much more than just sketch chairs and tables, beds and desks, dressing tables and sideboards.

The firm now does complete home decorating from carpet to ceiling, and it is forthright, friendly Frank who goes out on the job.

He sizes it up, says, "This is what you should have here," and does a rough sketch on the spot to show the owner what he means.

What he suggests will cover a wide range, from any period to modern.



● 1878 advertisement featuring the second Rojo shop.

Should medical students visit ALL patients?

WHEN Jack Waller fell from a Sydney tram in October, 1946, fractured his spine, and seemed doomed to die, the expert medical care he received at Sydney Hospital saved his life.

But so far as Jack was concerned, he'd just as soon have been dead.

As he saw it, he had returned to a useless, hopeless life as a lifelong cripple, a burden to his wife and his two young children.

Formerly a bacteriologist with a promising career, he said, "You cannot imagine the feeling of uselessness and frustration that follows an accident like mine."

"And do you know what lifted the burden of uselessness from my shoulders? It was the regular visits from the medical students."

"Hopeless as the future seemed, the thought that students were able to obtain from my case the kind of knowledge they could not get from books made me feel that I wasn't so useless after all, that perhaps God had a purpose in allowing the accident."

Jack Waller has spent seven and a half of the past 14 years in Sydney Hospital.

He has seen students who began hospital training when he was first admitted become Macquarie Street specialists and honoraries at the hospital.

He believes, very sincerely, that unless a patient—whether in a public, intermediate, or private ward—has the strongest possible reasons for desiring privacy, he should allow medical students around his bed during examinations.

Another patient in Sydney Hospital, Mrs. Constance Luchetti, was admitted on January 6. It was discovered that she had a serious glandular disorder and as an interesting "case" she has been the subject of daily student lectures and examinations.

• Hospital authorities will soon decide whether medical students may study intermediate as well as public patients. Two patients give their views...

By
WINIFRED MUNDAY
staff reporter.

"I was expecting to be examined or talked over by students before I came in," explained Mrs. Luchetti, a miner's wife from Lithgow. "My husband had some experience of it when he was in hospital a few years ago."

"But, like most people, I felt frightened at the thought. I didn't quite know then the nature of my complaint, and was worried sick about it."

"But now I've talked to the students, they've asked me many questions, and I feel so much more confidence. The fear has gone."

"They have been so kind and considerate that I'll never worry about it again. Now I'm looking forward to getting back home for the weddings of my two daughters, Fay and

Kath, who are getting married in May and August."

"After my experience here I wouldn't object to students using me as a 'case' if I were in the most expensive private ward in Sydney."

These two patients, in public wards of one of Sydney's four teaching hospitals, both think they have cause to thank the groups of students who frequently gather round their beds to get practical experience.

Dr. Norman Rose, Medical Superintendent of Sydney Hospital, asked me to clear up some misunderstandings which seem to be widely held.

"Not everyone seems to realise that no patient, whatever ward he is in, is compelled to submit to being a teaching subject, and no

patient, however medically interesting or rare his case may be, is subjected to examinations or questioning unless he is well enough to stand it.

"The ward sister has the final say-so, and it is her job to protect the patient. No student is allowed to approach a patient without her—and the patient's—permission."

"The student plays no part whatever in diagnosis or treatment of the illness."

"Although the students do not play an actual part in the treatment of patients, their comments and ideas are listened to seriously by the honorary doctor who is stimulated and often finds the students' ideas most valuable and certainly, on occasions, provocative."

In fact, every patient is under the jurisdiction of no fewer than five qualified medical practitioners.

There is the honorary physician, who visits the patient twice a week (more often if the patient is very ill), the medical registrar, who is in his ninth year of practice, the assistant medical registrar, in his fifth year after graduation and really a trainee specialist.

Then the junior resident medical officer (in his first year after graduation). And, finally, there is a senior rostered doctor on call 24 hours a day ready to attend to any emergency.

Back in Ward 9, Mr. Waller, the acknowledged expert on medical students, said, "When some new students

come in whose knowledge so far is out of books and ask you questions about your complaint, they are far more scared than the patient."

"Sometimes I've had to reassure them!"

"Many of them have become my very good friends, and they often drop in for a chat just to cheer me up."

"One thing the patient must have is confidence in his doctor; which means the doctor must have a good, sympathetic bedside manner."

"That's something you can't learn from books. You can learn it only through wide experience in dealing directly with people."

Mr. Waller thinks that unwillingness on the part of a few patients to co-operate as teaching subjects stems from modesty.

Dr. Rose says that hospitals with obstetrics units—Sydney Hospital hasn't one—are more likely to encounter women patients who object to being used as teaching subjects because of acute embarrassment.

But once again it seems that patients find the examinations and questioning by students not nearly so terrifying or embarrassing as they had expected them to be.

It could be that something as simple as an explanatory leaflet, handed to the patient on admission, would do much to dispel the mixed feelings of fear, ignorance, and antagonism with which most people enter the—to them—most fearful undertaking of hospital treatment.

LAST year the four Sydney teaching hospitals—Royal Prince Alfred, Sydney, St. Vincent's, and Royal North Shore—had a combined total of 636 students, which is treble the number of students of the immediate pre-war period.

This meant that last year there were 60 students per 100 general medical beds available for training, and 50 per 100 surgical beds.

Maximum intake of students desirable for efficient teaching, according to the B.M.A. and most overseas medical authorities, is 35 per 100 for general medical, and 46 per 100 for surgical beds.

If an unlimited supply of teaching "subjects" were available, the number should be—ideally—much lower than that.

19 students per 100 beds for general medical, 23 for surgical.

Dr. Edgar Thomson, Medical Superintendent of Royal Prince Alfred, Sydney's biggest teaching hospital, says that the number of students there has trebled in the past 25 years, reaching a peak in 1950.

And in the past few years the number of students at R.P.A. has reached a combined total of almost 300 in fourth, fifth, and sixth years.

At Sydney Hospital last year there were 56 students in their final year, who were split into five regular groups each of 11 students.

These are relatively small groups for today's overcrowded conditions. In some hospitals there are often as many as 18 students grouped around a public-ward bed, a situation with which the medical profession in N.S.W. is far from happy; hence the reason for their latest proposals to use intermediate patients for teaching.

The students helped, they say



• Jack Waller, Sydney Hospital veteran, who says that visits from medical students lifted his "burden of uselessness."



• Mrs. Constance Luchetti, of Lithgow, N.S.W., who says she wouldn't object to students using her as a "subject" even if she were in the most expensive private ward.

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AND MOTHER LOVES THE WAY THEY WEAR!



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5/6

Pretty, yet practical, Zealons are perfect for school or play. 'Look Alikes' for mothers, too. Trim anklets in a host of pretty colors or white for sport or casual wear.

GUITARS SOFTLY PLAYING



At a summer school on Rottnest Island

By WINFRED BISSET, staff reporter

● Sadie Bishop, of Melbourne, is pretty, young, mother of a two-year-old son, and a crusader — for the classical guitar.

"THE guitar," she said, "is not something new. It is not a ukulele. There was music written for it 300 years ago, some of the most romantic music ever written and some of the purest.

"We do not plink the guitar strings. We use varieties of thumb tone, down-stroke, up-stroke, nail tone, flesh tone, and tambour, all kinds of technique that give tone color to the guitar. We are serious musicians."

Sadie was introducing the guitar at a Classical Guitar summer school at Rottnest Island, W.A. — the first summer school of its kind in Australia.

The cottage

The school was held in Cottage "F" on the island, built by convicts more than 120 years ago, and the Vice-Regal summer residence from 1848 to 1864.

Students ate picnic meals — often to the accompaniment of their own guitars. They practised popular Spanish folk

tunes on the beaches, sometimes danced to their own music.

Sadie is a guitarist with an international reputation.

She has played her guitar on TV in London. She arranged the traditional flamenco music of southern Spain and recorded it for a film, "Spring in Andalusia," which was sold recently to the A.B.C. for TV.

Captured

A pupil of Segovia and Pujol, she has become completely captured by the lovely music produced by the classical Spanish guitar — and she wants it to become known throughout her own country.

For two successive years Sadie attended a summer school conducted by Segovia in the Italian town of Siena.

The summer school on Rottnest Island was an attempt to recapture the atmosphere, coloring, and gaiety of the Italian setting.

It succeeded.

Sadie's crusade seems to be succeeding, too.

More and more orders for the classical guitar are com-

ing in for Andries de Jaeger, of Mount Lawley, W.A.

Mr. de Jaeger came from The Hague eight years ago. The guitars he now makes in Australia, Sadie says, are equal in quality to concert instruments imported from abroad.

And interest in the classical

guitar is spreading fast on a nation-wide basis.

The Classical Guitar Society of Sydney was formed in 1947 by a group of businessmen.

"They numbered less than ten," said Sadie, "taught themselves from manuals, and improved themselves by listening to records."

"Today there are more than 50 playing members,

and Neils Stevns, whose teacher in Copenhagen was Mme. Gorki-Schmidt, is now giving group tuition to fellow members."

Twice last year the Sydney society brought Sadie from Melbourne to give recitals.

At home in Melbourne, she has about 60 pupils and a studio opposite Malvern Station.

Last year the Adult Education Centre included classical guitar playing in its syllabus.

But Melbourne has yet to form a society of its own.

The Western Australian Society was incorporated in September, 1959, started by Mrs. Lorna Prendiville, a well-known Perth artist.

Her studies

When her husband's post-graduate studies in surgery took the family to England she studied at the Spanish Guitar Centre in Leicester Square.

The Centre is run by Len Williams, father of rising young guitarist John Williams, formerly of Melbourne, whose playing Segovia has praised extravagantly.

When Mrs. Prendiville returned to Perth she included in her one-man show of paintings a self-portrait and a portrait of her daughter, Susan. Both she and Susan were playing the classical guitar.

Gradually a movement started in Western Australia.

Now the Society includes five young women, five children, two professional plectrum guitarists, eight Uni-

versity staff, including Professor Frank Callaway, the patron of the Society and the Professor of Music, a high-school teacher, a nurse, a doctor, a radio announcer, a city librarian, and a young farmer who travels 200 miles from Boyup Brook to Perth for lessons.

Its aims

The Western Australian Classical Guitar Society's aims are to "promote the playing and teaching of the nylon-strung classic guitar in the manner of the great masters, Segovia and Tarrega."

The Society is affiliated with British, American, and Continental Societies.

The music played ranges from 17th-century Gaspar Sanz, who was Court guitarist to Philip IV of Spain, to modern musicians like Manuel de Falla, Joaquin Turina, Manuel Ponce, of Mexico, Villa-Lobos, of Brazil, from troubadour lute music of France to flamencos, the traditional folk improvisations of southern Spain.

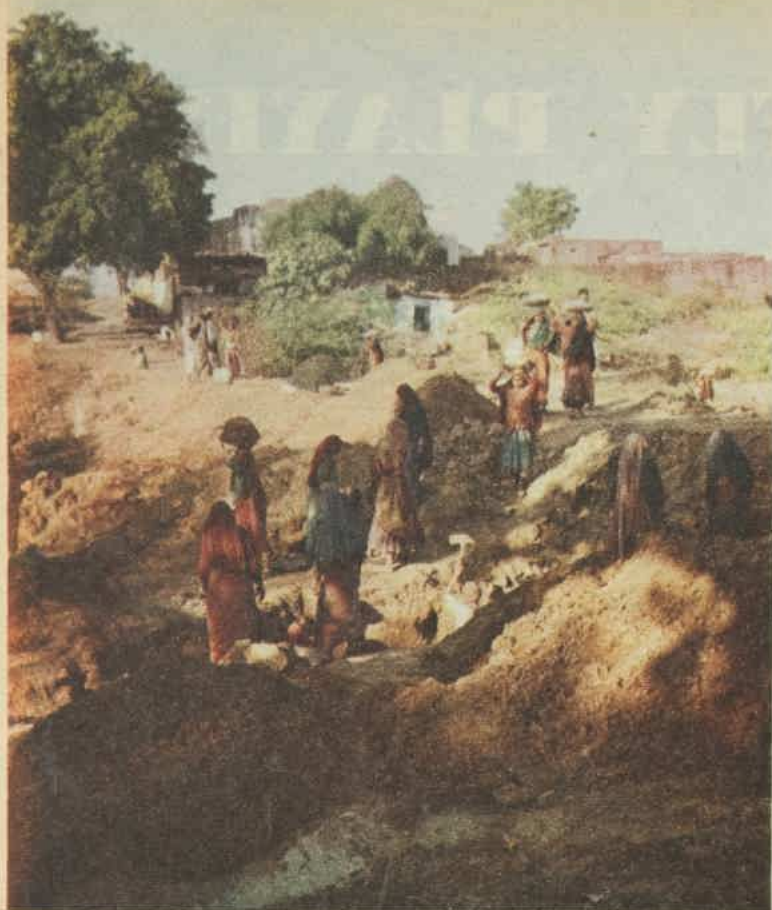
On January 31 in the newly built St. Catherine's College at the University, Sadie Bishop will be solo artist at a concert given under the auspices of the Festival of Perth Committee.

Meantime, a small classical guitarist group is forming at the University of Queensland, and in Tasmania there's an enthusiast who tape-records his guitar practice, sends it to Mr. Williams at the Spanish Guitar Centre in London for criticism.



● Sadie — with her classical Spanish guitar.

Royal tour-



MIXED GANG of men and women digging a drain and carrying the earth away in shallow copper pans on their heads, near Delhi. Red is the usual color of the clothing worn by working women in India.

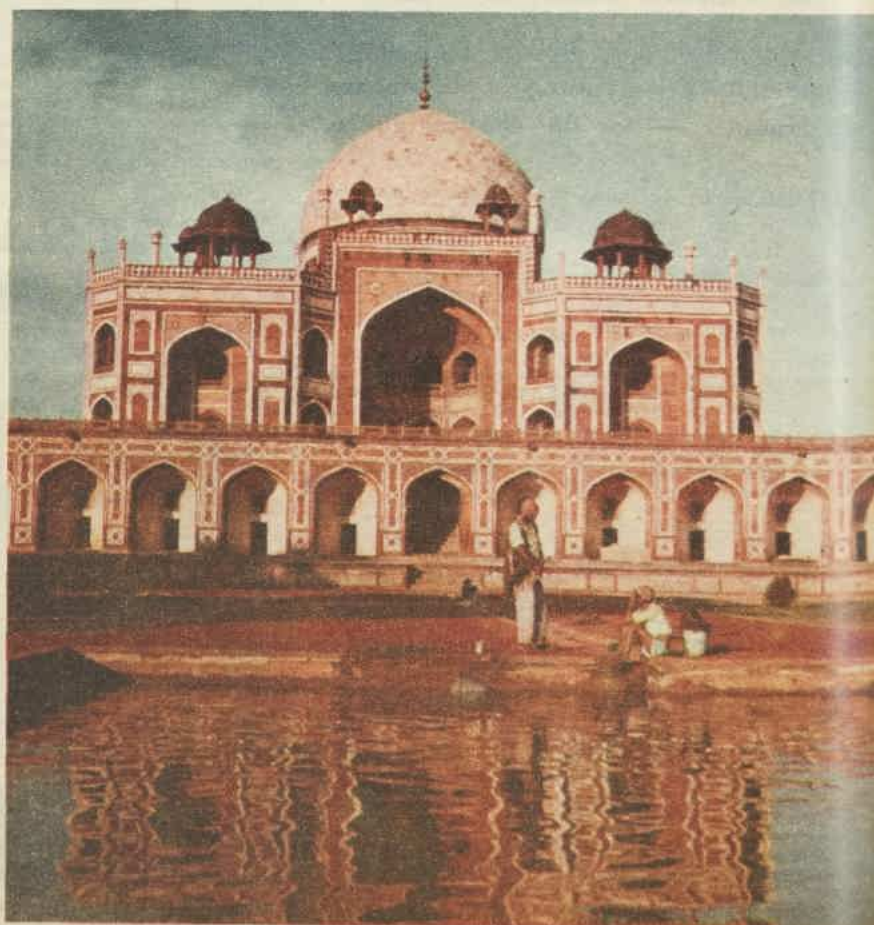


FRUIT, sweets, and vegetables at a stall in one of Delhi's many open-air markets. Such colorful scenes will be seen by the Royal couple during their stay.



OPEN-AIR village school near Delhi, with visitors talking to children. Literacy rate is rising as the result of a drive to improve living standards.

SUNSET bathes the mosque at the Red Fort, Delhi, and deepens the color of its red sandstone, dragged as far as 200 miles from the quarries.



Indian scenes on route

The Queen to see many splendors

● The famous Taj Mahal is among the wonders of India that the Queen and Prince Philip will see during their visit to India, Pakistan, and Nepal beginning on January 21.

THIS exquisite white marble tomb is at Agra, about 100 miles south-east of New Delhi, and is considered to be the most beautiful building in the world.

Shah Jehan built it for his wife, Mumtaz Mahal, and he is also buried there.

It was begun in 1632 and finished around 1650, and even in those days cost over £3,000,000.

The design is attributed to an architect named Ustad Isa, who was either Turkish or Persian, and it is considered to be the most perfect example of Mogul style.

During the tour Prince Philip will play polo against crack teams in both India and Pakistan.

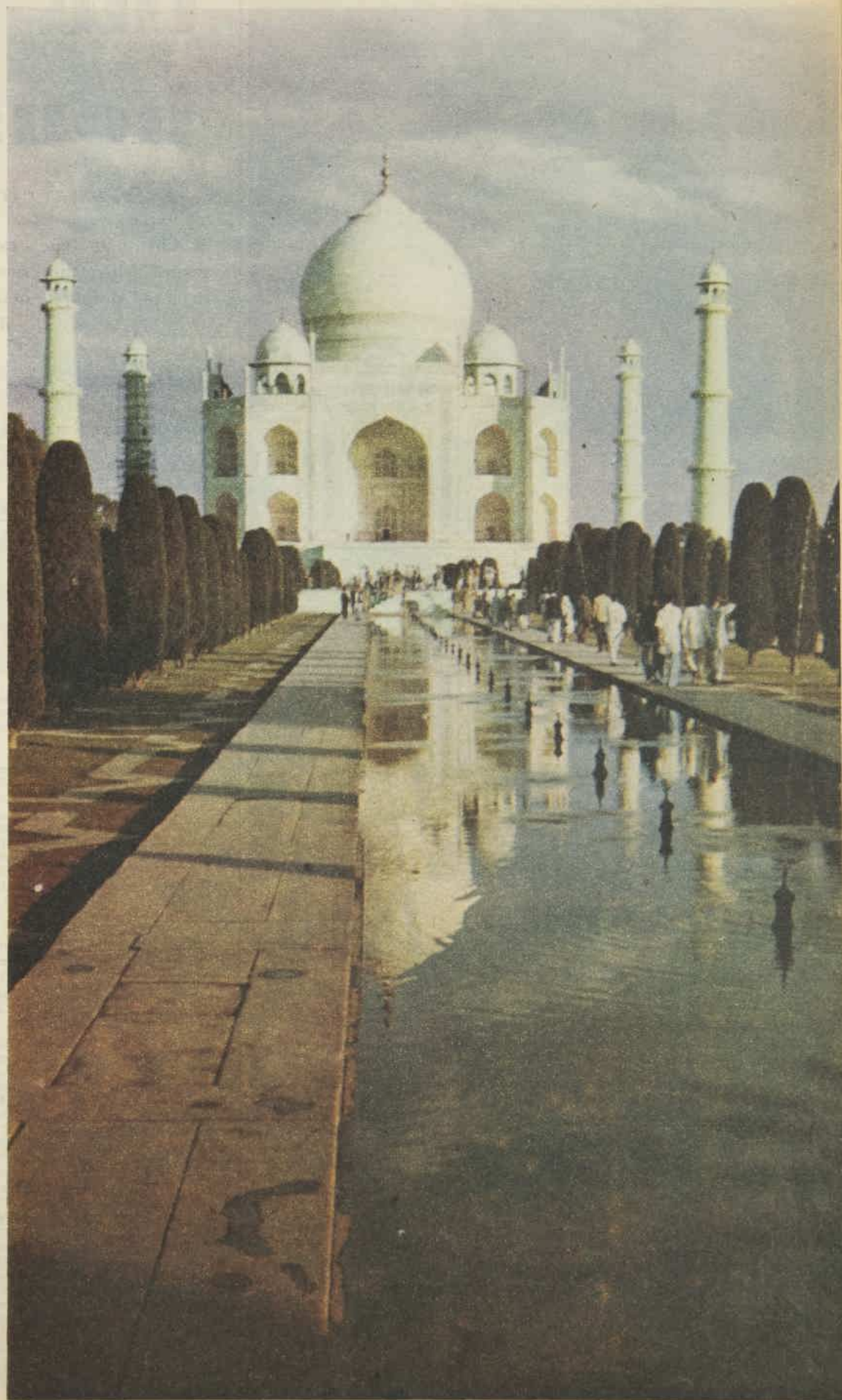
He has been practising polo shots astride a "rocking horse" set up in the stables at Windsor Castle.

For tiger hunts in India and Nepal, the Duke has also been getting shooting practice in the field in Germany, at Sandringham, and in other parts of England.

The Queen has also been having some shooting practice. She will not take part in the tiger hunts, but will join the party for duck shooting during a three-day rest at Swat, in Pakistan.

LONG POOL in front of the Taj Mahal reflects this shimmering white marble tomb built by a 17th-century Shah for his wife. The Queen and Prince Philip will see it pink at sunset and by moonlight.

Pictures by Graham Pizzev



HALO leaves hair so FRESH, so CLEAN



ONE LATHER is all you need

No overwashing! Halo cleans thoroughly with just one application — thus preserving the vital natural oils of the hair.

Halo whisks away dulling dirt and dandruff! Suddenly... after one lather... your hair is softer, brighter, fresh and clean.

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Give your hair
that shining look-again look
with HALO shampoo

Small bottle 3/3 • Regular 5/6 • Bubbles 1/3



R074

Margaret— the happy housewife

By HELEN CATHCART, Court commentator

● Clients at Rene's exclusive Mayfair hairdressing salon gasped when they recently glimpsed the tiny figure of Princess Margaret, petite but growing plumper, hurrying down the hall.

INSTEAD of imperiously asking a lady-in-waiting to summon Rene to Clarence House or Kensington Palace, Princess Margaret was going to the hairdresser's like any other young woman.

Around Sandringham some shuddered and some were delighted when Princess Margaret and Antony Armstrong-Jones sat in their car one Sunday with Charles and Anne eating lollies and ice-creams.

A year ago the former rebellious yet Royally conventional spinster Princess would never have done such things.

But now the fun of knocking down a few ninepins, a Sunday pub lunch with a bishop, the enjoyment of opening her own street-door to guests, the intimacy of keeping house for her husband... these are just facets of Princess Margaret's transformation since she became Mrs. Armstrong-Jones.

Boredom before

Close friends recall the deeply emotional, sometimes restless and irritable girl who overfilled her engagement book with superficial ceremonies rather than sit alone with the devil boredom.

Old servants remember the difficulties of regal moods that swung too swiftly between elation and gloom.

Now, suddenly, all the question-marks that once surrounded the Queen's sister have melted away. The household at No. 10 Kensington Palace—the Jones' first married home—can't help overhearing the daily duets, Margaret's lilting soprano and Tony's awesome basso profundo.

They're well up in the new (rewritten) songs from "Camelot." When the Queen Mother comes to tea or dinner, the stereo jazz is turned down, but the house rings with family laughter. All's superbly right with their world.

"Even the supreme happiness of motherhood can't make the Princess happier

than she is," one close friend sums up. "You can't top tops!"

Yet this is in sharp contrast to the days—already half-obliterated—when Margaret first confided her betrothal intentions to the Queen.

Scottish superstition

One stormy night at Balmoral an owl flew down the Princess' chimney, scattering soot and debris round her bedroom, and she could not forget the Scottish superstition that regards a bird in the house, and especially an owl, as a bad omen.

Next morning Tony laughed at her fears. But the Princess was tremblingly aware that some people might not welcome her betrothal to a commoner, a professional photographer whose parents had been divorced.

Once bitten (by the irreparable Townsend affair) and doubly shy, "P.M." determined to renounce her Royal privileges and retire into private life, a Royal relative tells me, rather than relinquish the man she truly and maturely loved.

There's evidence that the Queen and Prince Philip tried vainly to reassure her.

Margaret and Tony were bent on striking out on their own.

Only two weeks before the engagement announcement, in fact, Tony Armstrong-Jones applied for a steady job with the B.B.C. and went house-hunting among the canal-verge mansions of London's "Little Venice," a raffish but inexpensive and secluded area.

Floodtide of affection

Then came the Court Circular, "It is with the greatest pleasure..." and Princess Margaret found herself overwhelmed in an instant floodtide of affection and enthusiasm.

It didn't matter that Tony's 60-year-old father, barrister Ronald Armstrong-Jones, had been thrice married, first to

Tony's mother, nee Anne Messel, then to actress Carol Coombe, then to Jennifer Unite, an air hostess nearly half his age.

It didn't matter that Tony had left Eton on a stretcher as a polio victim and later failed his Cambridge exams.

It only mattered, as a newspaper said, that 29-year-old Princess Margaret had found someone just five months older and five inches taller whom she loved.

It only mattered, as the Queen indicated, that this was such an obviously happy match.

Everyone gossiped about the astonishing new life of the comparatively penniless photographer.

Wonderful new world

But nobody knew of the wonderful new life Princess Margaret had led almost from her first meeting with Antony Armstrong-Jones and her first Halloween dance with him three years earlier.

She had never before met a man so readily able to match her every mood; whose interests, from music and art and the theatre to the escapism of country life, so closely corresponded with her own tastes... a man so deft in opening the everyday worlds she had never explored.

Once, at Clarence House, when an evening engagement fell through, Tony simply suggested a walk. Princess Margaret borrowed an old mac from her maid, Ruby Gordon, and they slipped, unbelievably alone, into the dusk of the streets.

With a sense of enchantment, Princess Margaret found that she could explore London—and even go window-shopping—without being recognised.

"People only see a princess when they expect to see a princess," Tony assured her. He still proves the point eight months after marriage.

At a country inn where the Armstrong-Jones' were lunching unrecognised one day, a woman stopped at their table.

"Forgive me for staring,"

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 25, 1961



● Princess Margaret and her husband, Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones, returning to their home, No. 10 Kensington Palace, after a late evening function in London, when rain spattered their sedan's windows, through which this picture was taken.

she said, "I've never seen such a striking resemblance. You're nearly as beautiful as Princess Margaret."

"Thank you. I'm flattered," the Princess replied. Effectively disguised by his spectacles, her husband chuckled hugely.

During their engagement when Princess Margaret and her fiancé attended a charity movie premiere the surrounding streets were closed to parking for 14 hours beforehand. A few months later, arm in arm as husband and wife, they dropped into another show at the same theatre and nobody noticed.

"No. 10 K.P.," as Princess Margaret's new home in the precincts of old Kensington Palace is known, is the smallest house Royalty has ever occupied. The Princess can sometimes hear the tread of tourists in the State Apartments (open to the public) on the other side of the pantry wall.

Romance and realism

Nevertheless, the three-floored house suits the Princess admirably, still half-playing at housewife as she is, blending romance and realistic economy.

Decoration and architecture are foremost among the enthusiasms she has developed with Tony. One weekend they made a special trip to explore

the city of Bath. Princess Margaret has seldom been able to study such a city without festive bunting and densely packed crowds.

Tony had dressed for the part and, on a quiet Sunday, no one raised an eyelid at the sight of an obvious tourist accompanied by a school-teacher type in sunglasses. Once again no one suspected their identity.

At a house party with one of Tony's West Country friends, a local parson was amazed at the extent of "P.M.'s" knowledge as she discoursed wittily on architecture. But when he talked to Antony Armstrong-Jones he discovered that, as young wives sometimes do, she had been echoing some of her husband's phrases.

Amid all the talk of Tony's future job, few were aware that he and the Princess have been making a photographic record of all the rooms, pictures, and furniture of the contemporary Royal residences, a vital and long-overdue task for the benefit of future historians.

When the Princess sometimes attends an official function unaccompanied by her husband, Tony goes to a former servant's room that has been converted into a photographic darkroom.

Halfway through her duties, Margaret is apt to telephone her husband, "Darling, how did they come out?"

Years ago, asked what she would like to be if she were

not a princess, Princess Margaret responded, "I can think of nothing more wonderful than being what I am."

Today, a fuller mood of thankfulness at being able to remain "Her Royal Highness" undoubtedly enriches her wifely happiness.

When Princess Margaret turned over her planned

he is not Royal. Princess Margaret insisted that it could, since he is married to her.

Result? The wording was unchanged.

Like every other young working wife, Margaret loves her home. She revels in domesticity.

As well as trying to devise

terriers that they were brought up to her bedroom every morning with the breakfast tray.

Unluckily, slightly lame from his old illness, Tony was apt to stumble if the dogs got under his feet. So they have been sent to Windsor.

Roly, the Princess's brindled spaniel, never gets in the way. Husband and wife are fond of taking him walking, unobserved, late at night in Kensington Gardens.

This park is closed to the public at dusk, and the newlyweds have a tree-clustered square mile of London all to themselves in the starlight.

Yet their evenings alone are infrequent. Both are highly sociable. Their circle of friends is growing, and their "dinner-parties for ten" are becoming a feature of smart artistic London life.

Ballerinas and fashion editors, movie stars and portrait painters, psychiatrists and dramatists — people like actress Leslie Caron, composer Julian Slade, Dame Margot Fonteyn, and artist Anthony Fry — are typical of this new smart set.

Conversation is lively and uninhibited. Movie producer Nedda Logan was once talking of pictures of Tony she had seen in a magazine.

"Oh, and there were pictures of you, too," she added to the Princess.

"There you are!" "P.M."

turned to her husband. "You aren't the only one, you see. I sometimes get in as well . . ."

The servants' night off never mars these gatherings. Mrs. Miles, the cook, is simply asked to leave the steaks, vegetables, cooking spices, and ready-decantered wine.

Cooks it herself

The Princess likes to don an apron some nights and cook the meal herself. Last thing at night she even stacks the dirty dishes.

As hostess, too, she keeps a silver memo pad and pencil beside her plate, and jots down useful pointers in the conversation.

More than one dramatist has met the right play producer or a balletmaster has contacted the perfect choreographer because of Princess Margaret's ready influence.

Far from retiring deeper into private life, Princess Margaret is emerging as a more mature, poised, happy, and useful member of the Royal family, thanks to her marriage and thanks to Antony Armstrong-Jones.

Yet it also heightens the fun of being a princess, she finds, to step aside into a dozen private worlds and find the fun of being an ordinary young woman.

She's living her own life —and loving it

Nigerian tour to Princess Alexandra last year, it was because of a score of imaginary obstacles in her marriage that she thought might embarrass the Queen.

Many of these difficulties have been resolved, and certainly all doubts have been swept aside.

A minor incident arose over the invitations to a London ball, with the wording "In the gracious presence of H.R.H. the Princess Margaret and Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones."

A Clarence House official unwisely asserted that the wording was incorrect. Mr. Jones' presence could not be gracious, it seemed, since

a suitable setting for such widely dissimilar wedding gifts as Quebec pioneer furniture and an Ethiopian golden stool, the young couple have had fun ransacking Royal attics.

One discovery was a broken-down mechanical singing bird.

"What a pity it's broken!" said Margaret. Tony said nothing, but quietly spent hours mending it, and restored it to full song in the living-room.

Friends find similar signs of Princess Margaret's equal thoughtfulness for her husband. For instance, her parting from her two pet Sealyhams, Johnny and Pippin.

She was so attached to the

HOW LOVELY YOU LOOK TOMORROW



depends on how well you clean your face TONIGHT

How lovely you look tomorrow will depend on the success of your make-up — and that will depend on how thoroughly you cleanse your skin tonight.

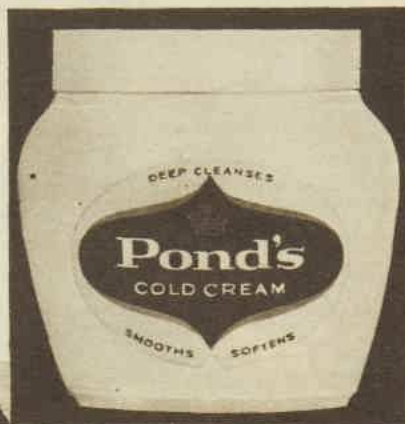
Soap and water alone will not completely remove superfine, modern make-up. But Pond's Cold Cream will cleanse your face thoroughly.

Tonight, cream-cleanse your old make-up away with Pond's — the fluffy, light cream that penetrates deep down.

Pond's cream cleansing leaves your skin delightfully soft, smooth and clean — ready to display tomorrow's make-up to perfection.

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POND'S COLD CREAM

Cleanses, cools your skin — relaxes you

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SOCIAL

By MARY COLES

ROUNDABOUT

"GUESS what! We've got an invitation to attend the State reception in Karachi in honor of the Queen and Prince Philip on February 3," says Mrs. Grahame Crocket in an airmail letter to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Rule, of East Lindfield.

"It will be a magnificent function, with all the fabulous jewels worn by women guests.

"We've been told we can wear either short or long frocks — and I'm busy practising my curtsy — just in case!" she adds. Deidre and Grahame, who is a young former Sydney architect, are making a two years' stay in Karachi.

They flew out there after their whirlwind courtship and marriage in London last June, just at the end of Deidre's eighteen months' holiday abroad.

Their romance followed an introduction by a mutual friend on Grahame's arrival in London from the Persian Gulf, where he had been on the job for several years with an oil company.

★ ★ ★

I HEAR Countess Moltke is arriving from Denmark at the end of January for the wedding of her niece, Mary Stack, to Queenslander Bruce Emmott, of "Moonbah," Longreach, on February 25. The countess, who was last in Sydney two years ago, is the sister of Mary's mother, Mrs. W. J. Stack, of Bathurst. Incidentally, "furnishings" which Mary plans to take to "Moonbah" after her marriage include her Raglan Stud shorthorn cattle. The wedding will be at Bathurst Presbyterian Church, and afterwards Dr. and Mrs. Stack will entertain friends at their home. Mary will be attended by Margaret Lane, of "Carlisle," Trangie, and Jane Darling, of Melbourne.

★ ★ ★

BRIDE-ELECT Dr. Janice Bishop has been using the kitchen of her brother John's flat as a "lab" during off-duty hours as a resident at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, practising up her cookery in readiness for her domestic life at Newcastle after her marriage to Dr. Barry Chapman at St. Jude's, Randwick, on January 21. Janice, who is the daughter of Mr. L. A. Bishop, of Bega, and the late Mrs. Bishop, will be attended by her cousin, Pam Morgan, of Bega, and Louise Irving, of Moruya. Dr. Chapman is the son of Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Chapman, of Moonbi.

★ ★ ★

YOUTHFUL travellers Felicity Connolly and Suzanne Cullen, now en route abroad in the Fairsky, will disembark at Naples to rendezvous with Suzanne's father, Mr. Greg Cullen. He'll meet them there on his way home from England with his younger daughters Judith and Patricia, and take the girls off to holiday in Capri for a fortnight. A non-stop whirl of parties for Felicity and Suzanne before they sailed on January 16 included a last-minute "open house" given by Felicity's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Connolly, at their home at Vaucluse. About sixty friends were entertained between 5 p.m. and 7 p.m., when the guests of honor had to dash off to board the ship.

★ ★ ★

SUCH a happy Storey family reunion in Sydney this week. Lady Storey and her daughter Judith are up from Melbourne staying with Mr. and Mrs. Keith Storey at Vaucluse, to be on the spot when Lady Storey's elder daughter, Diana, Mrs. Ralph von Kohorn, flies in from New York. Diana is making the trip to attend Judith's wedding to Derek Holyman in Melbourne on February 10. While she is here, the Keith Storeys are hoping to have their engaging four-month-old daughter, Susan, christened, with Mrs. von Kohorn filling the role of godmother.

★ ★ ★

ONLY recently returned from a six months' visit to her husband's family in Dublin, Mrs. Francis O'Neill is on the move again, packing up to make her home in England for three years. With her small daughter, Fiona, and baby son, Shane, she is sailing in the Mariposa on January 25 for the United States, which the trio will cross by train before boarding the Queen Mary to complete the journey. Mr. O'Neill has gone on ahead to house-hunt for a home, preferably near London airport because he'll be making lots of business flights to the Continent.

★ ★ ★

I LIKE the diamond solitaire engagement ring John Knight, of "Karoola," Walgett, has given to Joan Coren, of Walgett. Joan is the granddaughter of Queensland pioneer pastoralist the late Cook Leichhardt Firth, of Mt. Surprise.

★ ★ ★

MR. and MRS. MARK PRYKE, of Pymble, and their younger daughter, Virginia, are having a really "off beat" holiday. They left early this week as the only passengers aboard the Norwegian oil tanker France Stove to make a leisurely cruise to Singapore, where they'll spend a few days waiting for another tanker to bring them home again.

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PRETTY WEDDING. Douglas Blain, of Killara, and his lovely bride, formerly Jennifer Furney, with their attendants after their marriage at St. John's Presbyterian Church, Wahroonga. From left: Pageboys Kim Furney and Simon Blain, the bridal couple, bridesmaid Barbara Hamilton, flowergirl Suzanne Watchorn, and best man Ian Fraser. Jennifer's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Furney, later entertained at a reception at The Hamlet, Pymble. Jennifer was one of the winners in The Australian Women's Weekly "Color Princess" contest last year.



JUST WED



ARRIVING at The Belvedere for the reception following their marriage at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, Norman Longworth, of Killara, and his bride, formerly Jennifer Wallace, were pictured with bridesmaid Helen Wallace and John Lewis, of Bellexue Hill, who was best man. Jennifer, who is the daughter of Mrs. Norman Wallace, of Edgecliff, and the late Mr. Wallace, carried white roses with her white shantung gown.



LOVELY white French lace gown veiling white satin was worn by Peter McAnally's pretty bride, formerly Rayma Bellden-Watson, of Kingsgrove, leaving St. Andrew's Cathedral for reception at Victoria House. Peter is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McAnally, of "Armatree," Armatree.

SMILES from just-wed Jim Macadam and his bride, formerly Joan Clarke, of Newcastle, leaving St. Canice's Church, Elizabeth Bay, for reception at the Wentworth Hotel. Jim, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Macadam, of Tumut, and Joan later left to honeymoon in Queensland. She chose a white embroidered organdie wedding frock.



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Mortein Insect Powder destroys silverfish, cockroaches, ants and fleas rapidly. It is unequalled for ridding dogs of fleas and it is non-irritating. The original Mortein Insect Powder was the fore-runner of all household insecticides in Australia. Today, modern Mortein Insect Powder is still in advance of all others... proving the wisdom of the famous Mortein slogan, "When you're on a good thing, stick to it!"



Mortein Plus

Mortein Plus is the safest, surest insect killer you can put in your spray gun. That is why it outsells all others by 4 to 1. Mortein is fatal to flies but harmless to humans and household pets... guaranteed free from D.D.T., Lindane and similar toxic ingredients. Its amazing insect-killing power results from the inclusion of pyrethrum and piperonyl butoxide in the exclusive Mortein formula.



Mortein Pressure*Pak

No sprayer required! Killing insects with Mortein Pressure * Pak is "Dead Easy". Just push the button and a fine, highly concentrated insecticidal mist floats to every part of the room... even behind curtains and furnishings. It quickly kills all flies and mosquitoes. Properly used, Mortein Pressure * Pak goes very much further than ordinary fly sprays. It will not taint foodstuffs, so can be used with complete safety at all times.



It seems to me

WHETHER girls should make a special study of their boy-friends' hobbies or jobs is a question of endless interest.

I was reminded of it by a story about the engagement of Richard Lyon, son of Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon.

Richard appears with his parents in their "Life With the Lyons" series on British radio. He also runs an antique shop, and has just become engaged to an adagio dancer named Angela Ferguson.

Angela surprised Richard with her knowledge of antiques. "I think she had been swotting it up," he told reporters.

This would suggest that the swotting up on antiques helped bring Richard to the point of proposing. However, a study of Angela's photograph indicates that there are other factors. Angela's other factors are a pretty face and very nice legs.

Having reached a stage where I take up hobbies purely for the hobbies' sake, I feel I can consider the subject dispassionately.

Nowadays, when I lose interest in indoor plants nobody thinks it is because I have fallen out of love with a nurseryman.

Nevertheless, such scanty knowledge as I possess of both roller-skating and bridge is due to an early interest in boys who were roller-skaters and bridge-players.

At the time the effort appeared to be wasted. But no new interest is ever really wasted. If I were wrecked on a desert island with a party of roller-skaters and bridge-players (heaven forbid!), I would at least be able to join in the campfire conversation.

I once knew a girl who had a terrifically varied batch of boys before she landed one.

In quick succession she became fascinated with architecture, greyhound racing, chemistry, cars, football, and abstract painting. Eventually she married a businessman who liked her looks and her cooking and who absolutely refused to talk shop.

"In fact," she confided not long ago, "he works so hard and talks so little that after a few years I might have felt like walking out. But, in general, he's a good husband and I've got so many hobbies that I'm never bored."

STAR German runner Armin Hary has been barred from athletics for a year because of alleged infringements of his amateur status.

True amateurism must inevitably decline. It belongs to the days when a few gentlemen, living on the efforts of a mass of serfs, were able to indulge in sports for fun.

The serfs were too busy working or fighting to have time for sport. They didn't get any days off, for one thing.

Then, as times changed and workers began to have some leisure and enough to eat, they began to amuse themselves with sport. Some proved surprisingly good at it, but they needed extra financial help to reach the top.

The problem of how to keep on pretending that sport is for fun and not for money has been engaging brains ever since.

By



A WHILE back I mentioned the American woman who does her housework in an hour. Now I have come across a piece by a time- and motion-study expert who says that it takes two minutes to make a three-foot bed.

This surprised me at first. Usually I make the bed during the 7.45 a.m. news broadcast, stripping it at "Here are the headlines." Often the announcer is up to the weather forecast before I have put on

the cushion covers.

Obviously, that time—close on 15 minutes—was possible to better.

So I concentrated on the job and found that it was indeed possible to finish it in two minutes, exclusive of time spent picking up magazines and boxes of matches that had fallen down behind the bed.

What I used to do with the other 13 minutes I will now never know. Maybe I stood dazed, sheet in hand, and listened to the news.

But evidently there is a big field for improvement in efficiency. The next thing is to get some kind of even time for washing up. This will need to be estimated according to the number of dishes and whether the saucepans are properly done.

"Don't you hate housework?" a friend of mine asked on the phone the other day when we were sympathising with each other.

Not being required to do it all day and every day, I don't hate it, but I find that it needs to be enlivened occasionally by some fresh approaches. This time-study should keep things spinning for a few weekends.

ONE of the main difficulties in writing a verse is that it needs a subject, and, what is worse,

Once you have found a subject you have to think of something to say. Which, if you rack your brains, isn't too hard—but there comes a day when you find that you have omitted to write down in your little book any ideas worth a cracker—only a few that are crook.

Such as "Architects blamed for divorce rate," which sounds all right, But on closer examination provides nothing that is bright.

And "Russians worried over flying saucers"—fair enough, But YOU try to think of anything new about saucers. It's tough.

Then there is "Aspirin consumption shows state of world tension," Which is interesting and a point that is probably worth a mention.

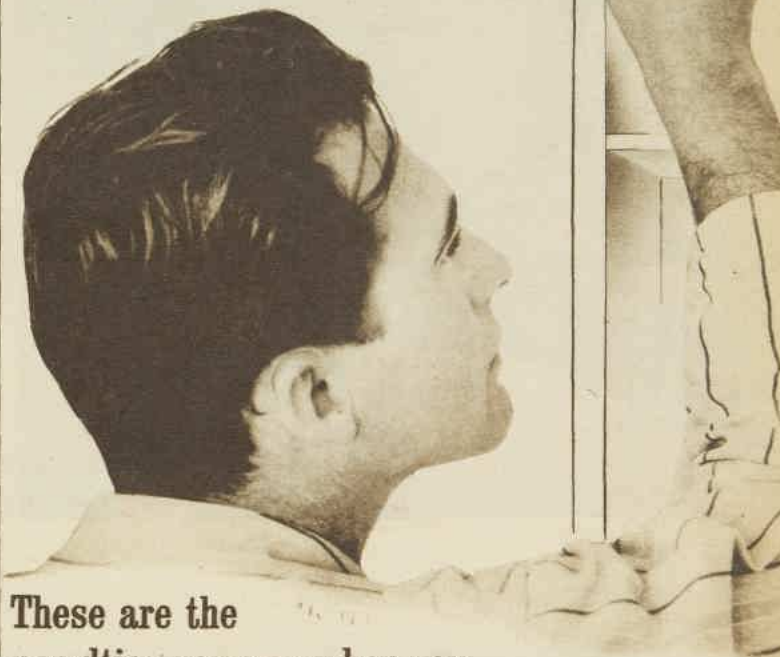
But what with the hands of the clock moving on, as they say, apace, And the need for some speed in filling this remaining space,

I am resorting to a device that is so rickety you can hear it creak, So here goes this minute to think of something better for next week.

Do you work against Nature?

Check these questions carefully for your own sake!

- (1) Am I naturally regular? (Yes/no)
- (2) Do I take purgatives? (Yes/no)
- (3) Am I sure I get sufficient bulk in my diet? (Yes/no)



These are the penalties you pay when you work against nature in this natural function

Irregularity need never occur! But if it does, look for its cause—not just for immediate temporary relief. The cause is usually lack of bulk in your diet.

The penalties for ignoring Nature. Purgatives may bring quick relief from constipation, but in doing so, they make your system increasingly lazy. Very shortly you will find that your system won't work by itself! It needs a crutch! This is Penalty Number One. Penalty Number Two is that your whole system is being drained of vitality and essential elements every time you resort to purgatives.

The Third Penalty, is that all this shows—it shows in the aging of your face; it shows in lack of vitality; worst of all, it must have its effect on your relationship with others!

Enjoy natural regularity! The natural way to ensure healthful regularity is to make sure that your system gets sufficient bulk.

What better time than breakfast? All-Bran, made by Kellogg's is specially made from Bran and it is this Bran which is Nature's best source of health-ensuring bulk. All-Bran is a delicious

nut-sweet food—not a medicine so why not try a plateful tomorrow! You will be making sure that you get sufficient natural bulk to enjoy better health through natural regularity.

Make this simple 10 day test! At each breakfast for ten days, enjoy a cupful of All-Bran either on its own with milk and sugar or, sprinkled over your present breakfast cereal. Drink plenty of water. If at the end of ten days you haven't experienced the benefit of natural regularity, return the packet to Kellogg's who will gladly refund double your money.

NOW! MORE ESSENTIAL VITAMIN B2 AND D THAN BEFORE

All-Bran contains at least twice as much Vitamin B2 (essential to a healthy body) as Bran itself. Vitamin D (for teeth and bone) not found in bran.

PLUS THESE VITAMINS AND MINERALS

.250 mgs./oz. Vitamin B1 for steady nerves and normal appetites.
.267 mgs./oz. Vitamin B2 for clear skin.
3.5 mgs./oz. Niacin for clear healthy skin.
67 I.U./oz. Vitamin D for strong teeth and bones.
3.0 mgs./oz. Food Iron to maintain correct level of red corpuscles in the blood. (Represents .010 p.p.c.)
18 mgs./oz. Calcium the most important of the body's minerals. (Represents .064 p.p.c.)
240 mgs./oz. Phosphorus essential for complete operation of the Calcium intake. (Represents .846 p.p.c.)
Plus Bulk—for natural regularity.

K746

Reach for new health and natural regularity with **ALL-BRAN**



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NEW PARIS HEADLINES FOR 1961

SHAPE of things to come (left) in a fringed hairdo that hints at the shingle, puffs on the crown, and uncovers the ears. To set it, roll top hair backwards on big rollers, clip fringe in big curls. Put reverse curls around face and in short back hair that will not hold rollers.



SLEEK to the head with a little feather bang, this high style flows backwards in one smooth line, then comes forward in a startling fin low on the cheek. Set mainly on big rollers, some forward, some back.



FLICK SHINGLE, set on two-inch rollers turned forward all over the head, except for pincurled nape and front ends, rises like a souffle when brushed. Neck is shingled to a "Y." Sideburns brush cheeks.



CLOSE - TO - THE - HEAD "do" goes with impish bias bang, bare ears, and is dressed up for evening with a knot of red roses. Set directional rollers round head; brush all hair to same pattern.

● *These eye-stopping hair fashions from the World Festival of Hairdressing, held in Paris and attended by stylists from all over the globe, are a sampling of the headline news for 1961. Paris likes soft-line hairdos — short (sometimes a bit longer), often shingled, flat at the sides to show the ears or with a “croche-coeur” just in front of each ear, and bangs of all sorts. “Croche-coeur” means “heart-catcher” and is a soft curl curving on the cheek. Gala hair-styles from the Festival are elaborate dazzlers.*

CHEEK CURLS, seen on some of the newest styles this season, bangs, and hair piled in a smooth plume at the crown (right). Set uses angled, backswept rollers placed diagonally over the head and two loose pincurls wound forward over each ear to get that soft look.



PIQUANT young coif has hair brushed close around face in thick doll-bangs and a lift at crown. Semi-full back curves around ears. Set big rollers with fringe forward, the rest back, pincurl sides and nape.



For gala nights

PRETTY play of color in a party-going shingle-bob (left) that is tinted champagne - pink and topped with matching plumage. There are points on cheeks and all.

RAINBOW effects in high-rising evening style (right). Top hair rises in a high puff, and sides swirl wide for balance. Lacquered feathers add still more height to it.



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leading Manufacturers choose
genuine ...

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For nearly ten years Wearite, the healthy, flexible, long-wearing soling, has been the choice of leading manufacturers of children's footwear.

A resin-based compound, waterproof, non-slip and non-marking, Wearite is the soling that gives *more than double life* to all footwear, offering you a *real bonus* in footwear savings.

Mother, here is a point to remember ...

Children's feet grow faster than Wearite soles wear out. So check your children's foot growth regularly and give them the advantages of greater flexibility and comfort, by asking for and insisting on GENUINE Dunlop Wearite on all shoes purchased from your favourite footwear store.

For the finest in footwear...look to the leader

Dunlop



Manufacturers of Australia's greatest footwear range

Dress Sense

By
*Betty
Keep*

● A dress and matching bolero is a versatile and pretty fashion.



DS432. One-piece dress and matching bolero in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney

THIS fashion item answers a query from a reader who wrote:

"I am unable to buy a pattern for a cool easy-to-make cotton frock and a matching bolero. Could you help?"

The dress-jacket ensemble I have chosen in answer to your query is illustrated above. The dress has a bow-trimmed, sleeveless bodice top; easy skirt fullness. The shaped jacket is short cut and sleeveless. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the illustrations are further details and how to order.

"Would a white nylon lace blouse need to be lined? The lace has an all-over flower design."

I advise you to have your lace blouse fully lined. For this purpose the most suitable fabric would be white net.

"I need an idea for a lightweight wool coat for a cruise. My budget demands it be all-purpose. I want a slim style."

A straight-cut, slender, cardigan-type coat made in a pretty color would be an excellent all-purpose cruise coat. Have the edges of the coat bound in grosgrain or satin. The band trim could be in a matching or contrasting color.

"My boy-friend and I are attending a formal afternoon wedding. What are the correct clothes for such an occasion?"

You will be correctly dressed in an afternoon frock worn with a hat and, of course, gloves. As the wedding is formal, the material choice for the dress could be fairly formal, too. Chiffon would be excellent for a summer wedding.

Strictly speaking, the correct male attire for an afternoon wedding is a morning suit. However, dressing has become less formal in recent years. It is now accepted as quite correct for a wedding guest to wear a dark lounge suit, even when the men in the bridal party wear morning suits.

"Please advise me about the renovation of a fur cape. Parts of the fur pelts are worn, leaving only sufficient fur for something small."

Fur accessories and trims for the coming season have never been so important. I suggest you choose from the following list the garment most useful to your fashion life and wants: Cravat, muff, hat, collar, cuffs, pockets, belt. Remember that fur should be handled by a furrier. When you decide on the garment, take the original cape to a good furrier and have him advise you about design.

A salad with Cheese is a *better* salad

— and your best cheese for salads is **KRAFT CHEDDAR**

FAMILY SALAD

For a refreshing, satisfying salad for all the family, combine golden Kraft Cheddar with your favourite salad ingredients. Everyone will love the appetising lift Kraft Cheddar gives your salads. A final touch . . . a spoonful of Kraft Mayonnaise. If you're feeling creative . . . include some favourite fruits, too.

Kraft Cheddar is the best cheese for sandwiches, too . . . here are some sandwich ideas:

- ★ Sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese, with sliced ham and chopped, drained pineapple.
- ★ Sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese and creamed honey.
- ★ Sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese, with chopped gherkin and pickled onion.
- ★ Sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese, with fried onions and grilled bacon.
- ★ Sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese and sliced tomato.
- ★ Sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese and chopped mixed peel.



Salads are more appetising and satisfying when you add Kraft Cheddar. Slices smoothly . . . adds mellow cheese flavour. And golden Kraft Cheddar provides sustaining nourishment, too . . . because it takes a whole gallon of milk to make every pound of this fine cheese.

Cheese is a wonderful food . . . always put a cheese from **KRAFT on your table**

Get Kraft Cheddar in the 8oz., 1lb. and family-size 2lb. packets. Also in 1oz. portions.



KR59

Have you heard about Metrecal?

Metrecal

new pleasant way to control weight
without feeling hungry

Metrecal—original, medically-proven 900-calorie diet acclaimed by America and Europe as easiest, most effective of all time. Now available in Australia!

HERE is a factual report of a revolutionary new concept in weight control. Metrecal is a remarkable food concentrate—low in calories, yet with all the nutrition your body needs for health and vigour. Already Metrecal has been used by more people, more successfully, than any other weight-control product in the world; and now the one and only Metrecal is here in Australia for every man and woman who wants to achieve and maintain an active, healthy figure.



NUTRITIONALLY COMPLETE.. JUST MIX AND DRINK

success from the start

Last year, in the laboratories of Mead Johnson & Company, one of the United States' leading pharmaceutical houses (and pioneers in the nutrition field) a research team produced a **complete food** that was still low in calories . . . and that would satisfy the appetite. **This was Metrecal.**

Before making an official announcement of their discovery, Metrecal was given to doctors and clinics to test under carefully supervised conditions.

All the results were the same: Users quickly achieved their desired weight . . . stayed in perfect health, didn't feel hungry.

When the new wonder food was released to the public, Metrecal was soon acclaimed by hundreds of thousands of American men and women as the **most effortless, most pleasant way to control weight ever discovered.** Its success in Europe has been equally overwhelming. **Now Metrecal is here in Australia for you.**

what is Metrecal?

Metrecal is a concentrated food in powder form. In balanced proportions, Metrecal contains high-grade protein, fat, carbohydrates, vitamins A, C and D, thiamine, riboflavin, niacinamide, pyridoxine HCl, calcium, panto-

thenate, vitamins E and B12, and minerals, calcium, potassium, sodium, phosphorus, iron, copper, manganese, zinc and iodine.

Each half-pound can is one complete day's food—900 calories. This amount of calories meets all your nutritional needs as you diet, but because it is one-half to one-third of the average person's daily caloric intake, it automatically forces the body to draw on its own fat supply, in this way burning up excess pounds.

Metrecal is so easy and convenient to use:

The powder is mixed with water and drunk as a liquid. You may mix a whole day's supply at once, and keep it in the refrigerator, or mix one glassful at a time.

In either case, you drink four glassfuls a day—at breakfast time, lunch, dinner and before going to bed.

METRECAL comes in 3 pleasant flavours to add variety to your diet: Plain, Chocolate and Butterscotch.

here's how the Metrecal diet works:

To begin with, one can of the powder is generally used as the complete day's meals, with no extras in between. You won't feel hungry. Metrecal satisfies the appetite—naturally—without drugs of any kind.

When you have got down to your target weight, you can maintain your brand-new figure simply by substituting a glass of Metrecal for an occasional meal, and eating your usual meals at other times.

how effective is the Metrecal diet?

In clinical tests conducted by recognised physicians, people on a complete Metrecal Diet have reported weight adjustments ranging from $\frac{1}{2}$ a pound a day to 18 pounds in 12 days. You can expect the same results!

Your physician is your best source of counsel and guidance in choosing your reducing programme.

Metrecal is at your chemist shop now.

Look for this 3-can "starter" pack containing Metrecal in 3 different flavours: Chocolate, Butterscotch and Plain. This gives you a full 3 days' supply.

Or, if you wish, buy a single can to begin with—one day's supply. The price of Metrecal is 12/6 a can, which means one complete meal costs you just a little over 3/-, far less than the ordinary low-calorie meal. Start now to control weight with Metrecal—the medically proven, low-calorie food that satisfies your appetite.

now available in Australia

Metrecal

DIETARY FOR WEIGHT CONTROL

ask your chemist.

Ask him for a copy of the free booklet, "Metrecal Weight-Control Guide," or write to:



Edward Dalton Company

(A DIVISION OF CHAS. H. MERRILL & CO. INC., NEW YORK, N.Y.)
Quality products from nutritional research

747 ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY, N.S.W. TELEPHONE M4 1837



Begin your Metrecal diet with the 3-can starter pack.

M/700



LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Puzzled people

UNFORTUNATELY we have to leave Australia soon for the United States. We love Australia very much and are puzzled to hear so many friends say "lucky you!" Can they really mean it?

£1/1/- to W. Lewinski, Hobart.

The bottle rolled home

IN April, 1960, when my sister was travelling home from England she threw a sealed bottle containing a message into the Indian Ocean at 34 degrees south and 114 degrees east. She has just been notified that the bottle was found on October 22 about midway between the mouths of the Warren and Donnelly Rivers, in the direction of Cape Leeuwin, in Western Australia. We are quite excited about it.

£1/1/- to Miss S. E. Brown, Woolloowin, Qld.

Opera at "Bennelong Hall"

SYDNEY'S Opera House will be a wonderful building and it will be associated with Australia as much as the Eiffel Tower is with France and the Taj Mahal with India. Its name should be dignified, historic, and, above all, Australian. Its location, Bennelong Point, is named after an aboriginal chieftain of that area, so why not "Bennelong Hall"? La Scala in Milan, Metropolitan in New York, and Bennelong in Sydney. It sounds right, doesn't it?

£1/1/- to Donald N. Gow, Rabaul, New Guinea.

The green light for eggs

A NEWLY married friend cheerfully admitted that she couldn't boil an egg till she and her husband moved into their new flat. The flat has every convenience, but it's the traffic lights just outside her window that really help. Two reds, two greens, and the eggs are perfect.

£1/1/- to A. Gloyne, Torquay, Vic.

Why all those pills?

NEARLY everyone you meet these days is swallowing a tablet. While having lunch in a tea-room I saw no fewer than three people at the one table taking tablets. Is it the Continental food that necessitates a digestive pill? If so, the sooner we get back to the good old Irish stew the better.

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. Green, North Perth.

Ross Campbell writes...

A REMARKABLE number of books are being written by people who live with animals.

"A Husky in the House," "Leopard In My Lap," "Born Free" (by a lady who reared a lion) are a few of them. I shall not be at all surprised to hear of one called "A Skunk in the Scullery."

The surest way to literary fame today is to get hold of some wild creature and offer it your hospitality.

The trend has caught me at a disadvantage, as I do not make friends with animals easily.

The only one I have known at all well was a male cat named Marion whom we kept for a while. But he left the district suddenly, to avoid facing his responsibilities.

There have been no leopards, lemurs, otters, or ocelots under my roof. I can only claim to have shared the place with my wife.

And yet—perhaps that in itself is a story. Could one crack the best-seller market with a book called "A Woman in the House"?

I would begin it in the usual way, like this:

When I told my friends I intended to catch a woman and take her into my home, they were not encouraging.

COME INTO MY PARLOR

"They're impossible to tame," I was told, and "feeding a woman will cost you a fortune."

Nevertheless, I was determined to carry out the plan.

One night at a party I came across a fine specimen, young and well nourished. But she seemed shy,



and drew back swiftly when I came closer.

My first task was to gain her confidence. This took some weeks.

I accomplished it by talking to her and at the same time giving her food. She came to accept oysters, spaghetti bolognese, and claret from me without hesitation.

Gradually the young woman, whom I called Susie, became friendly. I was able to induce her to be my wife and live inside the house.

She was nervous at first among the saucepans, brooms, and other equipment. When left alone she seemed to be fretting, and I feared she might run away to rejoin her old companions.

But I bought her a portable radio, and the effect was beneficial at once. When music played Susie would stand in front of it tapping her toes happily.

Relations who dropped in said she was becoming "quite one of the family."

Although I have often heard that women are dangerous, I am bound to say that Susie never attacked me. Now and then when I came home late she would growl, and I had to approach her with caution. But generally she is sweet-tempered.

She has learned many clever tricks such as knitting pullovers and making omelets...

That is roughly the line I would take in writing my book.

It might have a good influence. It would give encouragement to bachelors who are frightened by stories of the intractability of women in domestic surroundings.

Authors may like to keep wolves, pythons, possums, and armadillos in their homes. I still think that for intelligent companionship a woman is hard to beat.

Ironing out time

AT the time of my marriage in March, 1933, my mother-in-law gave me a used blanket for an ironing-rug. I have been using it ever since and wonder if this is a record.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. W. Southwell, Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.

Cured by a pinch of salt

WALKING off with other people's pens is a habit I got into some time ago. I thought I would never cure myself until one day I found a salt cellar in my pocket. It belonged to a cafe I'd lunched at. When I'd finished using it I'd unconsciously put it in my pocket! That was a quick cure.

£1/1/- to "Mother" (name supplied), Gladstone, Qld.

Hair-washing fears

I, TOO, had the problem of "Water Fear" (N.S.W.) when washing my little girl's hair, but I solved it by switching the operation to a bowl in the kitchen sink. My daughter lay on her back on the draining-board and I supported her head over the bowl. I used her brightly colored plastic watering can to rinse her hair and the washing became a game. Tilt her head back slightly and no water need touch her face.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Paine, Coocor, Tas.

TAKE your little girl with you to your hairdresser and let her see you having your hair shampooed with your head tilted back in the basin and the water sprayed on the back of your head. She'll then be quite happy when you use the same method on her.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Perks, Ryde, N.S.W.

A CERTAIN cure is to give your daughter a doll that has washable hair and teach her to wash and dry the doll's hair. Soon she will be a competent doll's hairdresser and will forget her own fear. Also, be sure always to use a non-stinging shampoo.

£1/1/- to Mary Millar, Woollahra, N.S.W.

NOW IN AUSTRALIA - NEW FORMULA

LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO WITH **IOLAN**
CLEARS DANDRUFF INSTANTLY



How new-formula LOXENE with "Iolan" attacks and beats dandruff three ways!

1. New formula LOXENE with "Iolan" clears dandruff instantly.

The effective gentle antiseptic action of "Iolan" controls dandruff and helps stop it starting again.

2. The deep penetrating nourishment of "Iolan" conditions the hair and scalp and brings out a healthy, natural gloss.

Now your scalp can be cleared of dandruff instantly! That's the simple promise made and carried out by new formula Loxene Medicated Shampoo—the only preparation on the Australian market containing "Iolan." And with "Iolan" added to its own gentle deep-cleansing action, new formula Loxene Medicated Shampoo gets results that dandruff sufferers would never have believed possible. It clears dandruff instantly. Used regularly, it controls it and helps to stop it breaking out again. It conditions your hair and scalp, brings out the full depth and gloss nature intended your hair to have. New formula Loxene is remarkably effective—and economical to use. You get eight generous shampoos in every 4/6 bottle. Clear dandruff now—get a bottle of new formula Loxene with "Iolan" and put it to the test. Your mirror will tell you how wise you were!



8 SHAMPOOS FOR
4/6
SINGLE TREATMENT
BUBBLE 1/3

LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO WITH **IOLAN**



Discover the secret
of lovely legs...

discover Silkymit. So easy to use...
so easy to ask for. Silkymit... the
feminine way to smooth, hair-free legs.

Silkymit

Single pack, 1/3
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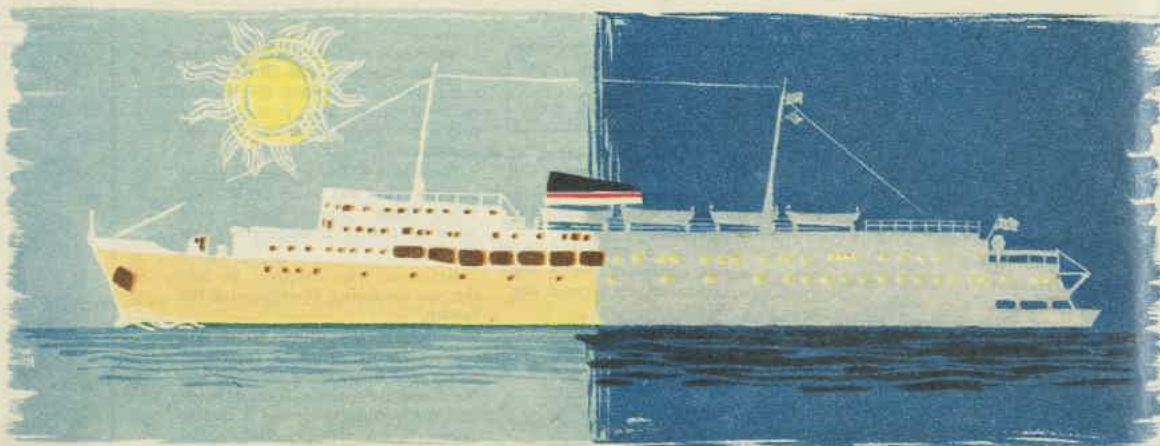


Plan your Autumn holiday in Tasmania via

SEAROAD

Put your luggage in the car and drive off to a wonderful island holiday in Tasmania! Varied fishing, enchanting scenery, lakes, rivers, ocean beaches, fascinating old world spots, and superb Autumn vistas of gold and russet tints await you! The "Princess of Tasmania" has already given more than 100,000 passengers the thrill of "Searoad" travel, the modern way to holiday. It's as easy as crossing a bridge . . . drive *on* in Melbourne . . . *off* in Devonport! And, for passengers, there's comfort and service all the way with delicious meals, modern cabins and a relaxing smoke-room bar. Best of all, you'll find that, *with or without your car*, the "Princess" is the *cheapest*, as well as the most delightful, way to travel!

BOOKINGS NOW OPEN UP TO MAY, 1962



OVERNIGHT TO DEVONPORT BY

SEAROAD

The highway holiday to Tasmania

Owned by THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL LINE operators of the "Princess of Tasmania" in a fleet of 42 Australian Ships

For bookings or further information contact any recognised travel agent or write to the principal agents, TASMANIAN STEAMERS Pty. Ltd., 59 William St., Melbourne

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 25, 1961

The Queen's Cup comes to Elwick



● The Queen's Cup, the horse race that tours a continent, will be held this year for the first time at "new look" Elwick racecourse at Hobart.

● The betting ring (above) at "beautiful Elwick," Hobart, built almost in the shadow of giant Mount Wellington.

● The saddling paddock (right), in front of the new stand—named after the late Thomas Lyons, for 37 years a committee member of the T.R.C.



THE race, in its 31-year-long history, has been held twice at Elwick—in 1932 and in 1950—but those were the days of Elwick's ancient wooden grandstand and meagre facilities compared with today's.

"Beautiful Elwick," as Tasmanians tab this course, was facelifted less than two years ago by the Tasmanian Racing Club with the erection of a handsome new brick and steel grandstand.

And recently, in preparation for the Queen's Cup meeting on March 4 and 6, the course buildings have been freshly painted, the lawns and gardens greened, the track regraded.

There will be seven races on the first day of the two-day meeting on March 4, eight on Queen's Cup Day. Stake-money for the 15 events totals almost £7200—easily a record for Tasmania.

There will be a George Adams Memorial Handicap of £600, a £600 mile handicap sponsored by the "Mercury" newspaper, and a £650 Invitation Stakes donated by the Southern Tasmanian Book-makers' Association.

The Australian Women's Weekly will sponsor a handicap on the programme.

In all, Tasmanian racing

officials are planning a gala carnival aimed at attracting an impressive visiting list of racing personalities and horses from the other States.

The Queen's Cup is an excellent drawcard.

This race, initiated in 1927 as the King's Cup, was first run at Flemington. With the exception of the war years, when it was cancelled, it has been run in rotation at Australia's capital cities.

The order is Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, then Hobart or Launceston (alternately).

Top horses

The race, over 1½ miles, has good handicap conditions for top-class gallopers. No horse may carry more than 9st. 5lb., no horse less than 7 stone.

Stake-money for the race has been set at a maximum of £2000 and a minimum of £1000.

The winning owner receives the Queen's Cup, valued at £100 (the name of the race was changed in 1952), and a personal message of congratulation from the Queen.

Winners over the years make an impressive list, with names like Limerick, Phar Lap, Rogilla, and Shannon.

But a Tasmanian horse is yet to carry it off.

When it was first run at Elwick in 1932, the Cup was won by brilliant galloper

Second Wind, owned in Western Australia by Sir Ernest Lee Steere.

When, in 1950, Hobart was again the venue of the Cup, outstanding Victorian galloper Chatspa, owned by Mr. O. R. Porter, scored an easy win.

Perhaps the unluckiest owner in the history of the Cup has been Mr. H. S. Cook, a T.R.C. committeeman.

Mr. Cook's good galloper Sun Haven finished second to Chatspa in 1950.

When the Cup was run at Mowbray, in Northern Tasmania, five years ago, Mr. Cook again watched his horse Beau Silhouette beaten into second place, this time by Dunsinane, another Victorian galloper.

The Tasmanian Racing Club is one of the oldest race clubs in Australia and has held meetings continuously at Elwick since 1874. Before moving to Elwick that year, the T.R.C. had been conducting meetings since 1827 on different courses in suburban Hobart.

Tasmania itself ranks as a pioneer of racing in Australia.

The second race meeting in Australia's history was held in Tasmania in 1814—only four years after Australia's first race meeting was conducted in Sydney's Hyde Park.

The meeting, with a 400-sovereign programme, took place at Orlerton Park, where Richmond now is.

Ten years later, northern Tasmania had its first race meeting—along Elphin Road, Launceston. And in 1827 Hobart's first races were run on Sandy Bay Beach.

Racing had begun in the early 'twenties at Ross, where the Tasmanian Turf Club was formed.

The "colony"

Meantime, some excellent bloodstock were imported from England to the "colony."

The great horse Malua, winner of the Melbourne Cup, the Port Adelaide and Australian Cups, the Oakleigh Plate, the Newmarket, AND the Grand National Steeplechase, is considered the most successful horse so far bred in Tasmania.

LUXURY TRIP

IT will be first-class travel in the privacy of their own transport for Melbourne racehorses that sail in the Bass Trader to run in the Queen's Cup in Hobart this year.

They won't even have to put hoof to wharf when boarding or landing in Tasmania. For the 2060-ton Bass Trader, launched at the end of 1960, is Australia's latest roll-on, roll-off, lift-on, lift-off ship.

The horses will simply be driven on in their own floats, which will be taken to an airy deck. There they will settle down for their night crossing of Bass Strait.

With the horses will go their own personal feed and water, and, of course, each one will have a valet.

Bass Trader can take up to 100 horses in this first-class accommodation.



● The Bass Trader.



Blindfold

By **LUCILLE FLETCHER**

Author of "Sorry, Wrong Number."

FROM the very beginning Dr. Richard Fenton found the project highly questionable, but he agreed, signed the necessary papers, and on Wednesday, October 15, proceeded to obey instructions.

At six o'clock that evening, having casually told his secretary and answering service that he would be unavailable till morning, he left his office at 57th and Park and headed cross-town toward Fifth. Ordinarily, at this hour, he took a cab to his home on 92nd Street, or walked if he had the time. Tonight, however, the route and purpose were not ordinary.

Walk west three blocks, then south (or north) two blocks, hail a taxi.

The air was balmy. Daylight lingered on, giving the city a golden haze. Down at the end of 57th Street hung a dazzling cloud formation, lit by the falling sun. A beautiful Indian-summer evening. Dr. Fenton moved with the rush-hour crowds, feeling himself already a disembodied man and rather liking the sensation. He had been sceptical till now, but with the adventure close at hand he was keyed up. It was a situation fit for Sherlock Holmes.

The doctor was a tall, rangy man in his early forties. He wore a tan tweed topcoat and dark brown hat, and under his arm he carried a small parcel. Rapidly covering the three blocks with long, swinging strides, he turned north at Sixth Avenue, walked up to 59th Street, and hailed a cab.

Following instructions to the letter, he waited until he had slammed the door before giving his destination. Then he said, "La Guardia, please. Make it the Tri-boro."

In the Sherlock Holmes tradition, perhaps they should have called for him in a long, sleek, black car that touched the kerb a second and lurched away. But the General had chosen differently.

Take a cab to La Guardia Airport. Walk to area D. Operator 10 will meet you there.

Not, heaven knows, that there was anything so secret about La Guardia Airport. The doctor was a noted psychiatrist and the writer of a well-received book on the

"Would you care to speak to me?" Dr. Fenton said to the man hidden behind the screen.

nature of genius. He was also a native New Yorker and a man of many friends. As such he might very well expect to run into somebody who knew him. Under the circumstances, La Guardia seemed about as clandestine a meeting place as, say, Times Square at high noon.

Passing through the terminal building and again on his way past the ticket counters, he found himself glancing covertly left and right. But he saw no one. He went unhailed.

Operator 10 was standing near a line of telephone booths, reading a newspaper. His name was Joseph Stevens and he had the necessary quality of a Secret Service man, the capacity to look unobtrusive in a crowd. As Dr. Fenton approached he gave no sign of recognition, did not even look up.

Dr. Fenton cleared his throat, moving closer.

Stevens continued to read. He remained thus for several minutes longer, apparently engrossed in the sports page; then, carefully folding the paper, he slid it into his coat pocket, picked up the attache case at his feet, advanced to a ticket counter, studied the bulletin board, moved to a vending machine, extracted a chocolate bar, and finally strolled toward an unattended passenger gate. Passing through, he showed even now as little concern for the hovering Dr. Fenton as he might for a stray cat.

But, nearing the end of the long passenger shed, he began to walk more rapidly, and just before exiting to the field he looked back and nodded. Step on it, the nod seemed to say, and don't attract attention.

With Stevens now setting a very brisk pace and the doctor following at a distance of twenty feet or so, they threaded their way among giant planes, fuel, and baggage trucks to the outermost reaches of the field. Just short of the lagoon stood a small, black, unmarked plane. Although neither pilot nor mechanic was in evidence, the plane was already warmed up, its twin engines roaring, propellers flashing.

Motioning Dr. Fenton to wait, Stevens stepped aboard.

The doctor turned, looking out over the vast reaches of the field, then at the sky. The sun had set. A few bright streaks still lingered in the west, but already rising over Flushing was a huge harvest moon. At the perfect full, it hung benignly just above the rooftops, a great golden eye.

Stevens appeared at the doorway, motioning the doctor to come aboard.

You will be flown in a sealed plane to a secret destination.

The windows of the cabin were opaque, painted over with thick black enamel. But the interior was quite handsome, quite plush. He had anticipated bucket seats, but this was no military plane. Its seats were covered with pale green linen, a carpet to match ran down the middle aisle. Save for the windows, which doubtless had been painted just for him, it looked like something that might have been custom-built for a millionaire.

As it taxied, and again as it raced down the runway and climbed up over Queens, he found himself looking automatically for the outside world, for lights, for the flash of propellers, for tilting terrain. But only the black windows stared back, and it was as though he were imprisoned in a flying clothes-closet.

The "no smoking" and then the "fasten seat belts" signs went off. Stevens flipped aside his seat belt and settled back with a grunt.

"Make yourself comfortable," he said, and these were his first words of the evening.

"It's certainly a nice little plane," the doctor said. "Does this belong to the Army, or is that something I'm not supposed to ask?"

Stevens smiled. "Would you like some coffee now or later, Doctor?"

Dr. Fenton smiled in return. Even here, Stevens obviously would stay in his shell. He was the butler in this play, not the lord of the manor, and he had no intention of stepping out of character.

Giving up on sociability, Dr. Fenton lit a cigarette and mused on the swiftness and unexpectedness of the events that had carried him to a blacked-out plane, with a man named Stevens, flying above the clouds toward a shadow-land.

Three days ago he had been moving placidly through the routine of life. Then, in quick succession, had come the initial telephone call, the meeting with the General in the hotel room, the appeal to patriotism, and, let it be confessed, the challenge. "You may very well be our final hope," the General had said. The doctor had signed his name, taken solemn oaths.

Stevens, having finally exhausted the pleasures of the sports page, was now frowning over a crossword puzzle while he munched on the chocolate bar. The doctor glanced at his watch. It was seven-thirty. He had not been told how long the flight would take, only that he could count on being back at La Guardia by two in the morning. Under the circumstances, it might be a good idea to get some sleep. He tilted the seat back and tried, but sleep did not come.

Idly he watched Stevens for a while, then asked, "Will it be a breach of anything if I stretch my legs a little?"

Stevens looked up solemnly. "Go ahead. You've got the run of the plane."

The doctor moved up the aisle, past the empty seats, once again acutely aware of the loss of bearings, the loss of any sense of direction. North? South? West? He could not even guess. The door of the cockpit was closed, and it came as a surprise to think that beyond it was a human being. Long since, he had given himself over to the feeling that he and Stevens were alone on this plane, and that an automatic pilot was at the stick.

There was equipment for serving meals, and an electric coffee pot stood ready. The toilet was a tiny, luxurious lounge, handsomely appointed except for the black paint that had been slopped over its window. The wastebasket was empty; there were cakes of soap in plain wrappers. He smiled. No detail had been slighted.

La Guardia, of course, would have a record of the flight. He might be able to check. But that would be churlish. The secrecy all had a point, and he had accepted the assignment under their terms. He walked back to his

To page 47

**Who was this man—diplomat, politician, scientist?
First long instalment of our new suspense serial.**

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

Nothing **STOPS** perspiration
odour so pleasantly

as **ARRID**



Safeguard
your
social
success
with
ARRID
(with
PERSTOP)

**Roll-on soothing ARRID
to keep under-arms fresh
and fragrant 24 hours.**



ROLLS ON
No messy dripping
... no leaking ...
rolls on just the
right amount.

Gentle ARRID Roll-on Lotion
contains soothing Lanolin.
Rolls protection into all the
pores. Rolls away perspiration
odours. Protects the delicate
fabrics of your clothes.

**ARRID Roll-on, 7/6 at
all cosmetic counters.**

Also available:
ARRID Cream in handy jars.
Medium, 3/9, Large, 5/10.
ARRID Super Spray ...
6/11 in the unbreakable blue
squeeze bottle.



**Be sure of your freshness ... be sure of yourself
... with gentle ARRID protection.**

CH 174

Worth Reporting

BECAUSE of the increasing number of students enrolling at the Church of England Deaconess Training College in Newtown, Sydney, a £60,000 extension block is being built.

This year the college has 50 students, including former stenographers, schoolteachers, and nurses, from all parts of Australia.

The charming Head Deaconess and Principal of the college, Miss Mary Andrews, told us these facts:

- Deaconess House trains not only Deaconesses (women ordained by the Bishop and dedicated to Church service) but missionaries and fiancées or wives of young ministers.
- All students — average age is about 26 years — do the basic two-to-three-year Deaconess diploma course.

Among those who took the course to become helpmates in their future husbands' parishes is Sister Judith Cowdroy, now the wife of the Reverend Gregory Blaxland, of The Oaks Church of England, near Camden.

Judith and her husband plan to go to Chile as missionaries.

Sister Margaret Cunningham, of Roseville, N.S.W., is studying to be a missionary.

A Bachelor of Science, Margaret is following the lead of 55 graduate missionaries at present in Arnhem Land, Tanganyika, Kenya, Pakistan, India, Malaya, and New Guinea.

Ordained Deaconesses, who now number 60, are busy in the Dioceses of Sydney, Melbourne (second Deaconess training centre), and other capital cities, as well as doing missionary, medical, educational, and administrative work overseas.

Their varied local activities include assisting the clergy in parishes, acting as Children's Court chaplains.

They occasionally conduct church services—under special licence from the Bishop or in emergencies.



JUDITH BLAXLAND, wife of the Rev. Gregory Blaxland, takes morning prayers in the chapel of Sydney's Deaconess Training College, at Newtown.

Colds take a holiday

FOR wheezes and sneezes and holiday breezes And a good, hearty, loud ATISHOOOO!

For alliance with science And FREE colds to clients Salisbury Welcomes Yooooo!

Confident of finding the common cold virus soon, scientists at the Common Cold Research Unit, Salisbury, England, continue to offer free holidays to anyone volunteering to catch a cold in the cause of science.

Volunteers — mostly married couples and students — live in comfortably furnished flats and are paid 3/- a day pocket-money plus their fares.

The scientists have isolated four cold germs to date, not one of which, they state, came winging in on a draught or sneaked in through wet clothing.

In fact, says Salisbury, if you have a cold, you most likely caught it from contact with a sufferer.

Where on moon did they go?

AS earth girls with no clue for direction, we can't imagine a fate more certain or more futile than finally landing on the moon—and then getting ourselves lost.

Nice Professor Zdenek Kopal, 46, head of Astronomy, Manchester University, England, is doing his best to see this doesn't happen.

He's co-opted three governments to help him and his scientists make us a moon map.

Britain is providing the optical and photographic equipment; France the new telescope at the world's best moon-mapping observatory, Pic-du-Midi, in the Pyrenees; and America is processing all the films and producing the maps.

Manchester's moon-mapping method is so accurate that heights on the 250,000-mile-away moon can be measured to within 25 to 30 feet and distances to within half a mile.

The gallant Bill Dobell

BILL DOBELL, about to leave a Double Bay antique shop with his prize buy—a helmet-shaped copper coal-scuttle—was confronted in the doorway by a damsel in distress.

"Oh, no!" she gasped, her eyes riveted on the scuttle, "you beat me to it. I've been watching that darling scuttle for days."

The proprietor nodded sympathetically, but was sorry ... the gentleman had just bought it.

"Not at all," said the chivalrous Bill, sweeping an invisible plumed hat through the air, "the lady shall have her coal-scuttle."

And despite her gentle protests Sir Galahad departed.

YOUR BOOKSHELF with Joyce Halstead

"The Exiles"

Lynn Foster (Hodder and Stoughton). Price 18/9.

A squatter, Jack Selway, who came to Australia in the 1870s to look for gold, but took up land instead, is the original exile. He married his Polly two weeks after landing in Sydney. Drought and drama caught up with his family as they grew—three sons and one daughter, Nell. All this is related in retrospect by Harry Brandon, Nell's son, who was 18 before he met his rich grazier relations. Nell had run away and been out of touch with her family for 30 years.

Harry goes on to war and years of living abroad as a painter. Political and economic landmarks, such as the depression of the 'thirties, make the story factually interesting, but the plot is involved, and the portrayals and descriptions, studded with clichés, are mediocre.

"Ring of Bright Water"

Gavin Maxwell (Longmans). Price 31/-.
Two others are the stars of this beautifully written book. The author kept them successively as pets. The first he brought from Iraq, an otter from the Tigris swamps, called Mijbil, who turned out to be a very cute character, so winning his way into the author's heart that he was desolate when the animal died by misadventure a year later. Mijbil was replaced by Edal, a different species of otter, this time from Africa.

The main setting of the book is the rugged coast of the Scottish Western Highlands, where the author has his isolated cottage. He paints vivid images of wild seas, sunlight filtering into burns and deep glens, and of the wildlife which abounds. There are portraits of wonderful Scottish characters, including Morag, who has the magic touch with animals. The book has many photographs and drawings, and leaves a feeling of great beauty.

LEAVE IT TO THE BIRDS

An unexpected encounter
in a pet shop led to
romance . . . a short story

By
**ELIZABETH
TROY**

EVEN a dyed-in-the-wool matchmaker would have hesitated at the thought of bringing together Ben Stewart and Valentine Brooke. Matching up that pair meant hard work, if indeed it could be done. First of all, they had never heard of each other, and the chance of their meeting was so unlikely that none of the usual boy-meets-girl situations was worth considering.

They both were commuters to New York, but they came into the city by different routes. Never would they happen to sit together on a train, each knowing instantly "This is for me." Nor would they ever be crowded close together in an elevator or jostle each other in an office-building corridor.

His office was downtown, hers uptown, and their occupations were so divergent—he was an industrial chemist, she on the staff of a magazine—that they would never have any business in the same office building anywhere.

Or take a cocktail party. Here are two good-looking strangers the busy hostess has forgotten to introduce. Stranded, they drift into a twosome, they talk, and he says, "Let's get out of here. I want to know more about you." But not these two. They had no mutual friends. Furthermore, they both loathed cocktail parties.

But the toughest obstacle to setting up the Stewart-Brooke affair was the characters themselves. They didn't want a romantic encounter with anyone—any place. They weren't a pair of youngsters in love with love. Ben Stewart was thirty-seven. He had been a widower for eight years, but he'd had a trying period of recovery. Now he had settled into a comfortable routine that he did not know was dull.

He lavished all his love upon his small daughter,
To page 42



Illustrated by
MAUDSON

**NEW 3-IN-ONE
WEANING PLAN
FOR DIET VARIETY**

ROBINSON'S

**Baby Rice
Cereal**

**Baby Oats
Cereal**

**Baby Mixed
Cereal**
(Wheat, Oats
and Barley)



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Robinson's Baby Cereals are sold in separate cartons or in one handy Triple Pack for your convenience. All babies love these creamy cereals — they're tops for toddlers, too!

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FAMOUS BABY
CEREALS**
come separately
or in one **HANDY
TRIPLE PACK!**



Try Robinson's
wonderful 3-in-one weaning
plan today with the Triple Pack!

F251A

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ALLY
IMPORTED
SALMON
"Best Value for Money"

In imagination he
was brave and bold,
but in reality he
was just a little boy
... a short story

**BY PAL
CLEARY**



TONY pulled down on the whistle cord and the train, via his lungs, hooted its warning. He gripped the throttle, looked to see if the lines were clear, hooted again, and opened her up. The engine puffed and steamed in quick crescendo and its huge black shape hesitated, gathered momentum, then chugged away until it achieved the steady rhythm characteristic of the fast passenger. This was the Brook Street Special, and ran from Sydney to Melbourne in five hours.

"Woo. Woo, woo!" cried the Brook Street Special. "Chugga, chugga, chugga. Woo — woo-o!"

The engine, a billycart on ballbearing wheels, careened down Brook Street and at a grade crossing Locomotive Engineer Tony had the first great wreck of his career as driver of the Special. He rammed into Major Mitchell and almost knocked the old soldier over.

"What's the matter with you, you idiot?" said the major not very kindly. "You got in the way of the Special," said Tony, very much annoyed himself. "This is a grade crossing. I suppose we'll have to vote to limiment all grade crossings. I think this wreck is fatal."

"Huh," said the major, rubbing his ankles. "Why don't people teach their kids not to be idiots?"

Tony surveyed the catastrophe. One wheel was twisted off, and four nails had come loose. This would have to go to the shed for repairs. In the meantime he would take a few hours off to clean up that gang of kidnapers who were stealing all the babies in the suburb.

Police Chief Detective Sergeant Tony pulled his cap down the better to disguise himself, and slunk back up Brook Street, keeping a sharp eye out for suspicious characters. That man mowing the grafs was a suspicious character; he had a very dark beard.

He took out his lead pistol, spun the cylinder to see if it was fully loaded, then fell in behind the grocer boy. Here was a real suspicious character. He bet there were babies in those bags the boy had on the back of his bike. He would capture the grocer boy singlehanded and get the five hundred thousand pounds reward and buy a sailing ship, and be its captain to sail to South America and dig for gold.

He put his gun away, made the peak of his cap into a sea-captain's, and took over his vessel. "Lower away there, mates," he murmured to himself. "Clear the decks for action. Three bells and all is well. Hoo! Hoo, hoo! Three points on the star boarder's prow. Anchor away there! Look lively, my mates! I'm going below. Tell me when South America is in sight. It's gold we're after. And a bottle of rum. I'll give my horse for a bottle of rum, my mates!"

He tried to make a noise like a sailing ship rolling on the sea, but couldn't quite get any syllables to do the job convincingly. Tony wasn't sure what kind of sound a sailing ship made, so regrettably he gave up the expedition to South America. Gold wasn't much good, anyway; when pirates got gold coins they buried them. He decided

to be a pirate and see if he could find any buried treasure in the backyard.

He got the shovel from the back shed, tied a dirty handkerchief over the top of his head, and began to dig when his mother called him.

"Tony!"

"Yes," he mumbled absently.

"Tony-eee!"

He paid no attention. Grown-up people never knew their minds from one minute to the next.

"Tony-eee!"

He went on digging.

"Do you hear me, Tony? Take that dirty rag off your head and come inside and wash yourself. I want you to go up to the shop."

He struck something. Treasure, by the great balls of fire! It glittered in the sunlight, bits of colored bottle-tops. Treasure! He looked to see if there were any pirates about.

"Tony-eee! This is the last time I'm going to call you! Come inside immediately!"

"Who, me?" he called, covering his cached treasure with a layer of dirt and marking the spot with a stick. "I didn't hear you call. What time is it?"

"Never mind what time it is. Come here." She ripped the filthy rag from his head. "What did you do to Major Mitchell? He just phoned and said you deliberately knocked him down with your billycart. Want till you father hears about this. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I didn't knock him down. He wasn't watching and he fell over my billycart and broke it and he'll have to pay me about two thousand pounds to get it fixed in the shed. That's the Special and makes a hundred miles an hour."

"What have you got in your pocket?" She dug out the pistol. "Here. Throw away that thing."

"Wait!" he cried. "That's my kidnapper pistol."

She sighed. "Don't worry. The kidnapers would never take a dirty, rough boy like you."

She didn't understand that he was protecting the babies, not himself. He wanted to explain that he was a detective, but he knew it was no use.

"Go into the bathroom and scrape some of that dirt off you."

He went in, took off his clothes, filled up the basin, stuck his face gingerly into it, slopped the water over the floor, mopped it up with his mother's towel, plastered his hair straight up in the air, cleaned his shoes with the wet towel, surveyed himself in the mirror, and found himself good.

Then, while he was there, he thought he might as well go over his cowboy-hero part. He drew his pistol and pointed it at himself. He was Wyatt Earp. "Stand thar or I'll blow ye to smithereens. How dar ye steal them cattle?"

He flipped the six-shooter back into the holster, turned with a nonchalant bravado, and walked away from the mirror. Suddenly he twisted, whipped out his revolver, and fired at the glass. "Shoot me in the back, would ye? Ye ain't quick enough on the draw, Simon Degree. I guess it is best to

put such insects out of their misery." "Hurry up," his mother called. "Come here, instantly. I want you to go up to Dunn's for a bottle of milk. And don't drop it," she said. "And don't drop the money. And don't lose the change."

Outside, Tony straightened the reins of his straining huskies, spread his legs to fit the runners of the dog-sled, and snapped a long, imaginary whip. The two great barking lead animals were named Soup and Stew, and now he yelled, "Hey, Soup, Stew. Hey!" And the sled shot away over the deep path of snow to the grocer's shop. Tony slid along the footpath, wearing the soles from his shoes. But that serum had to be got to save all the dying babies in Brook Street.

His ears tingled with the icy draughts, regardless of the heat of the summer day, and he breathed heavily. "Whoa, Soup, Stew." He pulled up the wild team of huskies, panting, before Dunn's grocer shop and went in. "A bottle of top-secret serum—I mean milk, please, Mr. Dunn."

"Here you are, Tony." The grocer waited, his brow lifted.

"Thank you. I got to go now. The babies'll die if they don't get this right away."

"But, Tony," said Mr. Dunn. "The money."

"What?"

"Didn't your mother give you money to pay for the milk?"

Tony swallowed. The money had been in his palm. It wasn't there now. He put his hands into his pockets, but he knew it wasn't there.

Mr. Dunn said, "That's all right, Tony. You bring in the money next time you come up. How is your mother?"

"I must have lost her!" said Tony absently. He took the bottle of milk. He walked home, looking in the gutter. His feet went slower, and slower. Soon he wasn't walking at all.

He sat down on the edge of the gutter. The afternoon sun was drawing down behind the spreading trees. A bee buzzed somewhere. A creaking truck went by. It became very quiet. The milk in the bottle was cold. The sensation went up through his arms and chilled his heart. The leaves above his head mumbled in some unintelligible language. The air hurt his lungs when he breathed. The still day stopped. He wished he had some money.

Suddenly he felt as though he'd got into a strange, unrecognised world by mistake. He didn't live here at all. The houses seemed old. He didn't know where to go. He didn't know what to do. A vague terror seized him. He thought that if he wasn't a detective and a sea captain, and a cowboy, he would cry.

(Copyright)

Revenge with rosebuds

It was a well-deserved
but bitter humiliation
... a short story.

By
**WYNWODE
REID**

IF every Eden must have a serpent, then it was only in the nature of things that Ivory Publications should have Mr. Archer.

Ivory Publications was scarcely Paradise—what place of employment is?—but it was an enchanting place to work. There were carpets on the floors and soft, upholstered chairs, and not-quite-convenient desks of antique cedar topped with glass. The graceful indoor plants were a miracle of health, because they were almost constantly attended by a green-fingered genie in a holland uniform, who whisked them out of sight at the first sickly tinge. The flowers in all the vases were renewed twice a week, and the windows overlooked a little park.

Enchanting was the word—except for Mr. Archer.

Not that, at first sight, Mr. Archer appeared to be a liability at all. He had a deceptive roundness and rosininess that suggested good cheer and harmless little jokes. It was only when you worked under his all-seeing eye that you discovered your mistake. Officially, Mr. Archer occupied the positions of secretary and office manager. Unofficially, he combined the functions of private detective, secret agent, and professional tale-bearer.

He lived, it seemed, to catch people in the wrong. If you were a couple of minutes late, if you wrote a private letter on office stationery, if you made any kind of mistake at all, Mr. Archer had an uncanny instinct for being on the spot.

From time to time he reported a transgressor to Mr. Ivory, who, being far too preoccupied to investigate the truth, believed him implicitly. If the offender was dismissed, as sometimes happened, Mr. Archer appeared deck with satisfaction, like a harpy that has battered on a victim.

In common with a number of other people at Ivory Publications, Grace McAllister devoted some of her idle moments to inventing suitable punishments for Mr. Archer, none of which she expected to catch up with him. Outside the realm of fantasy, however, she was careful not to offend him.

Grace was a small, merry girl with a slightly turned-up nose and a dimple at the corner of her mouth. The fact that she was Mr. Ivory's personal secretary afforded her little or no protection, but it made her the envy of other female members of the staff. For, in contrast to his office manager, Mr. Ivory was a dreamboat, tall and blond and elegant and maddeningly remote.

While she retyped a letter one wet afternoon, Grace was indulging her fancy with visions of Mr. Archer publicly unmasked, caught red-handed at the safe, or even peddling dope. Extracting a licorice log from the bag in her drawer, she smuggled it into her mouth. It was soft and quite delicious; she chewed with satisfaction.

A shadow fell across her desk. "Are you eating, Miss McAllister? Eating—in—the office?" Mr. Archer's horrified inflection conveyed the impression that eating was some particularly bestial form of depravity.

"Only a coughdrop," said Grace. "I have a cold," she added with dignity.

Mr. Archer looked totally unconvinced and, since coughdrops are sometimes the same color as licorice, she felt tempted to open her mouth and show it to him. Restraining the



Mrs. Archer and Grace smiled when Sidney appeared wearing a flower-sprigged apron.

impulse, she managed to make a fairly authentic coughing noise.

Mr. Archer dismissed the coughdrop and pounced on the waste-paper basket. "What would Mr. Ivory say if he could see how much stationery you've been wasting?" he demanded.

Nothing whatsoever, thought Grace, reflecting how totally uninterested her employer would be in a few crumpled sheets of spoiled letterhead.

But Mr. Archer was launched on one of his favorite topics. "There is an irresponsible attitude towards stationery in this department," he said accusingly. "Not only is it wasted right and left every day, but I've reason to suspect it's being stolen."

Grace reconciled herself to the standard bi-weekly lecture on stationery shortages, but Mr. Archer was deflected by the sight of Mary Matthews taking out her lipstick. Delivering himself of his theme-song, "Discipline, Miss McAllister, efficiency and discipline!" he scuttled off on eager, silent feet.

Grace thought how pleasant it would be to see Mr. Archer afflicted with a painful malady. He's ruining my disposition, she told herself, deliberately switching her attention to the witchbowl of spiky japonica on the windowsill. It made her think of the robin redbreasts on Christmas cards, a vivid flame against the wintry sky.

Mr. Ivory's buzzer made her jump. Going into his office with her shorthand book, she wondered if the licorice had given her black teeth. Then, as his eyes fixed unfocused on her face, she realised that it would have been all the same if she had been chewing betelnut.

In spite of his complete indifference to her as a human being, she liked working for Mr. Ivory. She enjoyed fending off the importunate authors and canvassers and occasional love-struck women who tried to besiege him. She enjoyed turning his beautiful voice into neat little symbols in her book, while he gazed dreamily into the middle distance and toyed with his silvery paper-knife.

He gave her more dictation than usual, and it was after five when she came out of his office. Mary Matthews was painting her nails the same color as the japonica. "Are you mad?" Grace exclaimed. "Archie can smell nail-polish a mile off."

Mary fanned out her japonica-tipped fin-

gers and blew on them in turn. "Archie," she said, "packed up his little stiletto and went home at five o'clock. He must be sickening for something. Let's send him a Don't Get Well card."

Mr. Archer made a practice of waiting until well after five-thirty, to ensure that no one had a chance to beat the gun or get away with stationery, so his early departure was like an unexpected bonus. Grace wondered if, for once, she might catch her early train. It was a wet, miserable night, and she thought with pleasure of the warm fireside and good dinner awaiting her at home.

Mr. Ivory drifted out of his office and put some contracts on her desk. "These are urgent, I'm afraid. Will you get Mr. Archer to sign them, and make absolutely sure they go tonight?"

"Mr. Archer," said Grace, trying not to sound smug, "went home at five o'clock."

Mr. Ivory was so surprised that, for once, he actually looked at her. "Are you sure, Miss McAllister? Do you know where he lives?"

"He lives at Chatswood," she said. And I, she added mentally live at Randwick. And between Chatswood and Randwick there are far too many cold, wet, hungry miles.

"I don't like asking you to do this," Mr. Ivory said, "but if you wouldn't mind—"

He gave her his rare, incredibly sweet smile, and she knew that, rain or no rain, she would have walked to Chatswood for him. On her hands, if necessary.

She rang her mother, put the contracts in a satchel, checked Mr. Archer's address, and buttoned up her raincoat. From his office doorway Mr. Ivory said pleasantly, "Take a cab, of course."

Telling herself that anyone but Mr. Ivory would have known that there are no such things as taxis in the peak hour on a wet Sydney night, she braved the rain and headed for the bus queue.

By the time she reached the shelter of the bus her shoes were soaked, her hands and feet were chilled, her coat felt clammy. And what was it, after all, but another stroke against Mr. Archer? If he hadn't gone home early—

She sat in the crowded bus and thought about Mr. Archer being apprehended for rob-

bing old ladies of their life savings. She thought about Mr. Ivory and his beautiful hands playing with the silver paper-knife. She thought about her home, receding every minute as the bus lumbered north, and her spirits sank so low she could have wept.

It was still raining heavily when she got out of the bus. By the time she reached the house her feet were making squelching noises in her shoes, and there was a cold, empty feeling where her dinner should have been.

Mr. Archer opened the door, his face registering instant displeasure. When she explained her errand the displeasure visibly increased and was accompanied by something like alarm. Almost snatching the satchel, he took out the contracts and began signing them on the hall table, leaving her dripping on the doormat.

From inside the house a woman's voice inquired, "Who is it, Sidney?"

"Only a young lady from the office," said Mr. Archer over his shoulder, signing so fast that his hand began to shake. "She isn't coming in."

"Oh, but I think she should," said Mrs. Archer, appearing in the hall. "Poor girl, she looks half drowned."

During hate sessions at the office they had often tried to picture the unfortunate woman who was Mr. Archer's wife. And, at first glance, the real Mrs. Archer looked a little like the imaginary one. She was very small and dainty, with a fading-cameo face and eyes as blue and limpid as a kitten's.

"Miss McAllister can't wait," said Mr. Archer, shovelling the contracts into the satchel and thrusting them at her with a kind of violence. "She has a cold. She told me so this afternoon."

"Then we mustn't let her catch a chill." Grace felt herself being gently but firmly propelled into the hall, deprived of her raincoat, and led into a small, warm room where a fire was burning brightly. Five minutes later she was wiggling her bare toes luxuriously in fluffy blue mules while Mrs. Archer towelled her hair.

"That's Sidney all over," she observed, rubbing briskly. "Making other people pay for his mistakes. I often wonder how he keeps his job."

To page 39

YOU—reflecting this 'Love Pat' radiance...always!



Only 'Love-Pat' with its exclusive creamy foundation guards against dry skin as it gives you this flawless look!

Face your world beautifully . . . even on a moment's notice.

Because 'Love-Pat' is *complete* make-up—not just pressed powder. No other make-up gives you this exact blend of *foundation* plus powder. And Revlon colour won't cake, streak or turn orange-y!



Revlon

New tortoise-shell tone compact with 24K gold design. In 7 radiant shades. 16/3.

'LOVE-PAT'

PRESSED POWDER PLUS FOUNDATION WITH LANOLITE.

● *This disillusioned father writes: "Away with modern child-psychology! I tried it on my teenage daughter — but my second child is going to have a little stern discipline."*

Father puts his foot down

● I can't help thinking that the psychology experts, while giving the children a wonderful deal, are creating vast numbers of confused, maladjusted parents.

WHEN native instinct urges us simply to smack the little wretch, we've smiled tolerantly, reasoned sweetly, and kept our hands at our sides.

We've treated our children like privileged guests in our homes, we've "got down to their level" and been "buddies" with them.

And what happens.

As one friend to another, we gently suggest turning off the TV because it's bedtime — and a raging, rude teenager screams:

"No, I won't. All the girls watch 'Sunset Strip'! Kookie is fab. I'm just not going to turn it off!"

It's obvious we've been cheated somewhere. Where is the sweet companion the child-psychology books promised us?

Where is the perfectly reared daughter who respects her parents, not from fear, but from love, friendship, and understanding?

And having played the "buddy" role so long, we can't suddenly become the stern parent with "How dare you argue with your father?"

It would merely cause a laugh — and perhaps some jiving to "Play it cool, boy. Take it slow, Daddy-O."

So, any books I was crazy enough to follow in rearing my No. 1 daughter can be burned as I bring up my No. 2 son.

● It will be Father and Mother, not Daddy-O and Mommy.

● "Buddyship" is out. Things may be less matey, but there'll be a lot more respect for parents.

● Rules will be obeyed — the boy's love of disobedience may be repressed, but the father's desire for law and order is going to blossom.

For a long time I wondered how normal, intelligent adults ever came to ignore their natural instincts and take up a system that only produces noisy, ill-mannered children and nervous, dissatisfied parents.

The answer is simple.

Families used to be so big that parents didn't have time to concentrate on things like egos.

But our families are much smaller—and we were sitting ducks for the "experts" talk about parental responsibility, social misfits, complexes, repressions, happy members of society, and so on.

"Smarty-dicks"

Parents worried themselves sick about little Bennie's "aggressive tendencies" — but worried even more about his lack of them when the neighborhood kids beat him up.

And when he did something terribly anti-social the parents miserably blamed themselves for "failing" Bennie.

True, he got a smack now and again — but the psychology-softened parents were left to wonder: Are We Too Harsh On Our Child?

So they made it up to Bennie.

Naturally all the smart Bennies caught on—they just howled effectively, then sat and smugly waited for the familiar pattern: whack, sorry parents, pay-off.

For the irony of the whole thing is that the kids seem to know just as much about child-psychology as we do. (They can read, too.)

Come to think of it, I wouldn't like to be the child of today's confused, anxious parents.

I'd want to depend on my mother and father to make a clear-cut stand on right and wrong, to administer a bit of firm discipline where necessary, and have reliable standards for me to fall back on.

And, frankly, why should we foist ourselves on our children as buddies, invading their privacy, when today's matchbox home is already unprivate enough, without even a decent woodshed where a lad can try his first smoke?



Back to school

● Starting school is a tremendous experience for a boy or a girl. The first day marks the boundary between nursery dependence and a new, wider world without Mum or Dad. Every child senses this and has inward qualms—not knowing, yet, that schooldays are studded with wonderful friendships, events, and achievements. To arm him against his fears, help him make friends beforehand with someone who will be in his class, or arrange for an older friend or brother to take him around. But even without these, if he has zest for new things, he is likely to find school a big adventure. (Picture shows two Sydney boys climbing a hill for a typical schoolboy's reason—simply to see a white horse.)



ZINNIA ELEGANS. New Fantasy varieties are available with lovely blooms in a fine range of pastels. Sow seed from January to June. Plant seedlings now for late summer color.

ANNUALS FOR ALL SEASONS



BELLIS PERENNIS, or English daisies. This dainty little flower can be used as an edging or as clumps in a rockery or border. Sow in Feb. - March for winter - spring flowers.

PAPAYER NUDICAULE, or Iceland poppy, is valuable for its flowers right through winter and early spring. Sow February to April in seed-boxes and plant out when they are about 2in. high. Snip off dead flowers.



NOW the holiday season is over for most gardeners, they can plan for a fine display of annuals. Illustrated on these pages are just a few of the many lovely flowers which can be grown easily by the home gardener.

If planting space is limited, a border of *Bellis perennis* daisies, violas, phlox, or petunias will add color and charm to the smallest area. For flat-dwellers, verandah tubs or window-boxes filled with some of these smaller annuals will make a good display.



MYOSOTIS, or forget-me-not. Once sown, you have them for life. Sow all the year in a cool, damp place. They grow in straggly style and should be cut back periodically.

LUPINUS AUREUS is a yellow variety of the annual lupin. The *Lupinus aureus* are not so much grown since the introduction of the Russell hybrid perennial. Sow from January to June for winter and spring flowering.



OTHER annuals to add to your list, which are not illustrated here, but can be planted at this time of year, include *Ageratum*, *Alyssum*, *Balsam*, *Brachycome*, *Calliopsis*, *Capsicum*, *Clinanthus* (Sturt's Desert Pea), *Coleus*, *Cosmos*, *Didiscus*, *Dimorphotheca*, *Eschscholtzia* (California poppy), *Gomphrena* (Globe amaranth), *Helianthus* (sunflower), *Mignonette*, *Nasturtium*, *Saponaria*, *Rudbeckia*, *Salpiglossis*, *Salvia*, *Statice*, and *Tithonia*.



MATHIOLA INCANA, or stock, can be sown December to May. Whatever soil is chosen for them, it should be one where stocks were not grown during the previous year.

IBERIS UMBELLATA, or candytuft, is one of the old cottage garden flowers. There are pure white and pink varieties for spring flowering. Both varieties should be sown in flowering position from January to May.



TAGETES ERECTA, African marigold. New varieties of this flower include pure yellow, primrose, and cream. Plant seedlings out now for late summer and autumn color. There are new dwarf varieties for edgings.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

January 25, 1961

Teenagers' WEEKLY



**OFF-BEAT
FASHIONS**
—pages 6, 7

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

Girls don't like going steady

WHY do so many teenagers keep steady company? Most of my girl-friends agree that they would rather have casual dates with different boys and wait until someone special comes along before going steady, but unless you have a steady you are out of things.

In country towns if you are seen with a boy once everyone takes it for granted you are "going" with him, and no one else asks you for a date. Surely it is important for boys and girls to mix together as much as possible, so that they will have a better chance of choosing a suitable marriage partner. Girls themselves could possibly be to blame by being too choosy about their dates. I think that if a decent boy asks for a date it is a compliment which should be returned. Parents could help a lot by allowing teenagers to invite lots of young people to the home. Large parties of teenagers mixing together is the most fun of all, and is the best way of getting to know one another.—"P.F.," Grafton, N.S.W.

Father knew best

WHEN I was 13 my best friends were allowed to wear lipstick and high heels. I was annoyed at my parents for not letting me do the same. My father said if it would help me in any way he would certainly give his consent but because it was not essential I would have to wait until I was 15. I felt out of place when we went on outings together, and my girl-friends persuaded me to put a little lipstick on and rub it off before I arrived home. I did this at parties and special occasions, but I did not feel at ease, as I was sure that someone would tell my parents. Now that I am 15 I have just started to wear lipstick and high heels with my parents' consent. I am now allowed to accept certain dates, provided that the boy comes to the house and meets my parents before taking me out. I am very grateful to my parents

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Architect of clothes

• Libby Hall, of Sydney, who designed and made the eye-catching clothes on our cover and pages 6 and 7, studied architecture for four years at Sydney University, and has always been interested in theatre, color, and general design.

In London in 1957 she decided to design "crazy" clothes with Ann Giorgi. They broke upon the London fashion scene with a riot of colors, brilliant pinks, oranges, and purples, and became an overnight success.

Libby has very definite theories of clothing design. "The silhouettes must be simple and interesting, the colors strong and pure," she says. "Everything must be brave and definite. I'm not interested in floral designs, and loathe blotchy, meandering patterns."

Staff photographer Adele Hurley took the pictures.

for making me wait until now, and I realise that I was too young at 13 to do these things. You aren't missing anything and you can get just as many whistles without these things.—"Grateful Teenager," Cronulla, N.S.W.

Suitable books

LAST year I was in first year at high school and our English mistress gave the class a list of books suitable for us to read. Included in the list were such novels as "Gone With the Wind" and "Pride and Prejudice." Upon visiting the local library to procure some of these, the librarian informed me that they were on the "fourth and fifth year reading list," and that I would "certainly not be allowed to borrow 'Gone With the Wind.' I was very indignant. Surely people know that some girls and boys have a better capacity to read so-called "adult" books than quite a few adults themselves.—"R.W.," Belmore, N.S.W.

Anzac spirit

ANZAC DAY comes around each year, bringing with it a holiday which most people enjoy in their own way, but how much deep thought is given to its origin? A great majority of people these days neglect to appreciate the lives that were given and offered by our gallant men. A great number were cruelly slaughtered, and others survived suffering and torture, and yet today, instead of people being proud of them and ready to help them, we find people who cannot be bothered with the various celebrations, or who don't see why returned soldiers should get any of the concessions made to them. We owe them more than we shall ever be able to repay, especially to those who did not return, so let us respect them and convey our appreciation to them while we still have the chance.—R. Herborn, Kangaroo Creek, N.S.W.

Drummer girls

BEING a mother of five daughters and a son, I find it very interesting and refreshing to read the letters of teenagers. One of these letters, headed "Drummer Girl," expressed a wish to become a female drummer in a dance band. My two eldest daughters were taught the side drums, and played for about three years in a band, and they also won a silver medal at the Mackay Band Contest in 1954 with a male bass drummer for the best set of drummers in their grade at the contest. Now the eldest girl is a drummer in a dance band with a male pianist and a male trumpet player, and they have many engagements to fulfil at dances, weddings, and parties, making a nice little extra cash to help them. It is a lovely hobby, and lots of fun.—Mrs. A. H. Edgerton, Bowen, Qld.

BEATNIK



"I wonder if you can help me, Sergeant. I'm lost."

Asian student

I AM a student from Sydney back home in Malaya for the Christmas holidays. Since I have been away for the past year or so, I can judge the two countries. You probably don't know how different Asia is from Australia. We in Malaya have similar facilities as all the other civilized countries—being up to date in every respect. However, Malaya is oriental—a nation with several cultures, peoples, and languages. Australia is much more tidy and organised. The poverty of our people is very noticeable. We work hard and we are as thrifty as we can be, but there is too much competition, which prevents eager youngsters from rising up. Malaya is a wonderful place to visit if anyone is interested in meeting different races of people, learning their cultures, their beliefs, and, best of all, eating their foods.—"M.Y.," Seremban, Malaya.

Outback "better"

I AM a bush-bred teenager—reared in the outback since I was two. My father is a miner, so we have always lived

away from the city because of his occupation. Seldom have I had the opportunity to attend dances or picture shows, but, despite this fact, I am very happy. I keep a vegetable garden in order, look after the fowls, and help my mother do the housework and do the washing and ironing. I am now doing secondary school by correspondence lessons. When I finish my education I will most likely have to exchange my happy country life for that of the city, and I know it will take some getting used to. Country life is far better for teenagers than living in towns and cities where you can't go horse-riding or fishing or picnicking on weekends.—"G.J.," Herberton, Qld.

ROBIN ADAIR

• Fans of Robin Adair will have noticed already that his column does not appear this week—because of a brief holiday. He'll be back next week, however, with an analysis of our recent Boys Only Quiz, defining the ideal girl.

Replies to English migrant

• An English migrant, "C.A.," objected (T.W. 30/11/60) to being called a New Australian. Most readers said migrants from England or elsewhere should be glad they're not called foreigners.

I AM English and would rather be called a New Australian than a Pommie. Most Australians are descendants of English, Irish, or Scottish families, but what is wrong with being called a New Australian? It's nothing to be ashamed of.—"Johnnie," Brisbane.

WHEN will British migrants forget their claims to preference over other European migrants? Just because they speak English and are members of the Commonwealth, they

think they make better citizens of Australia than, for example, Italians or Germans. However, they are no more entitled to be regarded as Old Australians than these nationalities.—"J.M.," Charters Towers, Qld.

I REALLY don't see what you are complaining about—you are not a "dinkum Aussie," so you must be a New Australian. Dinkum Aussies are either born here or naturalised Australians.—"Teddy," O'Connor, A.C.

DOES "C.A." realise that the term New Australian is applied to migrants, whether British or European, as a friendly gesture to show we welcome and accept them in their new land? Surely it is a far more cordial gesture than being called a "foreigner" or "migrant." On a recent visit to England I felt quite unwelcome when, on many occasions, I was called a foreigner, even though I am a member of the British Commonwealth.—"L.D.," Brisbane.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly—January 25, 1961

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Page 2—Teenagers' Weekly

PATSY ANN HAS A PARTY



BUSY beforehand, Patsy Ann gets a helping hand from her mother, Mrs. Helen Noble, and young sister, Mandy Lou, aged five.



"COME ON IN," say Patsy Ann and Phillip Thomas to two of their guests, Diana Davies and Douglas Harkin.



PRINKING in front of the mirror before facing the other guests, singing star Noeline Batley, 17, chats with hostess Patsy Ann.

● **"Let's have a party,"** said Patsy Ann Noble, 16-year-old singing star. And before you could say come-on-a-my-house there were 50 kids on the doorstep, all dressed up and ready to have a ball. Patsy Ann asked *Teenagers' Weekly* along, too, and here are some of the pictures we took during the evening.

It was just like any other teenage party, but besides the local teenagers some of the guests were young TV and singing stars.

Patsy Ann welcomed her friends with 18-year-old Phillip Thomas, who has been living nearly-next-door in Marrickville since they were children.

Everybody stood round in groups waiting to be introduced while the Allen Brothers raced off to get their radiogram.

When the rock beat came booming through, the boys grabbed partners and took to the floor, ready to dance all night.

About ten o'clock everybody trooped out to the dining-room for supper and soft-drinks.

Then back to the dance-floor until finally someone put on "The Party's Over."

There was a chorus of "Goodbyes" and "Thanks yous." It was a super party and everybody had a wonderful time. We did, too.



ROCKING to a steady beat, Patsy Ann gets hep with Peter Allen, 18, of the Allen Brothers, who wrote "Busy Lips," her next release.



SUPPERTIME for (from left) Marilyn Jeackle, Peter Allen, Bob McPherson, and Joan Fitzgerald.

SING-SONG round the piano. Peter Allen pounds the ivories while brother Chris hits the note with Dennis Gray, of Melbourne, and Julie Todd, with Stephanie Glyn at right.



TREAT YOURSELF TO A QUICK FACIAL

By Carolyn Earle

● If dry, summer skin is your woe, treat yourself to a smoothing, glow-making facial. Get together with a friend on this — it's loads of fun with company around — and do your facial at home, or have a glamorous salon treatment if you are affluent enough.



BEHIND THE SCENES during a facial. Pictured above and at left are steps in the cream-and-white-of-egg face-pack described below. This pack is good for fairly normal young skin because it cleanses, lubricates, and stimulates at one and the same time.



SMOOTH, glowing skin results from a good facial. The face-pack that you make yourself or buy ready prepared can give your complexion a quick "lift" in no time at all.

IF you've never had a facial or used a face-pack or mask before, the cream-and-white-of-egg pack described below is a pleasant do-it-yourself treatment for young dry or normal skin that is showing signs of wear and tear.

The action of this pack is simply to refresh and stimulate the circulation and so restore a becoming glow to the complexion.

To make the mixture, place a reasonable quantity of light cleansing cream in a small bowl (see picture above), and add to it the stiffly beaten white of one egg. Stir together well.

This particular pack is best put on with the fingertips. Spread it thickly all over your well-washed face and forehead as in the top picture, leaving the whole eye area uncovered.

The pack should stay on for about 15 minutes, after which it is tissue off and the face rinsed in lukewarm, then cold, water. Be sure to remove every bit of the pack — a small natural sponge kept for this special purpose will last for years — and again, be careful of the skin around the eyes.

And there you are, your mask treatment over, not much time spent on it, but your skin as smooth and cool as a piece of satin.

Yet another mask of the do-it-yourself variety — and this is a good one to keep up your sleeve for use at any time — is the grainy mask for skin cleansing. This is concocted with that good old-fashioned standby oatmeal or other cereal.

The meal is moistened slightly, either with milk or water, until it is of a paste consistency, then patted on the skin and allowed to dry. It cleans up the pores wonderfully and has a gentle soothing effect as well.

There are, in addition, lots of good prepared face-packs (or masks) on the market, all for you to apply yourself at your own dressing-table, and they serve many purposes. There's no great skill or trick to doing it, if you begin by choosing a pack that's right for your particular skin and then follow the directions closely.

The most luxurious of facials is, of course, the salon treatment, when you put your face and yourself into the skilful hands of a trained beauty expert and enjoy the experience of feeling utterly spoiled.

For most people this represents time and money well spent. The older teen-girl should make an effort to have at least one professional facial at some time or other, if only to get an idea how it's all done.

The well-known salons actually LIKE you to know how, because their own creams and lotions work far better and their make-up looks prettier if you are prepared to use them regularly.

In some ways, though, the do-it-yourself facial scores over the salon variety. An operator has to think of her next appointment; you can take your time, because you're the only customer. The time is important. Allow the full time for good results, a bit more for a "plus" feeling of pleasure and relaxation.

Start the professional way, collecting equipment for your facial, and double up on everything if you have company. You need a large towel to wrap around you, leaving arms and shoulders bare, a headband or small towel for your hair, tissues, a sponge, the pack or mask to suit your skin type, skin lotion if needed.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — January 25, 1961

● At last you've cut the family apron strings. No more Mum to dish up that same old food; no sister to iron wrinkles into your shirts; no Dad to toss you a tea-towel. You're on your own now, boy. You're a real bachelor.

BACHING CAN BE FUN FOR BOYS...

SOUNDS pretty terrific, doesn't it? And whether you're baching with the boys over the Christmas holidays, moving into a flat in the city, or just left alone at home, baching is fun.

Bewildering at first, though. That pile of dirty dishes rearing pyramid-style out of the sink, for instance; the overflowing garbage can; the empty fridge—and no clean shirts.

But there's no need to fuss about it. To make things easy, here are a few pointers on the A.B.C. of baching for boys—and for girls who want a swift refresher course.

COOKING

Keep it simple. For a balanced diet you need certain food elements—proteins, carbohydrates, fats, and oils, and vitamins and minerals.

Proteins are found in meat, eggs, cheese. Carbohydrates are concentrated in bread, potatoes, and sugary foods. Fats and oils come in butter, milk, and fatty meats; vitamins and mineral salts in green vegetables and fruit.

All you have to do is mix these things up and make meals of them. So get out your pots and pans and start.

EGGS

Boiled: Cover eggs in saucepan with cold water and bring to boil. Boil two to three minutes—according to how soft you like them.

For all eggs other than boiled, crack them one at a time in a cup before combining them in case you strike an "off" one.

Fried: Usually with bacon. Put the bacon in a hot pan BEFORE you start cooking the eggs. The bacon will make enough fat, as it cooks, in which to fry the eggs. When bacon is nearly done, move it to the side of the pan and drop eggs neatly into the fat.

Scrambled: Crack two eggs per person into a basin and add half a cup of milk, pepper and salt, and whisk round with a fork or beater until frothy. Put a heaped teaspoon of butter into a saucepan, heat it until it bubbles, and then put in the egg mixture. Cook slowly on a low heat, stirring all the time. They take about 5 minutes.

VEGETABLES

Boiling is the usual way of cooking vegetables. Remember that too much water makes them soggy, and not enough makes them burn, uncooked.

Two basic rules apply to all vegetables: Always put them in BOILING water, and always put about a teaspoonful of salt in the water.

Peas and Beans: If deep-frozen, put them in about half an inch of salted boiling water, add a bit of butter, and

clamp the lid on the pot. Follow any instructions on the packet or boil them about 7 minutes. Don't forget to drain off any surplus water before serving.

If you're using fresh peas or beans you'll need to cook them longer—about 15 to 20 minutes—and use more water. They are cooked when they're soft but still bright green. (Don't forget to peel or string them before cooking.)

Cabbage, Spinach: Use only enough water to cover the bottom of the pot, as these vegetables make their own liquid and shrink with cooking. Put a lid on the pot, and cook on hotish flame for five to ten minutes.

Potatoes, Carrots, Pumpkin: These take about 20 minutes to cook. The burner should be hot at first and then turned down to medium. They need more water than greens—it should COVER the vegetables. When soft, they're cooked.

MEAT

Grilling is the simplest way of cooking chops, steak, and sausages. Let the grill heat for a few minutes before you start to cook the meat.

Chops need a fairly hot element and take about ten minutes to cook. When the first side is brown, turn the meat over.

Sausages need constant turning, should cook fairly slowly, and take about 15 minutes. Do NOT eat them half raw—they are most indigestible unless well cooked. Before cooking, prick them with a fork to allow the fat to run out into the pan.

Steak is so expensive to buy you can't afford to make a hash of cooking it. Grill it as you do chops, but the time varies according to the type of steak and your own taste. Fillet steak cooks very quickly, so if you like it underdone cook it only about 2 minutes each side. Rump, porterhouse, and T-bone steaks take longer to cook—usually about 7 minutes in all if you like them medium done. Don't try to grill the cheaper cuts of steak—you'll never get your teeth through them.

NEVER put salt on meat before you start to cook it. The salt will absorb all the juices and make the surface of the meat wet, so that it will not sear. The juice then will escape to the bottom of the pan and your meat will look pale grey and lack taste. So add your salt after cooking.

Frying is the best way to cook veal and some cuts of steak and hamburgers.

Veal—steak or chops—can be fried in either olive or peanut oil, or butter—not too much, though. It takes about 20 minutes to cook. The pan should be hot to start with, and then, when both sides of the meat are seared, turn the flame down and cook slowly.

Hamburgers are made by mixing

minced steak—allow quarter pound per person—with seasoning such as onions, tomato and Worcestershire sauces, and herbs and spices, salt and pepper. Pat the mixture into flattish discs, roll them lightly in flour and drop into hot oil or butter in a frying-pan. Sear them first, then cook more slowly. They should take about ten minutes.

Steak is better fried in butter than in fat or oil. Make sure the pan is hot and cook it quickly. Ask your butcher for the best steaks to fry.

FISH

Frying fish is as simple as falling off a boat. Just rub plenty of salt into fillets or small cleaned whole fish, roll them in flour, and drop them into a hot frying-pan containing a level tablespoon of oil or butter. Cook each side over medium heat until brown (about five minutes).

PUDDINGS

Don't bother with cooked puddings. Fresh fruit or timed fruit, cheese and biscuits, or ice-cream are far less trouble, and probably better for you.

MARKETING

Having cooked and eaten all the food in the house, you're now faced with the problem of buying more.

The easiest way to cope is to organise a grocery order to be delivered weekly, and to buy fresh fruit, vegetables, bread, and meat day by day.

If you buy any deep-frozen meat or vegetables, don't forget to keep them in the deep-freeze section of your fridge until you use them.

What do you NEED on your weekly grocery order?

The basic food items we suggest are eggs, bacon, butter, cheese, breakfast cereal, potatoes, onions, tins of jam, fruit and fish, biscuits, coffee and tea. For the first week estimate the quantities you think you'll need, and adjust your next order according to what you use.

Before you give the order, check the soap, toilet-paper, salt, pepper, sugar, flour, matches, and detergent stocks, and add the necessary replacements to the list.

Don't forget to check the cleaning-up department stocks, too—bath-cleaner, pot-scrubbers, furniture polish... ohh!

HOUSEWORK

It's a gruesome thought, but somebody HAS to do some honest-to-goodness housework.

But there are some short-cuts!

The first rule is to tidy up a mess straight after you've made one, and if possible avoid making one. For example, dishwashing will be much easier

if you rinse and stack the dishes as soon as you've used them.

Use a plate-rack and detergent and save the boredom of drying the dishes.

If you clean up as you go—and that includes making your bed every morning, whisking round the bath with a damp cloth, and hanging your clothes on hangers instead of just in the air—you'll find you have to do some real cleaning only once a week.

Even that isn't too much work. You only need to sweep or vacuum all the floors, dust ledges and furniture, and clean the bath and basin.

LAUNDRY

Washing your own clothes and linen is no real hardship, particularly if you have a washing-machine. And if you don't want to give up the necessary few hours at the weekend, why not do it one weeknight after work?

If you don't know how to work a washing-machine, get someone to tell you the simple details.

There are three watertight rules:

- Don't overfill the machine with clothes. Two smallish washes will get clothes much cleaner than one big one.
- Don't use too much soap-powder.
- Don't put in woollen socks or jumpers (they will shrink) or brightly colored garments which aren't color fast (they will stain everything else).

If you have no washing-machine take your bundle of laundry to the local "do it yourself" establishment or send it to a laundry.

A laundry is not really such a luxury, especially if you send only the sheets, towels, and table linen, and do your own drip-dry shirts, socks, and underwear.

There's no need to iron anything except cotton or cotton mixture shirts, shorts, and handkerchiefs. A few minutes before ironing, sprinkle them with water and roll into a ball. If you have a steam iron there's no need to dampen them.

For shirts use a fairly hot iron and an ironing-board rather than a flat table. Start with the sleeves, ironing the cuffs first and then up to the shoulder. Then iron the back of the shirt and each front separately. Lastly, the yoke and the collar. Don't bother with the art of folding—just hang the shirt on a coathanger.

For shorts, iron one leg at a time in the normal crease positions. Then turn inside out and iron the waist and pockets separately.

If you can manage this household routine smoothly you're doing well. Better, if it's any consolation, than most girls.

Just one final thing. DON'T forget to put out the milk bottles and the rubbish tins.

Off-beat clothes



FLOPPY hat tops this straight-as-a-die dress of pink-and-orange-striped cotton, frilled round the shoulders and in a deep band about twelve inches above the hem.

● These exciting clothes are designed and made by Libby Hall, of Sydney. The colors are strong and pure—her favorites are brilliant pinks, oranges, and purples. The silhouettes are stark and interesting—no bows, no trimmings. The same goes for the hats, simple, shovel shapes. If you're the adventurous far-out type who likes to stand out in a crowd, these are for you.



BEACH COAT combines printed and solid colored cotton. The welded wire shapes were supplied by designer Clement Meadmore, of Sydney.



CLASHING COLORS combine brilliantly in these straight-cut, easy-sleeved, collarless jackets. Note the hessian hat at right.

FAMILY COMIC

Sandra

By BILL SAWYER

• SANDRA goes with Gerald Rad-
nace to haunted Blackbrook Mill to
do more publicity shots for his night-
dress advertising campaign. They are
met by the caretaker Joe Gratch, who
tries to dissuade them from going to
the haunted bedroom. Sandra is shown
the bed she is to sleep in—"and wake
up in . . . MAYBE!" says Joe Gratch.
NOW READ ON . . .



RIVETS



Jacky's Diary.

By JACKY MENDELSON
Age 33½

THIS WEEK IN SCHOOL WE ARE STUDYING ABOUT DIFFERENT BIRDS.



SOME BIRDS LIVE IN THE WATER, LIKE FOR INSTANTS DUCKS & GEESE*



* YOU GOTTA SAY GEESE WHEN YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT LOTS A GOOSES.

WHILE OTHER ONES PREFER TO LIVE IN THE GROUND, LIKE THE OSTRICH.



THEN THEY GOT WHAT THEY CALL DUMB-MESTICATED BIRDS, WHICH MEANS THEY HAVE LOST THE POWDER OF FLIGHT.

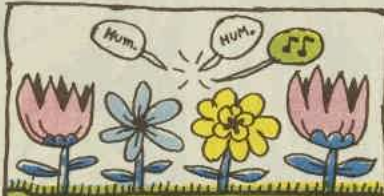
THE CANARY FALLS INTO THIS CATEGORY.



THE SAME GOES FOR A CHICKEN, WHICH IS SOME TIMES FOUND IN A CHICKEN SALAD SANDWICH.



AN OTHER ONE IS A PARROT, WHICH CAN BE TRAINED TO EAT OFF A PERSON'S HAND.



SOME BIRDS ARE SO TINY YOU CAN'T HARDLY SEE THEM. THE HUMMING BIRD IS A GOOD EG- sample OF THIS.

WHILE SOME OTHER BIRDS ARE REALLY NORMOUS, LIKE FOR INSTANTS A EAGLE, WHICH IS OUR NATIONAL CYMBAL.



THE REASON IT WAS PICKED TO BE OUR NATIONAL CYMBAL, IS ON A COUNT OF IT IS STRONG & FEERLESS, HAS GOT KEEN EYE-SIGHT, & IS GETTING BALD.



TIZZY by Kate Osann



Man in Apron
by Larry

Copyright London Punch



"That's to he's p...



● Finding space to grow enough food for the world's increasing population is a serious problem. The moon won't grow plants because it has no atmosphere, but Mello, the girl from Venus, suggests to Chris that they could grow Venus plants, like the creeping carrot and Venus melon, which grow there without air. Chris and lunar agronomist Dr. Bafz try them on the moon by using radiation. A tendril from one of the plants twines itself round the radiation equipment and seems to manipulate the controls. NOW READ ON . . .

CHRIS WELKIN PLANETEER

By Russ Winterbotham



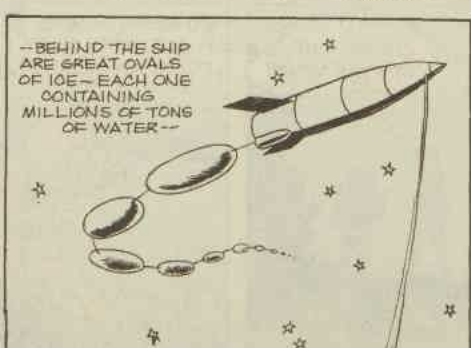
TEENA by Linda Terry



MANDRAKE the MAGICIAN



MANDRAKE, Master Magician, determined to find out where the disappearing water-spouts go, dives right into one and finds himself being drawn up fast. Narda and Lothar, watching from the lake shore, soon see all the water disappear and the lake drained dry. NOW READ ON



CONTINUED—

s for the heat



STARK SHAPES and bizarre colors add up to a look of utter simplicity. Elizabeth Sutherland (left) and Margot Snellgrove (right) wear coarse fabric jackets circled back and front in contrast. Cynthia Byrne chooses a jacket with a star motif.

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Kissing games . . .

"WE are two 14-year-olds who attend a girls' college. During this year we have been to a few parties, put on by boys from another school. At some of these parties, kissing games were played. My friend and I agreed that we didn't enjoy these games very much, as other girls seemed to. Our religion teaches us that long kissing or petting is wrong. We do not do this, however, but maybe kissing games are a beginning. Do you think we didn't enjoy the games for this reason, or are we too young to enjoy a kiss? Will kissing become a habit? Or should we refuse to play and be laughed at, and not be invited any more? We wouldn't like this, as we both love parties."

"Two Teens," S.A.

Kissing games are often embarrassing to girls of your age, but if you just take them as the lighthearted pastime they are, they are good fun. It's just that you're both too young yet to accept the kiss without embarrassment in the spirit it's given. It doesn't mean a thing.

The thing about kissing is that it is not really the kiss that's exciting. It's whom you kiss. When you kiss the right person, it's terrific. But when you kiss someone who doesn't interest you, it's just a salutation that is more intimate than most, and doesn't mean a thing.

When you ask does kissing become a habit, I think you mean do you get used to kissing people? Well, you do in a way, except for the kisses from someone you share a romantic association with. They are really out of this world. You never get used to them, but you do get used to the other kinds, that range from the peck on the cheek that relatives demand, to stolen ones,

and the party kisses that go with Postman's Knock.

You both enjoy going to the occasional party that is arranged for you. Why not keep on going?

. . . can be avoided

"I AM often invited to parties where they will persist in playing kissing games such as Postman's Knock. I am considered abnormal because I don't like these games and think they are germ-giving. I always have some excuse if possible, such as a cold, but the boys don't seem to mind. I don't mind a little smooching, but too much makes me feel sick, especially as I don't like all the boys. Do you think I'm old-fashioned or a freak? I am 17."

"Germy," Tas.

I don't think you are either a freak or old-fashioned; fastidious would describe you, with an over-developed thing about germs.

Anyone is quite entitled to feel strongly about anything, but I always think it is objectionable when people with strong opinions go to places where they know their opinions will be in conflict with what's going on.

To be more to the point—why go to places where there will be kissing games unless you're prepared to play without fuss and foisting your opinions about germs on the other guests.

Too young

"I AM a girl of 15½ and for the past year have been going steady with a boy of 23. I am very mature for my age and am very much in love with this boy. We plan to get married in six months, but my parents object as they say I am much too young. We feel it is different in our case and both feel we have found true love. My boy-friend

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

earns a good wage and can afford to buy a house straight away. My parents are very firm in their ideas of young marriages, but I feel if you could back me up they might change their minds."

"Hoping," N.S.W.

I couldn't agree with your parents more, I think you are far too young to be thinking of marriage, indeed, too young even to have a steady boy-friend.

No girl of 15 knows her mind romantically; she simply hasn't had the time to have the experience of love. You are a lucky girl to have parents who have firm ideas about young marriages. In years to come you will thank them, whether you eventually marry this boy or not.

Fickle fiancé

"I AM wondering if you can help me.

It is going to be hard for me to explain the situation to you. My fiancé and I have been engaged for 11 months and we planned to marry next August. We loved each other very, very much. Then I moved from where we were living to live with my parents about 200 miles away. My fiancé and I agreed that he should stay behind and carry on his job and come down to see me every second weekend until Christmas. The first weekend he came we shared lots of love and affection; the second time I noticed that he had changed a little, but my love was still as strong. Now he tells me that he still loves me, but like a sister, and wants to forget about our engagement. I couldn't love anyone in this world more than I do him."

H.R., Qld.

No one can help you except yourself. I can only tell you what I think and that is do exactly what your boy-friend asks. Break your engagement and try to get over the hurt.

You know perfectly well that it's better to find out now that his love isn't real than later on when you're married, but probably you believe it would be different if you were married. Well, it wouldn't be. It would be worse, because he'd feel trapped, you'd feel naggy, and if you're human, triumphant because he couldn't walk out and leave you high and dry, and certain that because he has to stay around he'd learn to love you again.

Worrying yourself sick is natural at the end of an unhappy love affair. Every woman suffers from this and it is absolutely ghastly. You've just got to stick it out. There is nothing else to do—nothing can make things as they used to be.

Don't fear falsies

"I AM a girl who will soon be 16 and, as yet, have a very slight bustline. This spoils the effect of my clothes and makes me unhappy. I read your columns every week and notice for this problem you usually say exercises. Recently I tried some exercises over a period of six weeks, but they didn't make any difference. I can't swim. I would like to learn, but I have not an opportunity, as I live out in the country. My mother and only sister are both flat-chested. Would this be the reason I am?"

L.J., N.S.W.

Heredity plays a big part in bust development and generally if your mother is flat-chested so are you. Exercises to improve your chest profile are good, but they're the devil, because they show results so very slowly. To keep trim

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

IT may be way ahead, but now's the time to start collecting lucky wishbones for your wedding reception.

Painted and decorated, they're a wedding favor and a touch that your guests will like.

Every once in a while Mum has a bird on the table, whether it's a chicken, duck, or turkey doesn't matter. They all have wishbones.

Dry the wishbone and store it away for safe-keeping and as the years go by your collection will grow.

Most big wedding and party caterers will supply you with these wishbones, but it's much more fun to be able to tell your guests that you've collected them from childhood.

When at last the important date is set, take out your bird-bones and set to work.

Buy a tin of silver enamel and paint your wishbones all over once or twice, and when the last coat is drying sprinkle with silver glitter.

Tie the top with the prettiest ribbon possible and attach to each guest's place-card.

After the final toast all the guests may pull their wishbones and then the bride and groom break their golden-glittered wishbone.

May their wish come true!

and a good shape, whether you're small or large, you have to keep them up for years—or, honestly, forever.

If you can face such a prospect and do them and some other general exercises every day habitually as you clean your teeth, you've really put money in a health-and-good-looks bank for yourself, for nothing makes you look and feel better. But unless you do them until they become an unnoticed part of your daily life, they become a real chore.

Whether or not you're the exercise type doesn't matter really nowadays, for life is good for flat-chested girls since brassiere manufacturers have come to their aid. Padded brassieres are wonderful. Don't be afraid to wear them.

Falsies come in all sizes and to suit all builds. An expert fitter would find you one that gave you just enough shape to make your clothes look nice. I'd get one the first chance I had if I were you, but be sure to go to a store where they have a fitter and you can try them on.

Don't be shy about it. Hundreds of thousands of girls wear them today and are happier and better-looking because of them.

And don't think you'd suddenly blossom into a full 34in. in the ten minutes it would take to buy one. You'd find you'd get one just a little bigger and increase it in size as your bust grows naturally. But do buy one, you'll be so much happier.



SEASIDE HOUSE-PARTY

CRESS DELAHANTY — PART 6

By Jessamyn West



Mrs. Delahanty, at that, had shifted her ground. Cress, with her fair skin and no one to look after her, would surely have one of her terrible cases of sunburn.

And indigestion. Many a woman she knew traced her chronic indigestion to girlhood follies in eating. And where were those follies more practised than at house parties?

"You forget Miss Bird," Cress had said. Miss Bird was to be their chaperon. She was an aunt of Maribeth Dufour's, whose idea the house party was.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Delahanty had replied. "The biology teacher."

"And biology is about food," Cress had said, arranging biology to fit her needs. "Miss Bird probably has lists of balanced meals already made out and ready for us to follow."

MRS. DELAHANTY had left off talking about indigestion at that. "What I really worry about, Cress, is drowning. Scarcely a summer goes by without my reading of a drowning or two at a house party."

"Miss Bird is a wonderful swimmer. She is a little lame and can't go hiking or anything. So she swims."

"Like Byron," Mrs. Delahanty had said, unexpectedly. And then, in spite of the fact that Byron was surely the last person to hit on as a suitable chaperon for a girls' house party, she added, "I must say Miss Bird sounds like the perfect chaperon."

That was exactly the light in which Maribeth had presented her aunt. "Aunt Iris," she had assured the girls, "is practically a prefabricated chaperon. The minute she gets to the beach she will put on a kind of divided skirt outfit she has had since 1920, and which she has since shortened some, but not much. And she will saily forth with her specimen case to hunt marine specimens and we will scarcely ever see Aunt Iris again. She will, in fact, leave us perfectly free."

The house-party girls, when Maribeth had said this, had been eating lunch together in the high school cafeteria. Cornelia Sammis, at whose parents' beach cottage the house party was to be held, had looked at Maribeth

over a spoonful of trembling lime jelly and asked, "Free for what, Maribeth?"

Everyone but poor Cornelia had known the answer to this question. They would be free for the word no one spoke. Cress had squirmed because of Corny's ignorance. And because Corny's question had demonstrated so perfectly why Cornelia was so lucky in possessing parents who owned beach and mountain cottages they were willing for Corny's friends to use.

But Maribeth, without squirming and with her famous wide-open, violet-eyed stare unclouded, had answered, "Oh, free for whatever you like, Corny. Who am I to say what that is?"

And she and all the girls except Corny had looked at each other with understanding. What they'd be free for was boys. That was the unsaid word and the whole point of the house party as everyone except Corny well understood.

CRESS, damp and cold where the sand touched her, dry and cold where the wind blew across her, thought about that freedom and the way she was using it. Yolande and her boy-friend were counting waves to see if every seventh wave was, as people said, the biggest.

Listening, Cress had an idea about waves, which would lead her quite naturally into the conversation: Wasn't the big seventh wave a shepherd herding six small sheep ahead of him? She took her arms from across her face, then put them back without speaking. After all, Yolande hadn't introduced her.

Even after her mother had said that Cress could go to the house party she had kept asking about it. Yesterday morning, though that seemed years ago now, her mother had brought orange juice in to her and had sat on her bed while she drank it.

"Just exactly who are these girls you are going with, Cress?" she had asked. "Well, they are the school leaders," Cress had answered, a little uncertain as to where to start in her descriptions.

"Are they your friends?" "Why, Mother! Of course they are. Maribeth."

"Maribeth I know. Likewise Cor-

nelia. And I've heard all about Yolande all I care to. But who is this Mavis Avis?"

"Mavis Davis," Cress had corrected her mother. "And Avis Davis."

"Mavis and Avis!" Mrs. Delahanty had repeated. "You wouldn't think parents could do that to children they loved."

PRIVATELY, Cress believed that parents had a blind spot about their children's names. She had heard a few remarks herself about the unsuitability of Crescent.

But all she had said was, "But, Mother, they're twins — identical twins. They dress exactly alike, except for jewelled initial pins. That's so they can tell themselves apart. It doesn't matter to anyone else, since they're exactly the same. Mavis and Avis Davis! Those names really mesmerise me."

"I can see they do," Mrs. Delahanty had agreed.

Cress had defended herself. "It's not just their names. They're the school yell leaders. They've trained themselves to talk in absolute unison. It's terrifically uncanny."

Mrs. Delahanty had made a sound in her throat. "In private conversation, you mean they do that?"

Cress had nodded with pride. When together, the twins stood like statuary in their identical dresses and stared out from under their identically cut black bangs with their grey duplicating eyes and, once in a while but not often, said something in unison the way twin statues would, if wired to speak.

Maribeth had declared when the house-party guest list was being planned that, with Mavis and Avis along, people at the beach couldn't help noticing them. Cress had been unwise enough to repeat this to her mother.

"People?" Mrs. Delahanty had repeated. "People?" For a minute the unsaid word of everybody's house party

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The boy had come up out of the breakers to join Yolande, and Cress had waited, at first excitedly, then unhappily, for the introduction which never came.



With boys it's just "pure chemistry"

● From page 9

was on the verge of being spoken. For what Mrs. Delahanty had almost said, of course, was "boys." "Boys," not "people," would notice the house-party girls with the twins along, and what the girls would be free for, with Aunt Iris as chaperon, would be boys.

Boys would see them as they tossed their shining, newly shampooed hair in great exaggerated arcs after they took off their bathing caps; and boys would hear them when they ran back into the water, shouting and splashing.

And they would not only be seen; they would see. They would see the big athletes and the track stars and the football players and perhaps even the Southern California Interscholastic Tennis Champion who lived at Balboa Beach.

THEY would notice out of the corners of their eyes the showy handstands of these boys and their professional stance on the surfboards, as they came racing shoreward on the crests of the largest breakers.

They would also notice, or she would, anyway, the boys of slighter build, quiet boys, who swam as if they liked the feel of water and picked up handfuls of sand and watched it trickle between their fingers with the sunshine gilding it.

And one of these boys, his black hair dried in starfish points, and a sweater hung over his shoulders to protect his sunburn, would be somebody's cousin or brother's friend or ex-classmate; and he, after being introduced, and a little talk to everyone for politeness' sake, would toss a small shell in her direction and say to her alone, "Can you always tell when it's Sunday, because there's a Sunday shine in the air?"

Something really personal, and about which they two alone would have any knowledge. And after that, a private world, like a great bubble, would settle down over the two of them.

When Yolande's friend had come up out of the water, Cress had thought for a minute that he was going to be this boy of the Sunday shine and the private world. But now he was leaving—without a shell, or even a word, tossed to her.

Just before supper Cress had to listen, once more, to the story of how this boy had come up out of the water to talk to her and Yolande, and how she, mum as an oyster, had left to Yolande the whole burden of entertaining him.

"This boy," Yolande went on, "was a complete and absolute stranger to me. But after he left, do you know what Cress said to me?"

They most certainly did. Yolande had told them at least twice before, and Cress, seeing that she was going to tell them once again, looked out at the sea and tried, stoically, to count waves.

"After he left," Yolande said, her voice as shocked with disbelief as if she had never repeated Cress' words before, "she said, 'Yolande, why didn't you introduce your friend to me?' Can you really believe it?" she asked, hooting with laughter. "Anything so childish? Thinking I wouldn't talk to him if I didn't know him?"

Maribeth, holding her stomach to keep her laughs from shaking her too much, called across to Cress: "Oh, Cress, not really?"

Aunt Iris struggled in her slow, heavy way up from her chair. Don't defend me, Cress thought; don't say what a good, sweet girl I am and make them all hate me.

Aunt Iris didn't. All she said was, "I don't know about you girls, but I'm hungry." And she led them to the dining-room.

After supper it was as if the girls had never avoided the word boys, as if the boy who had come up out of the sea had been a sign to them to talk and speculate. They had planned to go to a movie, but they went back to

the solarium, instead, and there, in the summery darkness, without bothering to turn on the lights, they began to wonder and to gossip.

They perched on chair arms, cloudy, moth-like in their light, flimsy dresses; or lay on the floor (the twins) immobile and, with their tunic skirts and long, solid legs, looking now like Greek statuary fallen; though once in a while two legs, Avis' left and Mavis' right, were simultaneously lifted at right angles to their bodies, thus spoiling the statuary effect.

Cress sat on the hassock which Aunt Iris had used to support her lame leg (Aunt Iris herself had gone to her room) and watched the green-silver phosphorescence which occasionally smoked at a wave's tip and, farther out, the single bobbing red light of a boat moving slowly across the horizon.

A couple went by on the sand below the solarium windows, singing "Fight On for Old U.C.," to which someone out of sight (a boy) yelled, "Give 'em the axe."

The talk was mostly Yolande's and Maribeth's, with questions now and then from Corny. They talked of what boys were like, really, and how they were different from girls, and what they liked in girls, really.

"Looks are not so important," Yolande said in her clear contralto, which sounded, Cress thought, like a large bell lightly rung. But it was easy for Yolande with her gipsy princess face to belittle looks.

Maribeth said, "I know. Look at Amanda Peters."

"She's got a wonderful figure," Corny said mournfully. Corny hadn't any figure at all, not even a bad one.

Cress, hoping a plain face couldn't be considered naive, said, "Mindy Jackson hasn't got either." And everyone knew Mindy was the most popular girl-with-boys in school.

Mavis, speaking by herself (perhaps Aunt Iris' theory about separation and independence was right), said, "It's a complete mystery."

Yolande corrected her. "It's chemistry," she said in a dreamy voice, "pure chemistry."

Maribeth agreed. "Either you have it or you don't."

"Is it all settled when you're born?" Corny asked, as if her fate hung in the balance.

"I expect so, Corny," Yolande answered cheerfully, giving her long, earrings a clink, like an echo to the bell of her voice.

"Some girls have the kind of chemistry only one boy reacts to. Or maybe two. Mindy Jackson has universal chemistry."

"What happens if a girl with ten per cent. chemistry meets a boy with a one hundred per cent. chemistry?" Corny wanted to know.

"She's lucky," Yolande said promptly. "Are there many boys like that?" Cress asked.

"No, thank goodness," Maribeth said. The last of day was now gone, but there was enough light from stars or moon or reflected off the sea to show Yolande's slow white smile.

"I wouldn't say that, Maribeth," she said. Then before Maribeth or anyone else could answer, she broke the spell by flicking on the lamp at her elbow. "It's only eight-thirty," she said. "Let's go to the second show."

THEY came home from the show, an old Alan Ladd movie, with their eyes full of rippling muscles and smoking guns.

"Anybody sleepy?" Yolande asked. No one was.

"Anyone hungry?" Maribeth wanted to know. Everyone was. Cress stirred up her own special concoction called cocoa-mud: cocoa and sugar with just enough cream to make it spreadable. They ate it on thick slices of heavily buttered

French bread and washed it down with Coca-Cola. It was very invigorating and after eating everyone felt peppy.

At midnight, Aunt Iris, in a flowered challis dressing-gown, stepped into the hall that opened into the kitchen and said, "Save something for tomorrow, girls."

In their own room Cress and Mavis sat on their twin Hollywood beds. Cress felt boiling with life, as if there were more blood in her veins than her veins could hold, and more veins in her body than her body could contain.

Outside was the summer night and the stars with their jabbing lights and the sea, whose booming she felt as a pulse inside her head rather than as sound. And only seven blocks away dance bands were playing and cars were drawing up to the kerb, laden with people for whom the night was just beginning. She could see it all very clearly.

CRESS jumped off her twin Hollywood bed and went and stood over Mavis. "Oh, Mavis," she implored, "let's do something. Let's not just sit here mouldering. Let's . . ." but she didn't know what let's do. Only let's get up, move, go outside, stay awake, give the world and the night a chance.

But Mavis knew. Perhaps she was not a talker but she knew what to do. "Let's go get the Samms' boat," she said, "and row on the bay."

"Yes," Cress said. "Oh, yes. That will be perfect. Let's row till sun-up."

The Samms kept a rowboat tied up alongside their big cabin cruiser, a little white rowboat named Cornelia and Cress felt dismay to Corny, slipping out of the house without a word to her to row in a boat which was her namesake. But Corny was no rower and Mavis was.

With Mavis rowing by her side, they cut silently through the jagged, multi-colored spears of light which were reflected on to the water from the pier, where the dance band played. They rowed in time to the music—every other beat was just right.

There were many boats out, but no one else, it was obvious, was out simply to row, to be abroad in the night, exposed to starshine and supported by water. Simply to row? To look at the stars? Oh, no! That was not true and Cress knew it.

They were rowing towards someone, rowing towards a voice, a meeting on the water, towards the boy who would present the lovely shell and speak the secret words about the Sunday shine, the boy who would make the page turn and the meaning clear, as in the noblest book, here in the summer night, afloat on the dark reflecting water.

As soon as she had admitted this, it was time to stop rowing; she felt sleepy and tired. What did she expect? Magic? A barge appearing out of darkness like that which bore the dying King Arthur away? An arm from the water clothed in white samite?

But with the Cornelia tied up once more, and someone (the dance band had gone home) playing a piano, sitting down in front of it and repeating a phrase as a radio player never did, and with the tide lifting the boats on the bay in a ceaseless sickle-shaped swing, leaving seemed ignoble. Or at least undaring. (And were they the same?)

Was she giving up her search too easily? Had this been a test and was the pattern of her life being decided this minute? Oh, come, knowledge and beauty. She asked it of the night and of the water, extending her arms upward and curling her toes earthward in her brown and white saddle shoes. "Come, knowledge and beauty," she said aloud.

Mavis perhaps did not understand her. Or perhaps did, and offered the best she had. Somewhere, from in or under her white drum-major's kilt, she brought up a package of cigarettes,

lit one for herself, then handed package and matches to Cress.

It was not the first cigarette Cress had ever had between her lips, nor the first puff she had ever taken. But she had never before taken more than one puff, and that only in front of a mirror, for the sake of what she saw there. Tonight smoking seemed, clearly, the thing to do.

She walked homeward with Mavis, past the still lit bars and cafes, trying to imitate Mavis' nonchalance. It was beyond her, though; she could manage neither the down-drooping cigarette nor Mavis' practised majorette flip of her skirt.

However short she came of Mavis, she did not come short enough to completely offset the effect of Mavis' black bangs, brown legs and sashaying white pleats. Maribeth had been more than right. People noticed the twins, even when separated; and her mother had been right, the name for people was boys.

Boys looked and spoke as they went past, and, at the corner where they turned right, two boys who had been watching them as they came down the street turned right with them, and falling in behind them, kept pace with them. "Aren't you two girls out pretty late?" they asked.

They were kids. Cress saw, sixteen or seventeen, and they did not attempt to catch up with them and she didn't feel anything but uncomfortable until, as they were leaving the lights of the business district, three more boys joined the queue.

Then she was frightened. Mavis was, too; she could tell by Mavis' grip on her arms and the increased speed of her walking. And there were two more blocks before they would reach home, blocks shadowed by palm and jacaranda trees and misted with the morning fog already drifting in off the ocean.

Mavis, without turning her head, whispered, "Let's run."

"No," Cress whispered back. What was the sense of that? The boys could surely run faster than they could, and once running was started, all pretence that the boys just happened to be going their way would be lost. Though there was no denying that they were all walking faster and faster; nor that she couldn't tell the sound of her heart, it was beating so hard, from the sound of the surf.

AND all the time the boys were calling to them, asking their names, where they went to school, what track team they were training for.

"What's your best time for the 440, girls?" they asked. "What's that thing you're wearing for a skirt?" they called to Mavis. And, to Cress, "Hey, sweater girl, turn around." It was worse than frightening, it was cheap, and Cress' face burned.

In the minute before they would have reached the Samms' house, they were suddenly surrounded. The boys' tone was still joking. One of them, an unlit cigarette in his mouth, said: "Give us a light, will you, girls?" But, in spite of the joke, the boys stood in that unyielding circle, close about Cress and Mavis.

Cress, trembling, in a voice that scarcely emerged from her dry throat, said, and was hardly aware of what she said: "Is that all you want?"

These words somehow gave immediate pause to the joking. Miraculously the circle of boys opened, and the two girls walked through the gate and into the Samms' yard. Once inside the yard, and the gate slammed behind them, they began to run.

Neither spoke until they reached their own room and had that door closed behind them, too. Then Mavis, not in the least winded by the sprinting,

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LISTEN HERE

- with Ainslie Baker

● If those who inspired songs were to get a label credit, that on "Just For Today" would read "Based on the advice of Dale Carnegie" in addition to "Words and music by Frankie Davidson."

WHEN he's stuck for an idea, Frankie flips through his favorite books, looking for something to inspire him. He found the words "just for today" in Carnegie's "How To Stop Worrying And Start Living."

Frankie's a big fan of the "How to Win Friends and Influence People" man, and says that his advice cured him of being bad-tempered.

Frankie recently signed up Ray Bolwell, who used to be Salrina's manager, to look after his expanding interests. Because he missed out Queensland on his all-States tour last year, Frankie's going there in April — but strictly on holiday, with wife, Barbara, and sons Philip and baby Michael.

First, though, he has a singing date in a Sydney nightclub.

Pops: Moving in after "The Twist" comes "The Shift," and Dave "Baby" Cortez lets fly with it on a Pye 45. It's bright, rowdy, and should get even the most heavy-footed on the move. "Hurricane," the instrumental flip, should keep the same people in action.

THE dark-haired, dark-eyed Capri Sisters, Terry, 19, and Phyllis and Annetta, 16 (they all look like Connie Francis), have a real teen pleaser in "I'm Gonna Wish For You," an appealing little number written by Neil Sedaka. On the flip you get the tale of a girl who wishes she hadn't introduced her boy to somebody else, "There But For Her Go I" (W. and G. 45.)

IF you haven't yet met up with American chart newcomer U. S. Bonds, you can still do so with his "New Orleans" (Dixie but different) and its warm, sincere ballad flip, "Please Forgive Me" (Top Rank 45.)

IN the States they say that when Frank Sinatra makes a recording it's the definitive (if you don't know the meaning, look up a dictionary) recording of that number. So Frankie's "Ol' MacDonald" (Capitol 45) seems like the last we'll be hearing of that hardy old boy for a while. "You'll Always Be the One I Love" is sung by the new U.S. President's pal on the flip. With Nelson Riddle's orchestra.

NEXT thing you know the pop singers are going to get culture. First it was Elvis breaking out into German and now it's Paul Anka doing numbers with titles like "Pigalle," "C'est Si Bon," and "Melodie D'amour" on the W. and G. EP "My Heart Sings." As a matter of fact, Paul confines the French to the minimum, but it's a great little disc.

Gypsy music: An undoubted collector's item for the flamenco enthusiast is the Pye LP "Gitans" (Gypsies), a "live" recording made during the nights of singing that accompany the annual gypsy pilgrimage to the French village of The Holy Marys of the Sea. The music and song recorded is vivid, rough, and

impassioned, and the whole disc of exceptional interest.

MORE commercial, in that it is carefully produced and polished — but still an excellent introduction to the fascinations of flamenco, guitars, castanets, and stamping feet — is a Festival EP, "Viva Flamenco!" Mario Escudero, guitarist member of a famous flamenco family, of whom the old dancer-singer Vincente is the most illustrious of his company in a typical popular programme.

SEVERAL notches down in artistry, but by no means without its charm, is "The Gypsy Wanderlust," with The Phantom Gypsies playing the sort of sobby cafe music beloved of the European gypsy fiddler. (Top Rank, mono or stereo.)

Jazz: Pop standards such as "Devil and the Deep Blue Sea," "They Can't Take That Away From Me," and some neither so pop nor so standard — "Midnight Sun," "Skylark" — take on a new interest when given the "Modern Jazz" treatment by Ronnie Lang and His All-Stars on a Popular Record Club LP. Marty Paich, whose name you see more often as arranger and orchestra leader, is heard here in the role of pianist.



FRANKIE DAVIDSON, his wife, Barbara, and elder son, Philip.

Bobby Rydell

● Bobby Rydell, the 18-year-old singer who hit the jackpot last year with his beaty version of "Volare," is scheduled for a second tour of Australia next week. With him will be Brenda Lee, Duane Eddy, Chubby Checker, and Oliver Cool.

Bobby's real name is Adrio Ridarelli. His Italian-American father first set him on the road to success when he got him on a TV show at the age of nine, doing impersonations of singing stars.

Now Bobby's a star, too — and the young hopefuls are doing imitations of him.

His latest disc, "Sway," is doing well on world charts.

● Turn overleaf for the latest pin-up of Bobby.

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said: "I don't want to sleep in the same room with you any more, Cress Delahanty."

And having said that, she calmly left. In a few minutes she returned with Avis. "I'm going to sleep with my own twin," she told Cress. "You go on down to Corny's room."

"Mavis," Cress asked, "what's the matter?"

"You know," Mavis said, as she and Avis moved with their duplicating steps across the floor.

Cress, pyjamas in hand, went down to Corny's room. There Corny, her round face heavy with doubt, looked at her suspiciously. Cress apologized. "I'm sorry to be disturbing you, Corny. But the twins got homesick for each other."

"No," Corny said. "It wasn't homesickness for each other. It was disgust for you."

"Me?" Cress asked.

"What you said to those boys," Corny explained. "What you asked them."

Cress moved up to the bed and in real amazement said, "But, Corny . . . Corny cut her short. "And you've been smoking, too. You really reek, Cress. I don't blame Mavis for not wanting to sleep with you. I don't want to either. I don't think mother would like me to, in fact."

"Mavis smoked, too," Cress said, feeling like a tattle-tale.

"She doesn't reek," Corny persisted, turning away from her with finality.

Rejection by Corny, who wanted everyone, even stray dogs, to love her, was the final humiliation. Cress, without a further word, went out to the living-room.

She could sleep on the sofa and in the morning she would hitchhike home. But before she had undone a button Aunt Iris, still in her flowered dressing-gown

CRESS DELAHANTY

and with butterfly pin still aloft, though now somewhat askew, came to the doorway. "What is all this uproar about?" she asked.

"Corny doesn't want to sleep with me," Cress said.

"Why?" Aunt Iris asked.

"She says I reek."

Aunt Iris was beside her now, sniffing. "Reek?" she asked. "What of?"

"Tobacco," Cress said. "Mavis and I went rowing and on the way home we smoked."

"I thought Mavis was the one you were sleeping with anyway, not Corny," Aunt Iris said.

"Mavis doesn't want to sleep with me either," Cress admitted.

"Why?" Aunt Iris asked. "She reeks too, doesn't she?"

"Mavis doesn't mind the tobacco. What she doesn't like is something I said. Anyway, that's what she says."

"To her?"

"No. To some boys."

"What did you say?" Aunt Iris asked.

Cress told her. Aunt Iris said not a word, but with face averted took the rhinestone butterfly from her braids and examined it closely. "One stone missing," she said finally, replacing the butterfly more securely.

Aunt Iris opened a window, and leaning out, she said: "I should've done this earlier. It's a beautiful balmy night. Smell the iodine and salt and the bitter-sweet of the kelp."

She extended her arms into the night air and the big sleeves fell away from them and Cress saw that, while round and heavy, they were also firm and muscular; saw that Aunt Iris with her broad

shoulders and deep bosom, her full lips and straight but fleshy nose, was like a Roman matron.

"There," Aunt Iris said, pointing, "is Vega. Clear, inscrutable, light years distant, reflected, since first its burning reached us, in how many billion billion eyes, human and inhuman?" Aunt Iris was moving her big strong arms in the air outside the windows now, rotating them as if she were bathing them in the night's freshness.

She turned from the window. "I'll tell you what we both need, Cress. A little dip. Ten minutes only. We'll sleep better for it."

The air outside was sweet and fresh, even a little sharp. Cress had to slow her steps for Aunt Iris, whose lameness gave her a clumsy, laborious gait.

"I never reconcile myself to this," Aunt Iris said, slapping her trippled leg, "never, never."

Cress, trying to equal Aunt Iris' matter-of-factness, asked, "Was it that way—from the beginning?"

"Do you mean was I born with it? No. No. I got this in a most unlikely way, in a cyclone. When I was nineteen. At a dance in a schoolhouse in Kansas. I was the teacher," she said, turning to speak over her shoulder and raising her voice to be heard above the surf. "In a way I was lucky that night, in a way I wasn't. Five people were killed. One of them was the boy I was going to marry that summer. That was my life's bad luck."

They were at the water's edge now and Aunt Iris took off her white robe and threw it back up the beach and stood before Cress, a large, indistinct

column in the darkness of the night. "You couldn't ever love anyone else?" Cress asked, trying to take in the whole of Aunt Iris' life from that long-ago night in Kansas to this moment on the edge of the Pacific.

"Oh, yes," Aunt Iris shouted. "I could indeed. But not any of those who were able themselves to love a lame woman." She had stopped to say these words. Now she began to wade slowly out in the water.

Cress threw off her own robe and walked into the water, milky warm after the night air. Ahead of her, ungainly, but steadfast in front of the deepening breakers, was Aunt Iris.

"Would you like to go out with me tomorrow?" she called back. "These rock pools here are regular mines for algae."

Hunting algae with Aunt Iris had been the last thing Cress had ever imagined doing on a house party. The last thing she had imagined a house party could be for. But as the warm water rose from knee to thigh to waist, and then went sliding shoreward past her, she did not seem to have lost either the imagined house party or the imagined boy with the shell and the words about the Sunday shine. She caught up handfuls of water and dashed them across her chest and face.

Aunt Iris was waiting for her, and Cress called above the surf. "Oh, yes, I do want to go. Please, may I?"

Aunt Iris, without answering, faced the open sea again, and, motioning with one big arm for Cress to follow, dived under the wall of the comber toppling above her. Cress followed, diving less cleanly; but she came up out of the smother in open water, only a little breathless, and swam easily in Aunt Iris' wake.

● Next week: Cress faces a family crisis.

BOBBY RYDELL

Page 12 — Teenagers' Weekly

Supplement The Australian Women's Weekly — January 25, 1961



CLARKIA ELEGANS. This native of California is now available in a brilliant mixture of colored tones in the pink-white-mauve range. Sow directly in flowering position from February to June. Flowers in autumn.

PANSY. These pretty border plants are everyone's favorites, and are members of the viola family. Sow now to early winter in seed-boxes. They need heavy feeding.



DELPHINIUM AJACIS, or larkspurs, the annual form of the Delphinium family, are more delicate than their big brothers. They need shelter from petal-destroying wind. Sow Feb. to August in permanent position.



ALTHEA, or hollyhocks, need a sheltered position from wind, as they may grow eight feet high. There are single and double varieties. They must have good depth of soil. Sow February to May for summer flowering.

VIOLA TRICOLOR. These giant pansies, deliciously fragrant, flower for a long period during winter and spring in a variety of colors. Sow in boxes from January to May.



CODETIA. Very free flowering in a range of shining reds, cerises, and mauves, streaked and self-colored. Sow directly in flowering position February to August. Grows nine inches to one foot. Flowers spring-autumn.



CHRYSANTHEMUM CARINATUM TRICOLOR, or annual chrysanthemum, flower heavily from January to May in a sunny position. Sow February to July in boxes or buy plants to set out during this month.

VERBENA. This is one of the gayest scented annuals, and grows in almost any soil. Sow in boxes Jan.-May; plant out 8-12in. apart. Needs sun, and flowers in summer-autumn.



CELOSIA. Summer is the flowering time for these colorful plants, which are very popular for formal gardens as well as smaller areas. Sow the seed for Celosia in early spring. Keep the surface soil free by cultivation.



PHLOX DRUMMONDII. Handsome bedding phlox cannot be beaten for garden color from October to May. Sow in January or February for late color or buy seedlings and plant 6in. apart. They grow 10in. high.

PETUNIA, variety Twinkle Star. These hardy annuals give wonderful value in beds, boxes, or tubs. Sow Jan. to Feb. or set out fresh plants now for color until autumn.



ANTIRRHINUM MAJUS, or snapdragon. The modern Tetraploid variety are resistant to rust. Cultivate as annuals, biennials, or perennials. Sow seeds all year in boxes. Snapdragons appreciate well-manured soil.



Guess who
had a Weet-Bix breakfast
this morning?

Three golden-brown Weet-Bix biscuits give young and old a full measure of hearty eating enjoyment. Made with essential Vitamin B₁, enriched with pure malt, Weet-Bix is a wonderfully balanced health food. Just as important, it is — weight for weight — today's top breakfast value!

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At Home *with* Margaret Sydney

● The end of a holiday is proof enough for me of the truth of Einstein's Theory of Relativity—a day on the beach and in the water here seems to pass more quickly than a bad quarter-hour at the dentist's.

IN these last few days everyone is trying to cram as much as possible into every minute of the day.

We have all peeled several times and we'll go back to Sydney with that blotched and patchy look that is always the sign of a good holiday well spent.

My greatest pleasure has been in snorkelling. There's an inlet here guarded by a sand-bank, where the local residents say no shark has ever been seen. Each day I've been borrowing Mike's mask and flippers and going out for half an hour with Hugh, drifting over that wonderland of filtered sun and sand and seaweed and little fish.

Hugh carries a spear-gun on these occasions, but I don't think anything would induce him to use it. It would be too like laying baits in fairyland.

I was a nervous snorkeller at first, expecting something to attack me from the depths of every seaweed bank we crossed, because of the fright I got on my only previous attempt three years ago when we were holidaying at Sussex Inlet.

I'd been wearing the snorkel gear for perhaps ten minutes and was just getting over the feeling of suffocation and beginning to really enjoy my fish-eye view of sand ripples and brilliant air bubbles when I saw a large white thing propelled by four long white feelers making towards me.

"Octopus," I thought in a panic, and turned and began swimming madly in the other direction.

The monster was between me and the shore, and every time I turned it turned, too, pursuing me relentlessly.

At last, in absolute panic, I put my head out of the water so that I could pull off the mask and yell for help, and discovered that what I had seen below the water were the white legs and underside of our large black-and-white dog, who'd been sportively trying to catch up with me wherever I went.

Mike was very scornful about this, but I'm no naturalist, and, anyway, it wasn't the time to stop and count the creature's tentacles, even if I'd known that an octopus had to have more than four.

No prizes for

"crazy rat-race"

I SHALL miss the nightly discussions with our holidaying neighbors the Morgans.

We are still hotly debating the question of whether the younger generation should be made to work harder to keep up with the advance of technical knowledge.

The Morgans argue that people should and do live for their work, and point to the number of men who die soon after they have been compulsorily retired.

I feel that this is an argument on my side, that they die from sheer lack of interest in life, because they've worked so remorselessly all their lives that they've never had the time to develop any interests to fill their leisure.

I've had to shift my ground a little on the subject of specialisation.

For years I've been denouncing an education system which restricts our budding scientists to such a narrow, technical training so early in their lives.

I still think it would be better if more attention could be paid to history and languages while they are still at school, but if the alternative is longer hours of harder work, then specialisation is the only answer.

If Kat's generation is going to be asked to work harder and longer than earlier generations so that they can keep abreast of new discoveries, what's going to happen to her children and her children's children?

It sounds to me like the beginning of a crazy rat-race that no one can hope to win.

"Mad, but not

suffering"

DIANE has finished her sweater at last. This has been, for her, the project of the year. She started it in the middle of last winter and I bought the expensive heavy wool for her only on condition that she made a proper job of it, with no mistakes in the pattern.

I didn't realise what a rod I was making for my own back.

All through the year she has been bringing it to me, usually when I'm frantically busy at something else, and saying, "Look, I've got one stitch wrong five rows back. Can you drop it down and pick it up again?"

She finished it in a burst of hot weather and has worn it ever since over brief shorts.

The rest of us complain that it makes us hot to look at her, and Mike, mopping his brow, sums it up in a phrase he learnt from his grandfather.

"She's mad," he says, "but she's not suffering. Where there's no sense there's never any feeling."

Trials of a

plumber's wife

WE'VE been much amused this week by a letter from a reader signing herself "Plumber's Mate," who is against my idea of marrying one of the girls to a plumber as the only solution to the bickering over the family's only bathroom.

"Plumber's Mate" speaks from experience.

Her garden tap spurts water, and although the tap has been replaced three times the replacement is always "borrowed" for a customer.

Cold water comes out of the hot tap in her laundry and hot from the cold tap, but the colored knobs cannot be changed.

She writes: "The last straw came a few days ago when my husband announced that the innards of our cistern would have to go to a customer's house because every time they wanted to flush the toilet someone had to kick the cistern."

"I asked how we were expected to manage and was told that we would get the defective parts and use them in our cistern."

"Of course," he explained, "it will need a terrific kick each time."

"Then he scuttled out of the door to get on with the changeover before I could say anything."

I can sympathise with this, but if it came to a choice I think I'd rather have this reader's sense of humor than a well-plumbed house.

A sweet finale

● These recipes give new ideas for the sweet course. They are suitable to serve as a finale to either simple or elaborate summer meals—and they all look temptingly cool and appetising.

FOR all these recipes use level spoon measurements and the standard cup measure of 8 liquid ounces.

PINEAPPLE DELIGHT

One dessertspoon gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot milk, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 small tin pineapple pieces (drained), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup reserved pineapple syrup, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, green food coloring, juice 1 orange and 1 lemon, 1 jar cream (whipped and flavored to taste with sugar and vanilla essence).

Soften gelatine in hot milk. Blend flour with the pineapple syrup. Add sugar and gelatine, stir over heat 5 minutes. Remove from heat and pour into heatproof basin; allow to cool slightly, then beat until very thick. Add orange and lemon juice and enough coloring to obtain pale green tint. Pour into basin or wetted tin, chill until thoroughly set. Chop up into rough pieces and with them half fill 4 sweets dishes. Place layer of pineapple on this, then top with remaining flummery. Place dollop of cream on top of each, serve well-chilled.

FAIRY SQUARES WITH BUTTER-SCOTCH SAUCE

Three eggs, scant $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon butter, 3 tablespoons hot milk, vanilla flavoring.

Separate eggs. Beat egg-whites in bowl until stiff, gradually add sugar and beat until it dissolves. Fold in the egg-yolks, mix well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with the milk (in which butter has been melted) and vanilla. Pour into greased, shallow lamington tin. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes or until honey-brown and elastic to touch. Stand in tin few minutes, then turn out on to cake-cooler. When cool, cut into small squares. Arrange squares in glass serving-dishes, pour over the following sauce:

Butterscotch Sauce: One tablespoon golden syrup, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 tablespoon arrowroot or cornflour blended with 1 extra tablespoon water, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Heat syrup, sugar, water, and butter in saucepan until nearly boiling. Stir in blended arrowroot or cornflour. Continue stirring until boiling, and then simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Add vanilla and serve either hot or cold.

TANGY APRICOT PIE

One medium-sized tin apricot halves, 2 tablespoons gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water, 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup evaporated milk, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, vanilla, 1 cup crushed

semi-sweet biscuit crumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mixed spice.

Soften gelatine in hot water. Beat egg-yolks with sugar and add them to the combined milks. Pour all into top half of double saucepan, cook over hot water, stirring constantly until mixture coats silver spoon. Remove from heat, add vanilla and gelatine, and stir until dissolved. Allow to cool. Drain apricots, arrange halves round sides and over base of an 8 in. piedish. When cream mixture begins to thicken, fold in egg-whites, which have been beaten stiffly. Pour over apricots in dish, chill. Combine crumbs, melted butter, and spice; mix well. Sprinkle round edge of dish. Serve well chilled.

CHOCOLATE VELVET

One pint milk, 3 tablespoons cornflour, 3 tablespoons sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 3oz. grated chocolate, 1 tablespoon rum, whipped sweetened cream, cherries.

Blend cornflour with a little milk. Bring remainder of milk and the sugar to boil; stir in cornflour, cook further 3 minutes. Remove from heat, add well-beaten egg-yolks; stir well. Fold in the grated chocolate and rum

while the blancmange is still hot. Pour into well-oiled mould, set aside to cool in refrigerator. When set, unmould and decorate with whipped cream and a glace cherry.

FRUIT SUNDÆE

Half cup evaporated milk, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 cups fruit salad.

Pour evaporated milk into refrigerator tray and chill while preparing remainder of recipe. In double boiler combine egg-yolks, milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the sugar, and salt; cook and stir over boiling water until mixture thickens and coats silver spoon. Remove from heat, stir in vanilla and lemon juice; cool. Beat egg-whites until frothy, gradually add remaining sugar and beat until stiff peaks form. Fold cooled vanilla custard mixture into meringue, blend until smooth. Turn partially frozen milk into cold bowl and beat rapidly until doubled in bulk and very thick. Combine with custard mixture, pour into refrigerator trays and chill until firm, stirring once. Spoon into tall sweets dishes and top with fruit salad. Serve well chilled.

SERVED in elegant dishes, these attractive sweet foods will be popular over the hot summer months. Recipes are given on this page.

MOCHA REFRESHER

Four cups sweetened strong black coffee (well chilled), 4 scoops chocolate ice-cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint whipped cream.

Pour coffee and ice-cream into electric blender, mix well together. Pour into glasses, add spoonful of cream to each glass. Serve with straws.

APPLE-SPICE MUFFINS

Six cooking apples, 2 cups self-raising flour, 4oz. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sultanas, 1 egg, 4oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Sift flour into basin, rub in butter until mixture resembles breadcrumbs. Add sugar and sultanas. Peel and core apples; mince finely. Add to flour mixture with the well-beaten egg and milk. Spoon into greased muffin-tins, bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot sprinkled with castor sugar.

By LEILA C. HOWARD, OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERT

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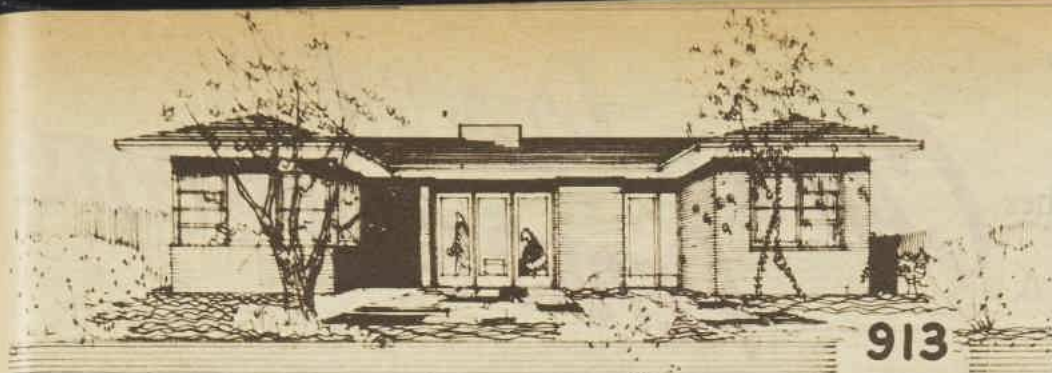
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PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows U-shaped design, french windows open from the living-room on to an attractive terrace.

Design with two floor plans

- This home, No. 913 in our series, has two floor plans, designed to meet the needs of different family life.

IN the first arrangement (see floor plan A, below), maximum use of the living and dining areas has been made.

A compact kitchen, 10ft. by 8ft., opens into a spacious dining-room, which, in turn, opens into the living area. This is 21ft. by 12ft.

The laundry opens off the kitchen, and there is a separate toilet with access both from the bathroom and passageway leading to the back yard.

In the alternative arrangement (see floor plan B, below right), the kitchen has been designed with its own meal area, and there is also sufficient space for a dining-room for more formal entertaining.

The laundry is placed between the meal area and the bathroom and has direct access to the backyard. The toilet is included in the bathroom, which is 9ft. by 6ft.

In both floor plans there is an entrance hall which opens to the living-room and to a passageway with access to the bedrooms and utility area.

This house is suitable for construction in brick or timber, and the areas are: in timber, 11.9 squares, and in brick, 13 squares.

Building costs are: in timber £3700-£4150; in brick £3900-£4300.

These prices are approximate and do not include the price of the land.

For accurate costs on your own site, please consult your local Home Planning Centre

(see addresses below), where this Home Plan is available to readers for £10/10/- per full set.

Each set includes three copies of specifications and five copies of full working drawings.

OUR CENTRES

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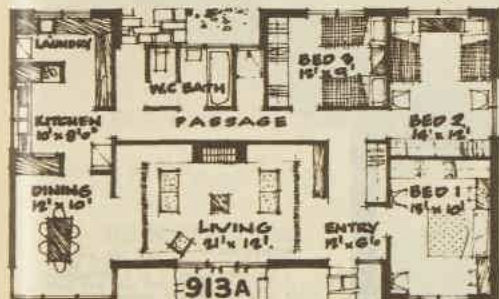
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FLOOR PLAN A shows kitchen-dining-room arrangement, and separate toilet with access from bathroom and passage.



FLOOR PLAN B, with small informal dining area, and laundry with direct access to back garden.

READERS' RECIPES

- This week's £5 main cookery prize goes to a Queensland reader for her recipe of a butterscotch-flavored dessert.

A CONSOLATION prize of £1 is awarded for a simple method for making cherry conserve.

Spoon measurements are level.

BUTTERSCOTCH BANANA SNOW

Two and a half cups boiled rice, 2 cups warm milk, 3 tablespoons cornflour, 1 teaspoon butter, 2 egg-yolks, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons water, extra milk.

Topping: 3 bananas, 2 dessertspoons castor sugar, 2 egg-whites, glace cherries.

Heat sugar and water slowly in saucepan until golden brown. Very slowly add milk, stir until

butterscotch dissolves. Mix cornflour with little extra milk, stir into mixture. Cook 3 minutes, stirring until thickened, over low flame. Add butter, beaten egg-yolks, vanilla, and rice. Cool slightly, fill into glass dessert dishes, leaving space for banana snow topping. Whisk egg-whites until stiff. Add mashed bananas and castor sugar, whisk again. Pile on top of rice mixture; serve at once, topped with cherry.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. H. Jamieson, Akalo Street, Camp Hill, Brisbane.

CHERRY CONSERVE

Wash, stone, and stalk 6lb. cherries. Place into preserving-

pan with 3 pints water. Bring slowly to boiling point. Simmer 2 minutes. Turn cherries into colander to drain. Return liquid to pan, add thinly peeled rind of 2 lemons and 4lb. sugar. Bring to boil and boil until sugar is dissolved and

liquid slightly reduced. Add cherries and few cracked cherry stones, boil until thick. Remove from heat, bottle as desired.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss H. Petersen, 14 Florence St., Wentworthville, N.S.W.

FAMILY DISH

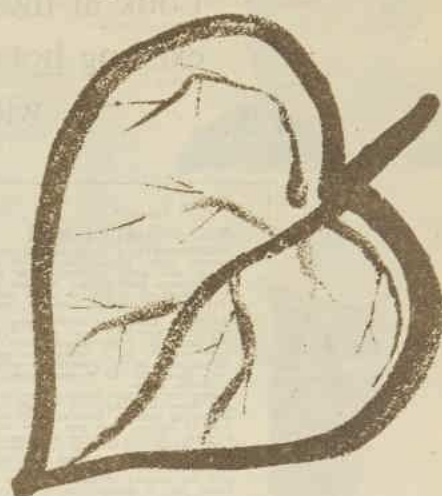
THIS week's family dish, savory mince with creamed onions, is an appetizing main dinner dish flavored with cheese and bacon. It costs 7/6 to 8/- and serves 4.

SAVORY MINCE WITH CREAMED ONIONS

One pound mince steak, 1 cup stock or water, 1 teaspoon gravy powder, 1 tablespoon rice flour (or 1½ tablespoons plain flour), 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, good 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 9 or 10 very small whole onions (cooked), 1 cup white sauce, 1 cup grated cheese, 2 rashers finely chopped bacon.

Combine steak, water, gravy powder, flour, sauce, salt, pepper and mix well. Simmer until meat is tender (about 1 hour), stirring frequently. Add nearly all the breadcrumbs, turn into ovenware dish, arrange cooked onions on top. Coat onions with sauce, sprinkle with cheese mixed with remainder of breadcrumbs and bacon. Return to moderate oven until bacon is cooked and cheese melted and browned. Serve with vegetables as desired.

Another "Wales" Service —
Cheque Accounts for Young People



When young people start earning a regular income, they should "take a leaf" from those with experience, by opening their own "Wales" cheque accounts. It will help them to keep an accurate record of income and expenditure, provide a safe place to keep their money and give them the

know-how in handling their own affairs. Also, there's a certain

prestige in having a cheque account.

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NEXT WEEK: Five-page feature on Cake Decorating plus a page of Evaporated Milk Recipes

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 25, 1961

Page 37



World-famous Cordon Bleu Cook, Mrs. Dione Lucas says...

Look at these
exciting hot dishes
with

CANNED PEACHES PEARS & APRICOTS

ROAST PORK WITH PEACHES

INGREDIENTS: 1 large can peach halves; 3 lb. roast loin of pork; 1 jar red currant jelly; 1/2 cup raisins; 1 green pepper; 4 firm tomatoes; 3 oranges; 1/2 lb. firm white mushrooms or small tin button mushrooms; 3 cloves garlic; 2 teaspoons beef extract; 2 teaspoons tomato paste; 4 level teaspoons cornflour; 3 tablespoons butter; 1 small lemon; salt and pepper; 1 1/2 cups chicken or veal stock; 2 chicken livers; 1/2 cup brandy; 1/2 cup burgundy.

METHOD: Carefully remove most of fat from pork. Rub all over with lemon. Dry and rub well with salt. Put pork on a rack on a small roasting pan and pour in 2 tablespoons each of water and burgundy. Roast in a 375° oven for 1 1/2 to 2 hours, basting frequently. Each time it is basted add 2 tablespoons liquid, alternating wine and water. After 40 minutes, turn pork over, leave for 30 minutes, then turn back again. While roasting make the following sauce:

Brown the chicken livers quickly on both sides, in 2 teaspoons very hot butter, and flame with half the brandy. Remove from pan and add to the pan the remaining butter. Remove rind from oranges; cut into very thin long strips. Add to butter, then add finely chopped garlic. Cook very slowly for 2 or 3 minutes. Stir in off the fire tomato paste, beef extract, cornflour, red currant jelly, stock, and 1 cup peach syrup. Stir over fire until it boils then add 2 sliced mushrooms, skinned quartered tomatoes, shredded green pepper and the raisins soaking in brandy. Simmer this very carefully for 5 or 6 minutes, then add the skinned orange sections.

Saute rest of mushrooms whole in a little butter, lemon juice and seasoning. Remove mushrooms, keep warm and heat peaches in the same butter. When the pork is done remove from oven and place on a platter. Pour over sauce, surround with peaches, with a button mushroom in the centre of each. Glaze with sauce and serve. Serves 6.



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SWEET APRICOT OMELETTE

INGREDIENTS: 1 small can apricots; 3 eggs; 3 tablespoons castor sugar; 1/2 cup icing sugar; 2 or 3 tablespoons apricot brandy; grated rind and juice of 1 lemon; 1/4 cup apricot jam.

METHOD: Drain apricots well and sprinkle with apricot brandy. Chill and set aside. Mix syrup with jam and lemon rind and juice. Boil down to half. Keep warm. Separate eggs. Add the sugar to yolks. Beat until fluffy. Stir in beat egg whites and fold carefully into yolks. Heat an 8" pan and add a small lump of butter and the egg mixture. Spread all over bottom of pan. Brown well on one side and fill the centre with drained apricots. Fold over and turn out onto a hot metal platter. Completely cover top of omelette with sifted icing sugar, marked cross with a red-hot skewer. Pour on apricot syrup and serve. Serves 2.



STUFFED PEARS WITH MERINGUE

INGREDIENTS: 12 half pears; 1/2 lb. dark sweet chocolate; 4 egg whites; 8 tablespoons castor sugar; 1/4 cup chopped mixed candied peel; 2 tablespoons rum; melted butter; 8 slices bread.

METHOD: To make tartlet cups, cut very thin slices of fresh bread into rounds to fit into tartlet tins. Press them onto the backs of the tins, brush well with melted butter, and brown in a 350° oven. Sprinkle lightly with a little sugar. Mix rum into candied peel and fill the holes in 2 pears and stick them together. Place 1 pear into each bread case and arrange on a baking dish.

MERINGUE: Beat egg whites until they begin to hold shape, then slowly add sugar, beating all the time until stiff. Fill into a pastry bag with a large rose tube and cover the tops of each pear. Sprinkle well with castor sugar. Put into a 300° oven until the meringue is light golden brown (approx. 15-20 minutes). Remove.

SYRUP: Cut up chocolate roughly and add to strained pear syrup. Cook slowly to creamy consistency. Pour around pears and serve. Serves 6.

ACPS PP

Grace looked up in surprise. "Oh, but he's most efficient." "He doesn't know the meaning of the word," said Mrs. Archer. "Do you know what he did the other day? He actually starched the bath towels. They were as stiff as a board."

"Do you mean that Mr. Archer helps you with the washing?"

Mrs. Archer smiled complacently. "Mr. Archer does the washing. After all," she added reasonably, "he's larger and stronger than I am." The subject of their conversation had reappeared in the doorway. "Don't stand there, Sidney. Go and heat some soup for Miss McAllister."

Mr. Archer looked uneasy. "What soup?" he demanded in a nullen voice as he looked angrily at his wife.

"The soup you were going to take for your lunch, of course. It won't hurt you to do without it for once. This poor girl must be feeling very hungry after her long trip out here."

The soup, when it came, was wonderful, hot and thick with vegetables and barley, and delicious little pieces of meat. Enjoying the food and warmth, Grace looked happily about her. Her glance alighted on Mr. Archer's briefcase on the sideboard, and beside it a thick pile of white quarto of the exact weight and quality that Ivory Publications used as follow-on paper. The two facts hit her with a jolt: the stationery was being pinched—and Mr. Archer himself was pinching it! He must know she had seen the paper and realised where it had come from.

She was still reeling from the impact of this discovery when he walked to the table and swept the quarto into the open briefcase. She wondered why he bothered. It was obviously too late.

Mrs. Archer said pleasantly, "I'm sure Miss McAllister will excuse you if you want to do the dishes."

Mr. Archer's face was flushed, but he went without a word. At the door she called him

Continuing . . .

REVENGE WITH ROSEBUDS

from page 29

back. "You're not forgetting your apron, are you, Sidney?" Her voice was playful, like someone indulging a child. "Seeing we have a visitor, I'll let you wear the new one. It is so pretty. I'm sure Miss McAllister will like it."

She took it from the sewing basket beside her chair, a crisp little pale pink apron sprigged with darker pink rosebuds. For a moment Mr. Archer looked as though he might be going to have a stroke. Then he snatched the apron from her and bounced out of the room.

"It's his coat, you know,"

"He is so clumsy sometimes when he is doing his household chores."

Reluctantly Grace put on her stockings, which had dried, and her shoes, which at least no longer squelched. When she had put on her coat and collected her bag and the satchel, Mr. Archer (who, judging by the silence, had now finished) was summoned to escort her to the bus.

Mrs. Archer surveyed him with her blue kitten's eyes, and

from the sewing basket. She picked it up and put it in her pocket.

The rain had thinned to a misty drizzle, and they walked to the bus stop in what could only be described as an eloquent silence. Several times Mr. Archer opened his mouth to say the completely unsayable, but that was as far as he got. When the lights of the bus came in sight, Grace turned to him and smiled. "I never gossip, Mr. Archer, unless I am provoked. I'm sure you understand." He made no reply, but she could see from his expression that he understood perfectly what she meant, and that he hated the idea of her knowing so much about his personal life.

Settling herself comfortably in the bus, she reflected that she would never have to devise humiliations for Mr. Archer again. The reality was so much better than anything she could possibly imagine.

The rain had gone next morning and the sky looked newly washed. From the windows of Ivory Publications the little park seemed to be sparkling with diamonds. The genie in the holland uniform came and did something mysterious to the philodendron. The florist's assistant replaced the japonica with a sheaf of early spring daffodils. And Grace McAllister, at ten minutes past nine, had not even removed the cover of her typewriter. She was, in fact, still skimming the morning paper looking at the headline news with complete disregard as to whether or not Mr. Archer passed her desk.

Glancing up at Mr. Archer, she gave him a dimpling smile and returned to her reading. She knew he could not rebuke her—now or ever again. For, pressed between the cedar and the glass top of her desk, in permanent reminder, was a strip of pale pink cotton sprigged with rosebuds.

(Copyright)



dear," confided Mrs. Archer. "He used to rub it on the sink. We had such big dry-cleaning bills till I made him wear an apron."

From the clatter issuing from the kitchen there could be no doubt that Mr. Archer was indeed doing the dishes. Grace wondered if he usually made so much noise, or if he was simply demonstrating as much as he dared. At one stage there was a tremendous crash, as though he had dropped a heavy pot. "You see what I mean?" said Mrs. Archer sadly as she looked at Grace.

her silvery laughter tinkled through the room. "But, Sidney," she said, "you can't possibly go to the bus stop in your apron!"

He looked down at the apron he had forgotten to take off. It was tightly tied at the waist, and the crisp material stood out over his stomach rather like an awning, an awning of pink rosebuds. With an exasperated noise that somehow resembled a bark, he tore the apron off and went to get his coat. It was then that Grace noticed the tiny scrap of material that had fallen

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SUNSHINE PEACH DREAM

1½ cups ginger-snap crumbs; 2 pts. Sunshine Dairy Ice (slightly softened); ½ cup melted butter; ½ cup sugar; large can tinned peach halves.

Blend thoroughly ginger-snap crumbs, sugar, melted butter. Pat into bottom and sides of 8-inch pie tin. Chill in refrigerator. Chop half the peaches and spread over bottom of pie shell, then spoon three-quarters of Sunshine Dairy Ice on layer of peaches. Arrange peach halves on top and spoon an extra scoop of Dairy Ice in hollow of each peach half. Place in freezing compartment until ready to serve.

SUNSHINE DAIRY ICE (makes about 2 pts)

1 teaspoon gelatine; ½ cup hot water; 6 tablespoons Sunshine full cream powdered milk; 3 tablespoons sugar; 1½ cups hot water; 1½ teaspoons vanilla essence. (All spoon measures are rounded.)

Dissolve gelatine in ½ cup hot water. Beat together Sunshine, sugar, 1½ cups hot water; add gelatine mixture and vanilla. Beat well, turn into freezing trays. When frozen to consistency of thick cream, remove; beat until double in bulk. Freeze firm. For even richer Dairy Ice, reduce hot water to 1 cup and add one 4-oz. tin Nestlé's Cream.



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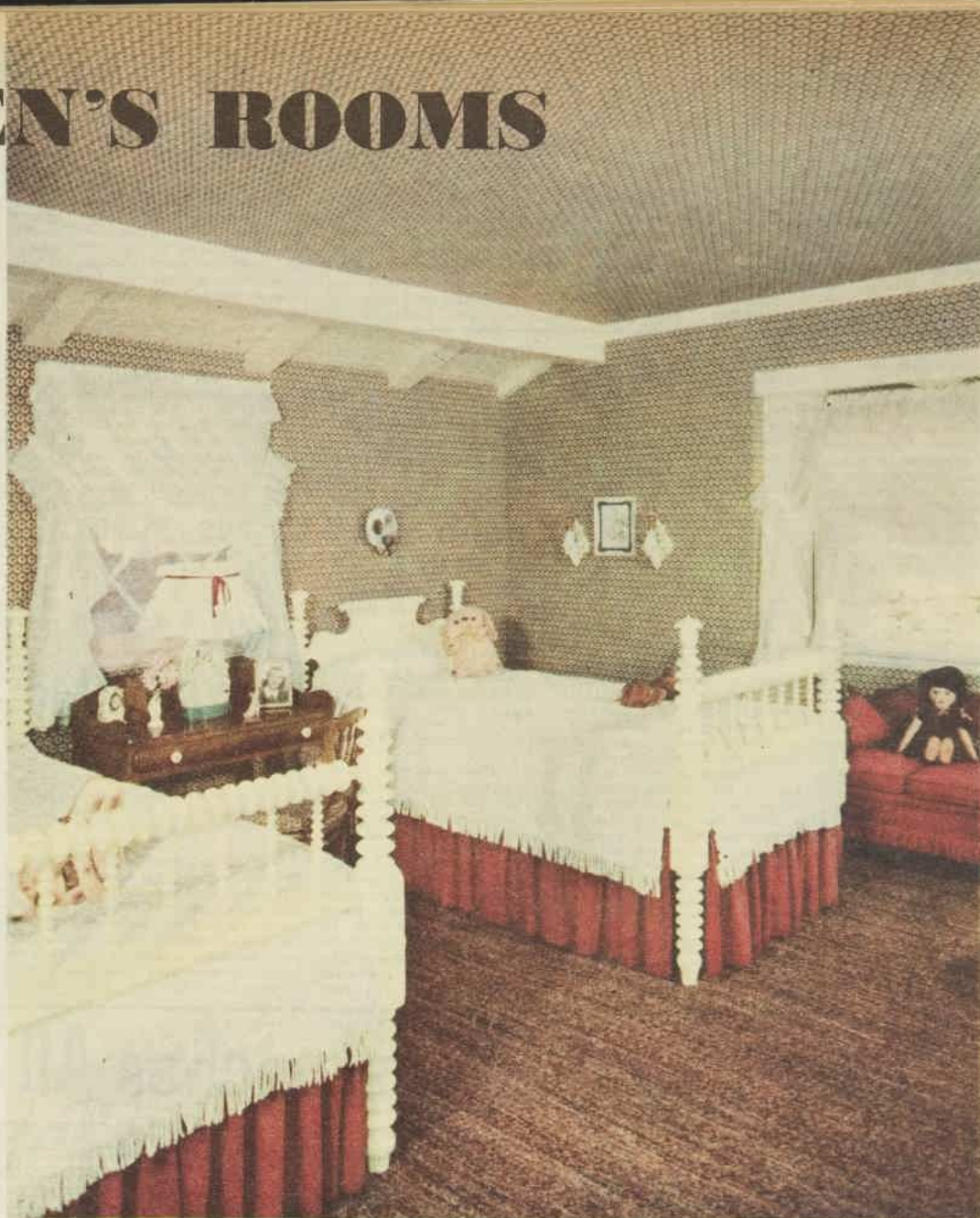
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CHILDREN'S ROOMS

● When the children go back to school again, it's a good time to take stock of their rooms. All children need a place of their own, and whether you decide to redecorate completely or merely freshen up the room with new gingham curtains the results will be worth while. The pictures on this page show bright and clever ideas for children's bedrooms.



NARROW room (above) takes on new proportions. Dark ceiling and striped rugs add to width. Wardrobe is low.



OLD-WORLD CHARM in the room above at right has been created with patterned wallpaper, simple cotton frills, and wooden "cotton reel" beds.

DAILY STRIPED wallpaper and red felt bedspreads transform the bedroom below into an attractive play area. It is in Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hodgkins' house, Neutral Bay, N.S.W.



FAIRYTALE mural and blackboard add personal touches to this little girl's room. Curtains and covers are of checked gingham and colorings pastel. It belongs to Anne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Skurray, of Turramurra, N.S.W.

Emmy, and Emmy, wanting not an ounce of it diverted from her, remarked now and then that in stories step-mothers were always wicked and beat their stepchildren. Ben assured her he'd be as likely to bring home a boa-constrictor as a stepmother.

As for Valentine Brooke, she had loved and married a handsome facade which hid a scheming wolf eternally on the prowl. She had divorced him when their son Danny was three. That had been seven years ago, and now, at thirty-two, she had rid herself of the weakening processes of defeat — to her implicit in the very word divorce — and her chin was up to stay.

The chin and its environs were attractive and a number of worthy males had aspired to become stepfather to Danny Brooke. But Valentine figured that to keep a chin up you had to keep men as far away from it as possible. Besides, Danny was developing very well without a man in the house and he made it clear he didn't want one.

Thus loomed the Stewart-Brooke impasse until shortly before Emmy Stewart's ninth birthday. In this hour of her new maturity she decided that her pet goldfish was very nice to look at but not to play with. What she needed, she told her father, was a dog. A happy dog, with flop-over ears and big feet, that she could romp with and love. His name would be Oscar, she said, a very important name in Hollywood.

At about this same time Danny Brooke's Cub Scout pack took up bird watching. This led to his wanting a bird he could teach to talk. What he wanted most in the world was a dog, but because the jewel of a housekeeper had asthma he couldn't have one and he said he was willing to settle for a parakeet.

Obediently, Danny's mother

Continuing . . . LEAVE IT TO THE BIRDS

from page 27

and Emmy's father headed for a pet shop as soon as they could. There was a well-known one on Madison Avenue, and shortly before noon on a fine April day they arrived at its door at the same moment. Ben opened the door and stood aside to let Valentine enter ahead of him. She murmured a thank you and he mumbled something polite, and neither looked at the other.

Inside, an ear-splitting cacophony of sound greeted them. Birds of all kinds twittered and shrieked and squawked in the front section of the shop, and from the rear issued canine barks, whimpers, yaps, and lonesome whines.

The proprietor peered at his customers and then smiled happily. He was getting old and it had begun to delight him when he recognised and could call by name a customer he had seen only once before. He was not quite sure there had been a lady with Mr. Stewart the time he came in to buy the goldfish, but there was certainly one now.

He beamed upon them confidently and said, "Ah, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart." He chuckled proudly. "About six months ago you came here and bought goldfish for your little girl. How is that for remembering?"

Ben turned a little red. He had not the heart to point out to the old man that there was a slight flaw in his feat of recognition. He stood wondering just what to say when a pleasant voice near him said admiringly, "That's remarkable, Mr. Nolan. I wish my memory were as good as yours."

"And so do I," Ben said quickly. He turned and looked at his rescuer. She was a tall, graceful young woman with a

lovely, smiling mouth and brown eyes with laughter in them. He felt a quick lift of his spirits. In a low voice he said, "That was kind of you. And I hope you don't mind too much looking married to me."

"Not at all," Valentine said cheerfully. And so it happened that he, with husbandly interest, went along while she chose a parakeet; and she, with wifely concern, stood at his side while he looked at dogs. Almost simultaneously they came to a halt before an overgrown young spaniel and Valentine said, "Oh — this one?"

Amazed, Ben noted the flop-over ears and the big feet and

FROM THE BIBLE

"But ye, brethren, be not weary in well doing." 2 Thessalonians 3:13.

This is from Paul's second letter to the Thessalonians.

said, "How did you know? That's Oscar."

They left the shop as they had come in — together. She carried a small, covered birdcage; he had the dog on a new leash. On the sidewalk they paused, and in a moment, they supposed, they would laugh off the pet-shop episode and go their separate ways. To Ben the idea was suddenly unthinkable. He said quickly, "There's a small restaurant near here where I'm sure

they'd put up with our live-stock. Let's have lunch there."

She hesitated. She'd been keeping her guard up for a long time. But this man looked safe. He was tall and erect, with a thin, scholarly face, and there was something wonderfully clean about him — not just soap-and-water clean, though there was that, too, but clean as decency and integrity are clean.

She said, "I'd like to very much."

An amiable waiter seated them and took both dog and bird away. Ben wasted no time. He said, "Let's clear away the underbrush. I'm Ben Stewart. I'm an industrial chemist. I have been a widower for eight years and I have one child, Emmy, nine years old tomorrow. She is plump, has blond pig-tails and I'm afraid is very bossy. We live in an old house in the village of Waterfront, Long Island, and with us is my Aunt Margaret, who takes wonderful care of us both." He smiled across the table. "That should do for a start. Now it's your turn."

"All right. I'm Valentine Brooke. I'm an editorial assistant on a woman's magazine. I have a ten-year-old son, Danny, who considers himself head of the house. We live in Meadowville, New Jersey. I — I am divorced." The brown eyes met his steadily. "I hate saying it, hate being it, but there was nothing else I could do."

"Of course there wasn't," Ben said warmly, as if he knew all about it. They looked at each other soberly, each seeking in the face of the other dim but ineradicable traces of the past. But after a moment they smiled because they saw the present, too. And a fine, heart-

ening thing it was to see, with something in it hinting at promise. So they talked and discovered and laughed — and fell head over heels in love.

Ben and Valentine saw each other every day after their first meeting, but it was almost two weeks before they even spoke of marriage and they knew why they hesitated. When at last they let themselves become engaged, Valentine said shakily, "Ben, which is worse for people in love—forbidding parents or possessive children?"

He winced. "I know what you mean. But of course," he went on stoutly, "Emmy will love you as soon as she sees you. What I'm really fearful about is Danny. Do you think

"He'll adore you," Valentine declared, "as soon as he gets to know you. But it may take time for him to get used to the idea of my marrying."

"Naturally," Ben said. "Emmy too. Should we arrange to have us all meet and get acquainted or should we tell them first?"

"Tell them first, I think," Valentine said. "It seems to me a little fairer to them. I'll tell Danny tonight."

"And I'll tell Emmy tonight too," Ben said. They both were pale.

The hour of revelation came upon Ben much too quickly. He'd planned to make his announcement when he and Emmy and Aunt Margaret sat down to dinner, and he'd worked out a rather neat break-it-gently speech in his head. But upon meeting Emmy's wide, innocent gaze he forgot every word and in a loud, gruff voice, unlike his own, said, "I'm going to be married."

Aunt Margaret, a wise woman of fifty, had not been

blind to certain signs and was not surprised. She said she was delighted. But Emmy, for once wordless, went rigid in her chair, staring at him in shocked disbelief. Then she blew her pigtailed top. She jumped up from the table.

"You're not!" she shrieked. "You can't! I won't let you. You promised I'd never have a horrible old stepmother. You promised —"

"Emmy, darling, listen. Step-mothers like that are only in fairy tales. This is a kind, lovely lady named Valentine Brooke, and as soon as you meet her you'll love her —"

"I'll hate her, I hate her now," wailed Emmy, "and if you dare to bring her here, I'll hide."

By this time she was racing up the stairs to her bedroom, and when they went to her she sobbed wildly and would not be comforted.

Around this same hour, in a pleasant house in Meadowville, New Jersey, the rafters were shaking.

"You must be crazy!" shouted Danny Brooke. "It's disgusting — a person your age marrying anybody. I'd never dare face anybody in school or Scouts or any place again. I won't let you marry some awful old man!"

"Danny, he isn't old. And when you meet him you'll like him enormously. You'll be friends in no time —"

"Don't give me that guff. I know guys who have step-fathers and they hate 'em —"

"No one could hate Ben Stewart, Danny, you have only to meet him —"

"I won't! I'll run away, see? And you can't stop me, see?" He raced to his room and Valentine sat still and miserable, listening to his crying.

Two nerve-racking weeks of deadlock crept by. Meeting after work in Valentine's office,

To page 46

And I Skimped On Lunches All Year-For This!



STOP BAD BREATH with COLGATE Fight Tooth Decay All Day!

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 25, 1961

Page 43



Cardigan,
£12—
Heidi Knitwear

3-piece suit,
£37/8/6—
N. Klings & Co.

Knitted dress,
seven-eighths coat,
£42—N. Klings.

Pullover,
5 gns.—
Novelty Knit Ltd.

Seven-eighths coat,
with skirt,
£33/7/6—N. Klings.

Cardigan,
£4/19/6—
Heathermoor.

Coat, with
skirt, 19gns.—
Brill & Salter.

Knitted suit,
£34/13/-—
Adriana of Venice.

Three-quarter coat,
£17/5/-—
Renny Pty. Ltd.

Wool Gold Medal Wardrobe Contest

WIN A £350 WOOL WARDROBE

● This week we again publish the first 36 garments in our Wool Gold Medal Wardrobe Contest. Here's your chance to win the wardrobe you have dreamed of for a holiday in the capital city of your State.



Dress and
jacket, £33—
Brill & Salter.

Jumper suit,
11gns.—
Exmoor Creations.

Fabric suit,
15gns.—Kenneth
Pirrie Creations.

Suit, £40—
Original Record
Models.

Three-piece
ensemble,
£24/3/-—Brotex.

Three-piece,
£44/16/3—
Peggy Parcell.

Skirt,
13gns.—
Sharene Creations.

Skirt,
5gns.—
Nysel Styles.

Skirt,
6gns.—
Lenco.



Three-quarter coat,
matching skirt, £24—
Hueston Fashions.

Coat,
£27—
Renny.

Coat,
19gns.—
Renny.

Twin-set,
£8/19/11—
Sentex Knitwear.

Jacket,
£14/5/-—
N. Klings.

Twin-set,
£27—
Monici of Parma

Jumper suit,
11gns.—
Aywon.

Sweater,
10gns.—
de Angeli.

Three-piece
ensemble, £57—
Monici of Parma.

EACH garment in this contest has received the Australian Wool Bureau Gold Medal for the current season.

To win the wardrobe you must select from the models illustrated in *The Australian Women's Weekly* the most useful wardrobe to the value of £350 for a winter holiday in your capital city.

To do this you will need to bear in mind the climate, amenities, and activities available. You will also need to study the design, price, and maker of each Gold Medal winner.

The garments are available in most of the new season's colors.

You must also write in not more than 50 words why you have chosen the wardrobe.

The prize will be the £350 wardrobe selected by the winner. This prize will be awarded in each State in Australia.

The value of the wardrobe you select must not exceed £350, but your entry will be eligible if its value is a few pounds or shillings less than £350.

Prices of two garments have been adjusted since they were published in January 11 issue.

These are No. 2, for which the adjusted price is £37/8/6 (not £37/18/6), and No. 3, for which the price is £42 (not £40).

Any entries already sent in with the original prices will be accepted.

A panel of judges will choose the six entries which, in their opinion, provide the best wardrobes for wearing in the capital cities.

There are 71 Gold Medal garments to choose from.

The remaining 35 garments were published with the entry coupon in last week's issue.

Next week we will publish these 35 garments and the entry coupon again.

These 71 garments won the recent Australian Wool Bureau awards decided by a panel of fashion experts.

The judges included Betty Keep, our Fashion Editor.

Conditions of the contest, which must be adhered to strictly, were published in January 11 issue.

Entries must be addressed "Wool Wardrobe Contest," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney, and must be delivered to that address by February 8.



THIS is the Gold Medal Fashion Award of the Australian Wool Bureau.



Skirt,
£8/9/11—
Sportscraft.

Skirt,
£5/9/11—
Nysel Styles.

Skirt,
£8/5/-—
Aywon.

Dress and
scarf, 14gns.—
Sharene Creations.

Dress,
£28/10/-—
Monici of Parma.

Two-piece
dress, 19gns.—
John J. Hilton.

Coat dress,
9gns.—Melbourne
Textile Knitting Co.

Dress,
£11/19/6—
Sharene Creations.

Dress,
15gns.—John
J. Hilton.

Continuing . . . LEAVE IT TO THE BIRDS

she and Ben gazed at each other hopelessly. "If you and Emmy came to my house," Valentine said, "I really think Danny would do something awful."

"I know. And Emmy is just as bad. We ought to take this thing into our own hands and elope. We're fools to let children wring us out like this."

"But I'm worried about her. She's refusing to eat, and if I left her, heaven knows what would happen."

"Well, at least Danny eats. And it could be," Valentine said rather snappishly, "that Emmy is putting on an act."

"And is Danny behaving any better?" He stopped, shocked at himself, and drew her into his arms. "We can't be quarrelling. I love you."

"I love you," she said. "Our nerves are

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frazzled, that's all. I think we need a breather, darling. The children are tense and nervous with the effort of fighting something they don't understand. Let's just call the whole thing off for a while until we all calm down."

That evening, when he went home and found Emmy and Aunt Margaret waiting for him on the terrace, he said without preamble, "It's all right now, Emmy. You can relax. The marriage is off. Indefinitely postponed."

Aunt Margaret stopped stirring the cocktails. "You can't mean that. I liked her when I met her in town the other day with you. She's lovely and she's good. You were meant for each other."

"I think so, too," he said. "But we can't be happy together if we've alienated our children."

He turned to Emmy, who was slumped in a chair, silent. "Well, honey, aren't you going to say you're glad?"

"I knew you wouldn't," Emmy muttered, obviously somewhat nonplussed by the suddenness of her victory.

Aunt Margaret eyed her. "So you've won, haven't you? But let me tell you, my dear, you didn't fight fair. You can't judge people without seeing them and you refused to let your father ask Mrs. Brooke and her son out here to meet us."

"I certainly did," Emmy said, up in arms again. "She wanted to be my stepmother and that boy would be my stepbrother and

I hate boys. All they do is fight and throw things at girls."

"Not quite all," Ben said mildly. "Danny Brooke knows a lot about birds. He has a parakeet he's teaching to talk."

Emmy sat up, wide-eyed. "That's a big fib! Parrots are the only birds that can talk."

"But a parakeet is a parrot," Ben said. "Small-sized, but the same kind of machinery for talking. Danny's bird knows some tricks, too. I'm told that sometimes when he lets it out of its cage it comes to the table and sits on the rim of his glass of milk and they have a little chat."

Emmy gasped. "The rim of his—?" She stopped. Her eyes fell upon Oscar, who had yet to learn so much as to sit up and beg. She snorted. "That's the biggest whopper I ever heard."

Ben shook his head. "Oh, no—it's true. And sometimes when it doesn't want to talk Danny talks for it. His mother says he's getting to be quite a ventriloquist."

"So that proves it can't talk," Emmy said, burning now with jealousy. "He just tries to fool people. He'd never fool me with a stunt like that, you can bet!"

"Maybe not. But it really does say half a dozen or more words. And it knows its name and comes when he calls it."

"What name?" demanded Emmy.

"Charlie McCarthy," Ben said. "Come why."

Emmy tossed her pigtails. "I know. That Danny Brooke is trying to be Edgar Bergen. I think he's fresh and I bet that silly bird can't say one word by itself."

"Oh, come now," said Aunt Margaret. "Let's settle this once and for all. We'll just ask the boy and his mother to come out here—with the bird, of course—and see who's right."

Emmy pondered.

"O.K.," she said, "ask 'em." Then she glared. "But he's not going to see Oscar. I'm going to keep Oscar shut up in my room all the time he's here. He might hurt him. And nobody can let him out."

DANNY was finishing his homework when his mother came back from answering the phone. Her eyes were bright and her cheeks pink but her tone casual when she said, "That was Mr. Stewart. We're invited there for lunch on Saturday."

"What for?" Danny bristled. "I thought you said that mushy stuff was over."

"It is over," Valentine said. "But Emmy, Ben's little girl, has heard about your parakeet, and she won't believe you've taught it to talk. She wants you to come out there and prove it."

"Prove it?" Look, what does this dumb-cluck of a girl think I am—a faker?"

Valentine smiled. "It seems so. Anyway, you know sometimes you are one. I mean when you do your Edgar Bergen trick. It fooled me completely that first time, remember?"

He grinned. "Sure. Gee, you really were fooled. I've fooled lots of people since then." He thought for a moment. With the marrying business called off, just going out there for lunch wouldn't change anything. And he'd sure like to make that dumb girl look silly. "I'll show her," he said. "When did you say we're going?"

"Tomorrow," Valentine said weakly.

Thus Charlie McCarthy became the "axis ex machina" that led young Daniel Brooke into the camp of the enemy. However, resistance to all blandishments exuded from every pore and freckle. He mumbled unintelligible monosyllables in response to greetings, managed not to look directly at anyone, and clutched his birdcage firmly with both hands so as to have none free for shaking.

Aunt Margaret bore down upon Danny. "Come along, son. Emmy is dying to see your parakeet. She's in there," and she gave him a slight push into the television room and closed the door.

For a moment she stood outside, listening for sounds of battle, but for some time there was only an ominous silence. Ben and Valentine were murmuring together on the terrace, but there was no other sound. Even Oscar, shut away in Emmy's room, had stopped whining. But peace was short-lived. Aunt Margaret had just moved away when the door to the television room burst open and through it came Danny, his face scarlet with fury.

"Mother," he shouted, "she called me a liar! I want to go home!"

The parents rushed in. "Emmy," Ben said sternly, "surely you never said such a thing to a guest—"

"I did, too," Emmy squealed, "—because he is one. That silly bird can't talk."

Aunt Margaret took her arm firmly. "Lunch is ready. Come, children. Bring your bird to the table, Danny. Listening to us talk may put him in the mood to talk, too."

At the table, the cage beside his plate, Danny glowered at the world. Across the

To page 47



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Continuing . . . BLINDFOLD

from page 25

seat and suggested to Stevens that maybe it was about time to plug in the coffee-pot.

It was around eight-fifteen when the plane finally began to lose altitude. Stevens grew alert.

"May I have your blindfold, Doctor?"

The doctor handed over his parcel. "I hope it's okay," he said, smiling. "I went to four stores this morning before I found one with a blindfold department."

You will wear a blindfold for the final stage of your trip, which will be by automobile.

Stevens was shaking out the large square of black silk, testing it over his own eyes for density and translucence, then folding it into shape.

"Now, Doctor . . ." Stevens bound it firmly about the doctor's eyes, knotted it securely. The plane was dipping in for the landing. "Now if you'll stand here in the aisle, sir, I'll help you on with your coat."

And next the hat, jammed down over his temples. The effect must be grotesque, the doctor thought. He sat down again, blinder now than the windows, double sealed from the world.

"Can you fasten your seat belt, Doctor?"

It was a little late for that. The wheels were hitting the landing strip, but he obeyed. The silk of the blindfold was new and it itched. His eyelids smarted. What the hell, he thought, abruptly irritated. He was forty-two years old, of good New England ancestry, and a man to whom the world had given respect and trust, and here he was, fixed up like a bank robber in a silent movie.

The plane came to a stop. His seat belt was unfastened. He heard the cabin door being opened. A hand grasped his elbow. He was in the aisle, being propelled, steered . . . The burst of fresh air at any rate was welcome.

With Stevens (at least presumably it was Stevens) still guiding him, he made his way down the steps. His feet touched soft earth, grassy and spongy.

The air was warm and moist, quite different from the brisker

climate he had left behind. And it had a sweet smell, a fragrance that he thought he recognised as honeysuckle.

The sounds were the sounds of deep country. Crickets and tree frogs.

"We can step right along now, Doctor," Stevens said. "Nothing in the way."

He had been thrusting his feet forward as warily as any toddler, but now, urged along by the firm grip on his arm, he moved forward at a faster clip. Then abruptly he paused, startled by the sound that broke the stillness.

Incredibly enough, it was the sound of laughter . . . or, perhaps more precisely, the concerted chatter and hum of a cocktail party. At least a hundred people . . . standing about with glasses in hand . . . chattering, laughing, amused probably by the sight of a man blindfolded. Standing on the terrace of a large estate, maybe . . . It was like being discovered, naked, on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera.

It didn't take too much to make them laugh, he thought. If the sight of a blindfolded man tickled their funnybone, then they could profitably invest a few dollars in a session of analysis or two, and he personally would be glad to accommodate them.

"Here's the car, Doctor," said Stevens. "Step up about six inches, and watch your head."

They rode at high speed along a smooth-paved highway through what obviously must be open country. The car he at first judged to be an ordinary sedan, and then he realised that what he and Stevens were sharing was not the back seat at all. The car had to be a station wagon, for there was someone behind them in a third seat, someone who smoked a particularly pungent tobacco and who had a wheezing cough.

Not only open country, but remote country, he surmised, for seldom did the driver cut

his speed and then only for curves, never to the slower pace that would have meant a village, a traffic light, or even an unprotected crossroads. Not once did the doctor hear the sound of other cars.

The South, he felt positive, Virginia? Tennessee? North Carolina? Some area approximately two hours' flying time from New York, although this was mere conjecture. For all he knew, the pilot might deliberately have taken a circuitous route. In their labyrinthine precautions nothing was impossible.

But the South, unmistakably. The warm air, the scent of honeysuckle were evidence enough. And if the South, and if lonely country, what good would it have done his curiosity even to have the blindfold removed? He knew nothing of the South, and the United States was full of dark country roads. Tonight, of course, it would not be truly dark, for the full moon was tracking above them. He pictured it riding through the clouds, silvering the road.

They were crossing a bridge. Loose planks rumbled beneath wheels. It was a surprisingly long bridge. What did it span? A good-sized river, quite obviously. The condition of the bridge seemed out of keeping with the excellence of the highway. The observation was bemusing, but far from enlightening.

The car was slowing now, but not coming to a stop, merely making a sharp right turn. Stevens' shoulder nudged him. "Oops," said Stevens. "Sorry."

"It's all right," the doctor murmured. "Are we almost there?" Being deprived of sight supposedly sharpened the other senses, but it certainly did nothing for his own sense of time. It was almost right-thirty when the plane landed. He could not guess the time now.

"Not far," said Stevens. With the right turn they had entered a road that could not even be dignified by the term secondary. Their pace diminished to a crawl. The road was quite obviously of

hard-packed dirt, deeply rutted. The car jolted, tilted, a branch brushed the roof. And then another, and then many more in succession, almost monotonous in effect. The army, he thought wryly, might invest in a pair of pruning shears and get to work on those trees.

They were slowing, stopping. The ignition was cut off. Stevens got out, reached across the seat for Dr. Fenton's arm and helped him down. There was a deep smell of pine. There were pine needles beneath his feet. A clearing in deep woodland, or so it seemed. Steered by Stevens, he made his way hesitantly along a trail of sorts that led soon to a surface of gravel. He felt a sharp sting just below his left ear, then heard the buzz of a mosquito.

Mosquitoes in October? He heard the soft lapping of water. "A bridge here, Doctor," said Stevens. "It's a little uneven. Careful. It's narrow."

A plank bridge, more of a narrow dock, he thought. It was like walking blind over the dock where his brother Phil kept his sailboat. A soft plank here and there. Abruptly Stevens grabbed him, steered him a little to the left. What the hell, he thought. "Base X" is what the General had called it. Blandly, quite blandly. He had envisioned being removed from a car and taken directly to a modern service hospital, not falling off a rotten bridge.

They had crossed the bridge. Now they were in wet grass, wading through it. On this side, the smell of the water for some reason was much sharper. It had a dank smell, a smell of rotting fish and decaying vegetation. It was the smell of a windless night with the tide out. Inland water; swampland.

A voice called guardedly, "Who goes there?"

"Stay here a second, please, Doctor." And Stevens left him. Stevens was rustling through the tall wet grass. A night bird cried. And suddenly the feeling of exhilaration returned. Old memories stirred. He was reminded of the vacation spots of his childhood; the Adirondacks, Lake George, when he swam alone at night, or lay on his back studying the stars.

Where were the others? The

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Continuing . . . LEAVE IT TO THE BIRDS

from page 46

table sat Emmy, looking smug and ignoring his existence. The three adults fought their way through the heat of suspended hostilities with nervous small talk.

"Danny," Aunt Margaret said at last, desperately, "is it true that the parakeet will sit on the rim of your glass?"

"Only if I let him out," Danny said discouragingly.

"Then let him out," Aunt Margaret said.

"I bet a trillion dollars he won't do a thing," muttered Emmy.

"He will so," Danny said through gritted teeth. He opened the cage and a tiny handful of silver-blue feathers came forth. Charlie McCarthy fluffed himself briefly, rose in a quick spread of wings, and came to rest, neatly balanced, on the rim of Danny's glass of milk. He dipped his bill and took a sip.

"How sweet!" Aunt Margaret said. "Wasn't that adorable, Emmy?"

"He'll talk when he feels like it," Danny said. And this all of a sudden Charlie felt like doing. In probably the smallest voice in the world he said clearly, "Hello."

"There!" yelled Danny, flushed with triumph. "You see? He can talk."

"Ho!" Emmy scoffed. "That was you talking. Being a ventriloquist. I heard about that trick."

"It was not me!" yelled Danny.

"It was you," Emmy insisted.

This was one of those interchanges between children destined for either perpetuity or mayhem. But with perfect timing Charlie McCarthy silenced everyone by suddenly rising into the air. He flew swiftly across the table and this time he came to rest lightly upon the rim of Emmy's glass. She gasped, and Charlie said, "Hi! What's cookin'?"

Emmy was transported. "I made him talk. I made him talk."

Danny said, "You did not. I taught him that. He says that all the time." But then the boy paused. A long-drawn-out howl sounded from above. Oscar demanded freedom.

Danny looked at Ben.

"Is—is that the dog?"

Ben nodded. "Emmy, go upstairs at once and let him out."

But Emmy was lost in enchantment with the bird. "I can't. Let him go," she said dreamily.

"Does she mean me, sir?" Danny asked.

Ben smiled at him. "Sure."

"Why? He's never even seen me."

"A dog always knows when there's a boy around," Ben said. "Go up and get him."

"Take him outdoors," called

Emmy in sudden panic. "He might hurt the bird."

"Okay," Danny pounded up the stairs, and in the next second there were joyful barks and a boy's laughter.

Emmy heard nothing. Now she was watching the parakeet as he rose again and soared to the ceiling. She clasped her hands. "Oh, oh, he's just like a tiny blue aeroplane." With quick alarm she turned to Valentine. "Mrs. Brooke, look at him. He might fly away and not come back. Please catch him!"

"He'll come back!" Valentine said. "Come over here by me. Open the door of his cage a little wider. When he's tired he'll come home." Just as she had promised, Charlie McCarthy spiralled down to his cage and went inside.

Emmy looked up at Valentine and said, "I didn't believe it could talk. But it can."

"Only a little," Valentine said.

"It can, though," Emmy said. Abruptly, with a child's mercurial change of mood, she cried, "Where's Oscar's ball?"

and she found it and dashed out the door.

The three adults gathered on the terrace. Presently from somewhere beyond the high hedge Danny's voice sounded clearly.

"This is a mighty neat dog," he said. "I can't have a dog on account of our house-

keeper has asthma. Can you beat it?"

"That's mean," Emmy said. "If you want to, though, you can come out here Saturdays and play with Oscar—if I can play with your parakeet."

"Sure. He likes you, I think," said Danny.

"Oscar likes you, too," Emmy said. "Maybe you could teach him to sit up, or something."

"I'd like to try," Danny said. "Thing is, maybe my mother wouldn't want to come out here any more. Now that she and your father aren't getting married."

"I bet they are, though," Emmy said.

"What do you mean? Listen here; I told my mother I wouldn't stand for her getting married. So she isn't, see?"

"I told Daddy that, too," Emmy said. "But they will, anyway."

"They can't. How can they?"

"Because they're grown-ups," Emmy said. "They don't have to ask anybody what they can do. We do, but they don't."

Danny laughed suddenly. "You know something? When they do get married, you know what Oscar will be?"

"What?"

"My stepdog," Danny said. "Come on, fella. Come on, old stepdog. Let's go. Come on, Emmy!"

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ABOVE: Elaine looked for some tulips, but could find only cyclamen in bloom. The Dutchman at this hothouse at Aalsmeer mistook her for film star Doris Day.

AT BIAK, Dutch New Guinea (right), Elaine and fellow-passenger Bill Casey with some of the small boys who came to the airport on their bicycles to meet the plane, a big occasion for them.



IT'S A SMALL WORLD. In a toy shop in Amsterdam, Elaine was recognised by an assistant who had lived in Maxwell, Victoria, and knew her immediately from seeing her on TV.



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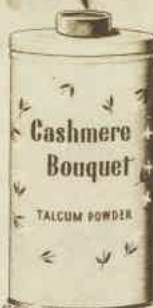
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THE LE GARDE TWINS, Ted (left) and Tom (right), see themselves as others see them on the television screen. The singing twins, who hail from Mackay, North Queensland, are better known in America, where they have had their own TV shows and have appeared with many top artists.

A twin treat on TV

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Success in Hollywood is the world-wide measure of real success in show business. Two Australians who have achieved it are the Le Garde twins, 29-year-old singing "cowboys" from Mackay, North Queensland.

THE Le Gardes are at present in Australia under contract to the Australian Broadcasting Commission, who brought them back on a rush trip between American engagements, to make a series of radio and TV shows.

The Le Gardes, Ted and Tom, are identical twins, with Tom the elder by half an hour. Spending any time at all with them is very confusing.

Identical twins generally are, but Tom and Ted complicate matters further by apparently reading one another's thoughts.

One starts a sentence and the other takes it up midway and finishes it. It is so confusing that finally I got down to interviewing them as one person.

I feel sure that if I had interviewed them separately without the other being aware of it, they'd have said exactly the same.

At times on TV they look as if it may be easy to say which twin is which.

Double vision

But I found it very difficult when I met them and watched them telerecording their shows, which will not be shown until after their return to America.

A floor assistant at the studio told me that Tom had a more finely chiselled nose and a scar along his jawbone.

I tried to identify them this way. But I couldn't get them both in profile long enough to work out the nose structure, and the tiny scar disappears with TV make-up.

Just as the last picture of the day was being taken, the producer of the show, James Upshaw, came into the studio

from the control box and overheard me asking feverishly for the umpteenth time which was who?

"Ted always stands on the left," he said. "It's simple."

It is when you know. I asked the twins about it, and it's a fact. In all circumstances Ted is on the left; he dances on the left, sings on the left, and the twin on the right (the one with the nose and the scar) is Tom.

After that it was plain sailing with me and the Le Gardes. I could say, "Why, Tom?" "Do you think so,

Powder River Kids have, the story is that Caxton visited Australia as a young man, met and married an Australian girl who died giving birth to the twins. Caxton later returned to America and settled at Powder River with the twins, now grown up.)

The Le Gardes have contracted for 39 episodes at least. It's a big-time job with a pilot show (one of the series made specially to sell advertising sponsors) that cost 55,000 dollars (about £27,500).

The roles sound as if they're

TELEVISION PARADE

Ted?" AND look at the right man.

They're a pleasant-looking couple to look at, too. They've got fair complexions, stand about 5ft. 10in. in their rather high-heeled cowboy boots, have light brown hair and greenish eyes, weigh 11st. 7lb.

They've got broad smiles and nice manners and an American accent you could cut with a knife.

But they tell me that in America they are considered to have a broad Australian accent; that they cultivated an American way of speech and accent so that they could be understood.

The twins are flying back to Hollywood at the end of January to keep a date with famous star and producer Ida Lupino, who has them under contract to star in her first "big TV Western," "The Powder River Kids," which sounds like a junior "Bonanza."

The boys are to play the roles of Marty (Ted) and Rufe (Tom), twin sons of a rancher called Caxton, who lives on his ranch at Powder River, Wyoming.

(To explain that accent the

tailor-made for Tom and Ted. They are unusual among the general run of cowboys who ride the Hollywood range. For they do ride. In fact both are Australian rodeo champions.

They have a collection of trophies and ribbons for bull-dogging, bronco- and steer-riding, and other horsey accomplishments.

But they have now reached the stage where they are too valuable to their producers to continue these activities, and their contracts expressly forbid them to indulge in rodeo competition.

They attend them, though, and "do the rodeo and fair circuit" all over America with Dale Robertson (remember Jim Hardie of "Wells Fargo"?)

"The Powder River Kids" is the Le Gardes' first straight role, and as soon as they get back to America they'll be working overtime attending Lorne Greene's Method acting school.

Lorne is one of their favorite people and one of the small inner circle whom the Le Gardes revere as people who really will help anyone strug-

gling for a crust and a break in Hollywood.

The Le Gardes really struggled when they arrived there in 1957.

They worked in all kinds of jobs for five months until they got there until they got a break into TV through scenery painter at M.G.M. who met them at the service station where they worked.

He introduced them to Morey Amsterdam, who had a TV show and who'd been to Australia for the first time.

A lucky break

Morey was sold on Australians and promised the Le Gardes that if they waited round and he had time in an hour he'd put them on.

They waited round all night and when he called them in the last ten minutes of the "really went out singing."

The result of that ten minute spot was their own TV shows, "Double Time" in daytime and an evening show called "The Le Garde Show."

After this the twins new looked back.

Today they're wealthy, on their own 25,000-dollar house in Culver City, an air-conditioned super de luxe timesine, are negotiating to buy a ranch in The Valley, a rural area north of Hollywood healthy (don't drink or smoke eat the right foods, and sleep at least seven hours a night and wise (they don't gamble).

Romantically, they're free. They seem to date Hollywood starlets fairly steadily, but there's no view-mat. romance in sight for either of them.

Like all successful show business people they do seem to have much time over from being successful in romance.

To complete the happy picture, they're at the stage now where they take only engagements they really like and want. They don't have to take anything that is offered.

And to complete the picture for televiewers, they're promised performers who will be a bright spot on ABC-TV programmes before long.

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The REX facial REJUVENATOR is scientifically constructed to allow the skin to breathe, giving "up-lift" pressure on fallen muscles. This allows blood to flow freely to latent parts, building up new tissues. Wrinkles are automatically raised leaving the skin supple-smooth and blemish-free.

Write today for the REX facial REJUVENATOR

W. RENIC & CO.

228 PITT STREET, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Eddie and Liz make a decision

● After lengthy discussion, it has been decided Eddie Fisher won't adopt Liz Taylor's two sons by former husband Mike Wilding, or her daughter, Liza, whose father was the late Mike Todd.

IT seems that Eddie and Liz don't think it fair for the children to lose their identity as the children of their real fathers.

The Fishers aren't happy about the idea of making Hollywood their home, and before leaving for England and Liz's much-postponed "Cleopatra" they bought a 14-roomed ultra-modern glass-and-rock house on the outskirts of Palm Springs.

Hollywood is only 125 miles away by super highway, and her doctors say that the warm desert air of Palm Springs will greatly benefit Liz's future health.

YOUNG marrieds Millie Perkins and Dean Stockwell will be making their future home in New York, where they've been apartment-hunting for the past few weeks. Both will continue to make Hollywood films, but as working visitors only. Millie is a New Yorker through and through, and never was too happy in Hollywood. "I guess it's a great place to work in," she says, "but I don't like living there."

Incidentally, Millie and Dean may be going over to Paris together in the near future if plans go through to make a non-singing movie version of the opera "La Boheme."

PERSUASIVE Hollywood restaurateur, self-styled "Prince" Mike Romanov, has talked Peter Ustinov into agreeing to help him write his memoirs. The "Prince" should have plenty to tell, for the days were when everything of note that happened in Hollywood happened in his restaurant.

VAN JOHNSON, who twenty years ago was the freckle-faced Hollywood star that all the ladies loved, has been cast in the lead role of Professor Harold Hill for the London run of "The Music Man." It will be his West End acting debut.

INTENSE young former Broadway actor Ben Gazzarra, who is expected to marry Shelley Winters, is to play Napoleon in a film being specially written by Vittorio de Sica for Anna Magnani. She will have the role of a Corsican washerwoman who knows Napoleon in his youth and considerably influences his future life.

BRANDO has been asked by director George Stevens to accept a cameo role in his life of Christ film "The Greatest Story Ever Told," which will have an unknown actor playing Christ. Brando says he'll do it if shooting can be fitted into his tight schedule.



OLD-TIME STAR Anna May Wong is photographed with one of the new acting generation John Gavin, and his wife, Cicely, at a recent charity function held at a Hollywood hotel.

New Films

★ LEGIONS OF THE NILE

A sort of poor man's "Cleopatra," with love and politics in ancient Egypt again the theme. Same old epic-spectacular temples, flashing Roman helmets, and horses. A seemingly American-speaking Continental cast is headed by Argentine-born Linda Cristal (a Cleopatra on loan from Hollywood), and French Georges Marchal, who plays Antony. A.B. — Palace, Sydney.

In a word... FAMILIAR.

★ JACK THE RIPPER

With the dispatching of light ladies his speciality, Edwardian England's most notorious killer goes about his nasty work. The British movie-makers have come up with a solution that either never occurred to, or was discarded by, the Scotland Yard of The Ripper's time. In Patterson, Betty McDowall and Eddie Byrne have the main roles. A.B. — Capitol Sydney.

In a word... THRILLER.

ONE IN A MILLION

That's you, Madam. Wife, mother, nurse, cook, laundrymaid, housekeeper. Yes — and budget-keeper, too. How often have you stretched the family budget to cover some little extra — like poultry for Sunday dinner. Or a party dress for daughter, Sue. Or maybe a new frock for yourself.

And then — an unexpected bill.

Bang goes the money you've saved.

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COMMONWEALTH SAVINGS BANK



from page 47

driver, and the man who
united and wheeled.

Stevens returned, and once
more he was led forward. He
heard the click of a gate latch,
the murmur of voices. He was
now on a brick walk. "Single
file," Stevens said. "The bricks
are uneven." From behind, he
regarded the doctor carefully
forward. The walkway was
bordered with foliage. It had
an aromatic smell, and when he
breathed against it, he realised
that it towered above him,
closely bunched. It must be
some old, ancient, enormous,
and hence very valuable. What
was the Army doing with such
beauty?

Steps now, three wooden
steps, yielding and creaking be-
neath his feet; then a wooden
porch. Their footsteps sounded
loud and hollow, and then
through a door, and beneath
his feet there was a rug and
the nostrils the smell of age
and mould. And beyond these,
the smell of coffee brewing,
and the smells of floor wax
and a disinfectant. The door
was closed behind them.
Stevens was fumbling with the
blindfold.

The doctor blinked, at first
unable to focus. The room was
dramatically lit, inconspicuously,
with four large ceiling globe
lights.

"Well, here we are, Doc-
tor," Stevens said.

His eyes slowly grew accus-
tomed to the glare, the quick
illumination. He was standing in
an enormous room that bore
no resemblance to anything
medical. It appeared to be the
drawing-room of a very old
house. The four globe lights,
he judged, had been recently
installed. From the centre of
the ceiling hung a gorgeously
ornate crystal chandelier with
prisms. Above a marble fire-
place hung a cracked pier
glass, framed in gold.

Dimly reflected in the old
glass, he saw himself rubbing
at his eyes. The walls were
papered with ruby-colored
wallpaper, etched with gilt,
some Chinese design. There
was gilt decoration and the
ceiling was intricately orna-
mented. Save for the small
rug at the doorway, the floor
was bare, with old random-
width boards.

But the room had been
stripped of the furnishings that
once must have lent it the
grace of another century.
In a corner to his left stood
a leather couch and two
straight chairs. There was a
cupboard and an old-fashioned
standing ashtray. At the op-
posite end of the room was a
desk. A gooseneck lamp stood
on it. There was also a micro-
phone. Another microphone
hung from the ceiling.

The windows had been
boarded up from the inside.
But the most significant ob-
ject in the room was the
"screen," if such it might still
be called. Across one wall a
sheet of canvas had been nailed,
almost obscuring what must
once have been the graceful
outline of an eighteenth-cen-
tury arch.

"The staff will be right in,"
Stevens said. "Dr. Throck-
morton, you know about him

"Yes," said Dr. Fenton.
Stevens took his topcoat and
his hat and the black kerchief.
"He'll take it from here," he
said. "Excuse me, sir. I have
to hand out the mail."

Dr. Fenton approached the
canvas, then paused, looking
up at it, and frowning. "A
screen" the General had said.
He had pictured something like
the sort of screen that might
separate the beds in a hospital
room. Certainly not this opaque
monstrosity almost the size of a
mainsail. He touched it. It was
taut, nailed securely into the
woodwork, or perhaps a speci-
ally constructed frame.

Beyond this screen, a man.
The patient's identity, his
name and his appearance must
remain unknown to you. You
will speak to him through a
screen.

A door swung open.
Dr. William Throckmorton
was a slim, little man with
thinning white hair and a dif-
fident smile. In his hospital
whites, he looked immaculate,
indeed antiseptic, from head to
toe.

Shaking Fenton's hand, he
introduced himself in a most
self-effacing manner. He had
been looking forward eagerly
to this evening. He had read
and enjoyed the doctor's book.
Most interesting, he said, that
the doctor had chosen psy-
chiatry when his father and
grandfather both had been sur-
geons.

He had been here at Base X
about ten days, he said, taking
a seat on the leather couch,
motioning Dr. Fenton to do
likewise. He was more or less
in charge — "of the patient's
health, that is." A Major Ed-
ward Brown was responsible for
Security, all under the Gen-
eral's command, naturally. Liv-
ing at Base X as well were five
other men, two sentries, two or-
derlies, and a cook. Would, in-
cidentally, Dr. Fenton like some
coffee? The cook had just made
a fresh pot. Perhaps later, then.

Dr. Throckmorton knew little
of psychiatry. Surgery was his
field. He had retired as an

army surgeon, on full colonel's
pay, just fifteen years ago this
month, settling in Virginia — "a
nice little old town named
Bridgewater" — and then two
weeks ago the General had
telephoned.

"They had to have some sort
of medic here. And the reason
they picked me" — here Dr.
Throckmorton began to chuckle
"was my entire lack of a wife.
I am a bachelor. You too?
Congratulations." And he
laughed heartily.

He then spoke with idealism
about this present mission. Al-
though Dr. Fenton, as a civilian,
must remain substantially in the
dark, it was, believe him, work
worthy of the sacrifice.

Under the influence of this
pleasant little man, the eerie
effect of the old room began to
wear off. It was reassuring to
hear him talk. But he was of
little help so far as the patient
was concerned. He was not at
home with psychiatric terms.
He had an old-fashioned con-
cept of insanity. Indeed, he

● The magic of first
love is our ignorance
that it can ever end.

—Disraeli.

seemed actually awed by his
sick charge.

"That fellow is a handful.
He can blow up a storm. He's
crazy as a June bug," Dr.
Throckmorton shook his head.

"And he even wears a mask,
you know. Or did you know?
A damn old dirty pillowslip,
mind you. And fights just like
a tiger if anybody tries to take
it off. We can't shave him.
Can't dress him properly. The
army psychiatrist said it was
guilt." And here Dr. Throck-
morton nodded significantly.

He referred repeatedly, if
vaguely, to the army psy-
chiatrists' report, finally handing
them over.

Dr. Fenton accepted the sheaf
of papers eagerly. Two excel-
lent men had seen the patient
before and after his removal to
Base X and both were most
discouraging. He began to read.
"Do you mind, Doctor,"

"Of course not," Dr. Throck-
morton left the room quietly.

He returned presently, fol-
lowed by a uniformed Negro
bearing coffee, and by Major
Brown, also in uniform. Brown
was a red-faced, stocky individ-
ual, perhaps fifty, who asked if
Dr. Fenton would like a "fill-in
on the layout."

The doctor laid aside the
dossier, watching as Major
Brown, with evident pride,
called his attention to the vast
expanse of canvas. Just be-
hind this were double doors,
which moved on rollers. When
closed, as they were now, they
provided a soundproof wall be-
tween the drawing-room and
the sick room. They were
electrically operated by a push-
button.

The microphone on the desk
would serve a triple purpose.
Ordinary conversational tones
were audible through the
"screen," but with the micro-
phone there to amplify the
patient's voice, the doctor would
be sure to hear clearly the
slightest whisper. The micro-
phone was also necessary as a
means of recording all con-
versations on tape.

Finally, it made possible a
monitoring system: it would
carry both voices back to a
remote-control booth, where,
when it was deemed the patient
was discussing subjects prej-
udicial to Security, the amplifying
system would cut off and a
buzzer would be sounded to
drown out his voice until the
doors could be shut.

"So that's about the size of
it, Doctor," Major Brown said,
and, draining his cup, retired
from the room.

Who was this patient? Dip-
lomat? Industrial genius? Mil-
itary leader?

Whoever he was, his mental
health, his cure was of utterly
mammoth importance to the
United States, that much was
clear.

And so a special spot had
been found, a hand-picked
group of dedicated men had
gathered: a Negro cook, a
major skilled in electronics, a
retired surgeon, and the others.
Here they would remain, in
effect prisoners, until he, Dr.
Fenton, set them free. How?
By curing a shadow-man be-
hind a screen. With a moni-
toring system free to interrupt;
with censorship perched on
his shoulder like a vulture.

He finished his coffee and
told Dr. Throckmorton that
when the patient was ready
they could begin. The time
by then was ten-fifteen.

In the large, barren room,
the doctor sat at his desk and
lit the gooseneck lamp.

Dr. Throckmorton returned.
The patient had been awakened
and told that a new doctor
would talk with him. His bed
had been pushed up close
against the other side of the
screen. He had been given a
mild stimulant. He had stirred,
muttered something or other. A
dim light burned beside his
bed. Dr. Throckmorton said.
The night orderly was with
him.

Dr. Fenton pressed the but-
ton. Behind the screen the
doors squealed slowly open.
They needed oiling badly.
That was something Major
Brown must remedy. The move-
ment of their opening rippled
the canvas. Little puffs of dust
skidded in the draught across
the floorboards. At his right
hand, the microphone began to
hum. It was a poor and
clummy start.

He counted ten and waited
while the noises died, till he
could hear the ticking of his
watch.

"Good evening," he addressed
the screen.

There was no sound in reply
only the mechanical echo of
his own voice, too loud and too
self-conscious. He must keep
it casual, key it lower.

"Good evening. How do you
do? My name is Richard Fen-
ton."

No reply. He expected none.
Picturing the trapped man,
wild-eyed, just roused from
sleep, quite possibly bewildered
by these new demands, he
sought for words that might

prove calming — explanations,
reassurances.

He began to speak, explain-
ing his great interest in the
case, mentioning its impor-
tance to the Government. He
explained the screen and
microphone set-up and their
purpose, for he felt that he
must address this man intelli-
gently. Was he not a "genius,"
according to the General? He
spoke gently, pausing often,
and asked no direct questions
for a good ten minutes or more,
trying hard to concentrate
only on the unseen, unknown
man rather than on the audi-
ence at the control centre.

Even so, he was aware of
that tense group and aware
that what he said was being
taped and would be heard next
day by the General. He must
eliminate that awareness by a
feat of concentration, but it
was a nuisance to deal with
microphones. He might as well
be addressing his subject two
thousand miles away by tele-
phone. It was hard to believe
that the patient was just be-
yond that expanse of canvas.

Choosing his words carefully,
he tried to pierce that canvas
with his voice and eyes. He
tried to clothe the man beyond
with flesh and blood. He knew
from the reports that the man
was young, a few years younger
than himself, but whether he
was tall or short, or dark or
light, how fat, how thin, he
could not hope to know. These
details hadn't been supplied.

There would be no photograph.
He had no notion of the
man's wealth or his work, little
about his home life. He knew
the bare facts of his family

background, that he was mar-
ried, had a son. Time might
provide more details, but he
had never worked with so few.
"Would you care to speak to
me?"

The patient's previous symp-
toms had consisted of a cata-
tonic stupor in which he lay
in stony apathy, alternating
with excitement during which
he shouted and kicked his
keepers. Obviously tonight he
was in no mood to rant. Nor
was he tempted in any way by
a persuasive voice from no-
where, a few gibb come-ons.

Frankly, common sense de-
cried the possibility of a re-
sponse. What must it be like
in there, to be that man? To
be hustled off from home to
this no-man's-land, where
strangers poked and prodded.
To see no sky for eleven days.
His windows also were boarded
up, according to the reports.
This entire establishment was
under blackout. To that poor
fellow, all that had occurred
here must seem more mad than
his own madness. Lilliputian
manoeuvres of the blackest dye.
One more doctor couldn't mean
a thing.

He stopped talking.
Insight, ingenuity, cleverness,
and, perhaps above all, endur-
ing patience would be needed.
He must not press too hard.
The apparatus had worked. He
had planted who he was. He
had heard some sounds, some
breathing, and some rustles.

"Good night," said Dr. Fen-
ton. "It's been a privilege to
talk with you. I will be back
on Friday evening."

To page 55



"For my treasured silver, only
Silvo is good enough."

Silvo is so easy to use that a quick weekly rub-over takes
almost no time at all. That's important to me because
I like to keep my silver where it can be seen. Silvo is so
gentle, it doesn't harm even the most delicate surfaces.



Silvo

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Illustrated: Water jug, tankards, silver, butter dish, by Hecworth. "Stardust"
pattern table silver by Redd. Salt & pepper shakers, cake stand, 3-piece
tea service by Paramount.

62

SOLVE-A-CRIME

By A. C. GORDON

● Entering the saloon bar, you immediately notice the
tall figure of the dead man, "Big Bill" Jackson, sprawled
on the floor at one side of the room.

ALTHOUGH there is only one bullet
hole in his head, you see three bullet
holes in the wall just behind him, a few
inches above the skirting board.

A gun, with one shot fired from it,
lies near the body.

The owner of the hotel, Nicholas Bar-
nett, hastens to explain:

"I was behind the bar washing some
glasses tonight, when Jackson came in
and got very drunk. I could see he was
getting quite unmanageable, so I refused
to serve him.

"He was rather disagreeable, but
knowing him to be a bad-tempered man
I left him alone, and I thought he had
gone to sleep at his table.

"Then, when my back was turned, I
happened to glance into the mirror be-
hind the bar. I saw him standing up
against that wall, a gun pointed at me.

"I reached for my gun under the bar
and he fired, missing me. I shot three
times, and the last one dropped him. I
haven't touched a thing since phoning
you."

You think for a moment, then walk
behind the bar and examine the single
bullet hole in the mirror behind the cash
register.

You then pick up Barnett's gun and
note that it has been fired three times,
as Barnett stated.

"You can't arrest me for this, can
you?" Barnett asks anxiously. "It was
self-defence, whatever way you look at
it."

"I'm not so sure about it being a ques-
tion of self-defence," you reply. "This
looks like deliberate murder."

What makes you think this?

Solution on page 61



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POWDER BLUE



SPRUCE GREEN



RED



IVORY



HAWAIIAN TAN

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He pressed the button again. The doors squealed shut. The door flew again along the floor.

Stevens came in with the blindfold and his overcoat. He was peered back out into the night air and back once more over the bridge.

They landed at La Guardia at five minutes to two.

"Patient is white, male, thirty-eight-year-old. Illness began on September 28."

Lying in an old plaid bathrobe with a notebook on his knee, Dr. Fenton the next evening began collating the case reports. He had not been permitted to bring back any documents, but the facts were fresh in his mind, and getting them down on paper might help.

He had seen the reports of three army psychiatrists, statements made by persons present when the patient first became ill, a statement from the patient's personal physician, another from the orderlies, and he had talked personally, of course, with Dr. Throckmorton. He also had received a summary during his interview with the General. This might seem like a great deal, but it added up to very little.

Dinner was over. It was a rainy, windy evening. He had a fire going in the library fireplace and Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, an antidote for such a night, on the hi-fi. He liked working with music in the background. It also served to insulate him against the noises of the big house. Ed Williams, a neurologist, in from the West to make a speech tomorrow night at the Waldorf, was belching in the shower upstairs. There was a clatter of pots and pans in the kitchen below, where Louisa, his large blond housekeeper, was indomitably making grape jelly. Lord Lister, the household parrot, sang and screeched alternately. And the telephone kept ringing, as often as not for Louisa.

Patient X. White. Male. Age, thirty-eight.

He began to write. Diligence seemed the keynote of this case, but what had caused it nobody knew. The patient's breakdown had come with little warning—some headaches, a few absences from the office, undue irritability, nothing more.

Then, on the afternoon of September 28, said white male threw in the sponge. He began to yell. He yelled vituperations against his work, his colleagues, and the government of the United States. Then he tore important documents to bits, kicked his desk and tried to strike his secretary, who had rushed in alarm to the telephone. When he was bundled off by the M.P.s, he struggled, tried to escape, and then wept hysterically.

A period of contrition had then set in. During this period, in his bed at the base infirmary, he had taken the pillowslip from his pillow and pulled it down over his face. He had wept for hours, uncontrollably. But when an army psychiatrist appeared, he began to rage again.

He despised the army, he said, and threatened to disclose the secrets of his work, if they did not leave him alone. He shouted so violently, so unthinkingly, that it was not thought wise to keep him within earshot of the others in the infirmary. He was given a sedative and taken home.

Even here he continued to rave. His wife could not explain the cause of his behaviour. She thought it was due to overwork. Despite his youth he was a "top man" and had been an excellent, dedicated servant of the United States for the past eleven years, taking little annual leave.

Nobody could believe that his anger and his treason were rational. But his threats and the nature of his work, the facts he had been dealing with, made him a security risk. He per-

Continuing . . . BLINDFOLD

from page 53

sisted, and his voice penetrated even the closed windows of his house. Under the circumstances, even a military hospital was deemed unsafe. His case went to the General.

Dr. Fenton had not heard the telephone ring, but from somewhere in the distance Louisa was bawling, "It's Miss Monica on the phone."

"Ask her if I can call her back," he shouted.

The patient was transferred to Base X by automobile on October 4, just twelve days ago. There another military psychiatrist had a go at him.

The man had sat two full days in close attendance. He had also done some research on the patient's personal life. His decision had been to call in a civilian and he had recommended Fenton. He felt that using a civilian might at least resolve the matter of the patient's seeming phobia against the Government. For by now the patient was refusing to talk at all.

That the patient's problems were emotional, both psychiatrist and, later, a neurologist agreed. There had been a careful and physical and neurological examination, and an encephalogram which did not disclose any evidence of organic brain disease. No evidence of cancer or of epilepsy, or of neurological disorder. He had been a man in excellent physical health, according to his family physician. He did not drink, did not take drugs, did not even smoke. He was "high strung," but quite normal.

SOcially, he seemed to have followed a pattern of extreme reserve. Dedicated to his work, he spent long hours at it, often working at night. This gave him little time for friends, or to have hobbies. He did, however, have an interest in jazz music. He had an expensive sound system and a large collection of records. Though he might seem uninterested in them now, he was by all accounts devoted to his wife and his four-year-old son. His wife was ten years younger than her husband. The child was sickly.

"Well . . ." Ed Williams appeared at the doorway. "A case? Anything sexy?"

"Hardly," the doctor said. "I thought it was always sexy," said Williams, who as a neurologist had an irreverent view of psychiatry.

"Not this one. At least I don't think so." The doctor snapped his notebook shut.

"Don't be too sure," said Williams. Leaving, he called from the hallway, "It's what pays your salary. Did you ever think of it that way?"

"You should be practising your speech instead of bar-hopping," Dr. Fenton replied. He got up, turned the record over, opened the notebook again, and then sat there, gazing into the fire. He knew Williams was baiting him, and yet . . . sex?

He started writing again.

Among the neighbors, the patient and his wife were known as quiet, reserved, shy, but always pleasant. The wife attended church, attended P.T.A. meetings, grew prize camellias, and gave an impression of contentment. No fights had marred the marriage, so far as anyone knew. No scandal had been breathed. No mistresses for him, no lovers for her, no debauchery. Successful marriage, tranquil private life. The wife could assign no cause for the breakdown, and so . . .

The doctor began doodling, listened for a few minutes to the symphony.

And, so far as anyone knew, a normal childhood. He had gone to public schools (unspecified), where he had shown an early aptitude for his field,

whatever it was. His parents, people of ordinary means, had contrived to send him to an excellent university, with the aid of a scholarship. He had been urged on by admiring teachers to take a graduate degree and then another. At twenty-seven, after brief stints at teaching and in private industry, he had entered Government service.

A scientist? Almost certainly a scientist.

"I'm going to my room now," Louisa's arms were stained purple all the way to the elbows. She was rubbing them on an empurpled apron.

"Not yet."

"Hmph."

She was dying to ask him where he had been last night. He felt sure. Well, it would have to remain none of her business (Monica's, either). He hated to see Louisa in such acute distress. He knew he could end her misery with a small lie, but it was bad enough to have to apologise to his secretary, Edna Willoughby, and to his answering service without fabricating a story for Louisa.

He picked up the pencil again, opened the notebook.

Yes, almost certainly a scientist.

Or was he?

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NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 63. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"And if you're wondering what that is hanging on the kitchen tap, it's the jelly-bag. I knew you'd be asking me, so I'm telling you."

He smiled. "That's very thoughtful of you, Louisa."

She snorted. She was peeved at him, he knew, because he had not taken Monica's telephone call. Louisa had been his housekeeper for twenty years. She stood there, and something was obviously on her mind.

"You ought to get a new bathrobe," she said.

"Christmas is coming. You can give me one."

Still she stood there, looking around for something to find fault with, he judged.

"You call Miss Monica back?" she asked finally.

Dr. Fenton began to doodle again. He put down the notebook, made himself more comfortable. His eyes closed, and he saw the room in the old house with its crystal chandelier and the screen.

He dozed.

He came awake with a start, with a feeling of guilt. You damned fool, he thought. If you want to sleep, go to bed.

He got up and turned off the phonograph. Innocent though it might seem, what he had just done could be interpreted as treason against the United States.

I swear that I will never divulge this matter to anyone.

With him asleep, what would prevent someone from picking up the notebook and reading it? A far-fetched thought, of

course, but was it any more far-fetched than the blindfold and the black windows of the plane? The General had set the rules and he had sworn to abide by them.

Tearing the pages from the notebook, he threw them into the fire, waiting until they had burned to ash.

The rain continued for several days, and it was through a steady downpour that Dr. Fenton made his second trip. This time he did not hear the chattering voices at the landing field, but then, of course, people wouldn't be drinking on an outdoor terrace in the rain. And what a rain! The blindfold was soaking wet when Stevens took it off. His overcoat was drenched and his shoes soaked and muddy. Dr. Throckmorton thoughtfully provided slippers, while Stevens took his shoes out to be dried. Still chilled, he sat down finally before the screen.

The heat had been turned on. He could hear the hum of an oil burner. The old-fashioned radiators clanked. Occasionally there was a hollow clattering from above, as though a squirrel were scampering over a tin roof, or a nut had dropped from a tree.

The patient's condition had remained unchanged since Wednesday night. He had no referred to the doctor's visit, nor appeared any different for it. A drug the doctor had suggested was being given him. It had not had a perceptible effect upon his disposition.

Dr. Fenton pressed the signal button.

The doors rolled open, this time without squeaking. The microphone had no hum. Major Brown had obviously been at work. The apparatus was in excellent working order. Behind the screen there was a footstep, and then a cough, a confiding whisper. "He's here. Now try to talk. He's here to help you . . ." The cajoling tones of Dr. Throckmorton.

"Good evening. I am Richard Fenton."

Richard Fenton, ready to try again.

"I am here to help you."

Dead silence.

"How do you feel this evening?"

Not a sigh, not even a rustle from the other side of the screen.

In an ordinary case, of course, with a patient deeply uncommunicative, he could sit for hour upon hour, through session after session saying nothing. Under ordinary circumstances he could hope to accomplish something merely by his presence in a room, by the friendliness of eyes and face. But here this was impossible. If he sat like a dummy, waiting, the patient would be offered no stimulation whatsoever.

AFTER more questions and more pauses, awaiting answers that did not come, he began to talk. He talked about the weather, about New York, about autumn, and even about jazz music, of which he knew little. But his comments, through their very emptiness, might just possibly get a contemptuous rise from him.

Nothing. Again he heard Dr. Throckmorton whispering. "Now you know good and well you're listening, sir. It's interesting. Now, why don't you talk to the doctor? He's trying hard to help you."

Dr. Fenton smiled. "Dr. Throckmorton," he said, "no disrespect intended, but I think it might be better if you leave him to me."

"I was just trying to do a little pump - priming," Dr. Throckmorton replied. "But just as you like."

He heard sounds indicating that Dr. Throckmorton was leaving the patient's bedside. He wondered if he had offen-

ded, but there were enough nuances to deal with already.

He looked at the list of subjects he had scribbled while on the plane. Eliminating the patient's work as a topic was a tremendous handicap. A man's work was a good half of his life.

"Do you miss your wife?" he asked.

No answer.

Was she pretty? Did she cook well? Any hobbies that they shared? He moved to the child. Did the patient play ball with his son? Did he read to him? He understood the boy was frail, was that true? No answer. No answer. No answer. He was beginning to know every ripple on that screen. The sound of his voice was becoming emptier and emptier.

An hour passed, and then another. When it became time to leave, the doctor had covered all the subjects in his notes and the key emotions of life. He had spoken humorously, he had spoken seriously, he had presented himself as a minister and a friend. Telling too much about himself for a man whose nature and job were self-effacing, he ended up feeling like a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. But he had failed to win even a sound, one telltale groan or sigh. The man still lay in darkness, as though dead.

Stevens came in at last, bearing the doctor's shoes. They were stiff, but warm and polished. Then there were more handshakes and some coffee, more stumbling through the rain. He was soaking wet again by the time they got to the plane.

On Monday evening the pattern was repeated. He added a few new subjects to his list, and he touched upon the vital question:

"What do you have against the United States?"

This brought no reply, as usual. It was a warm night once again. Indian summer, after that fierce stab of winter, had returned. The red room (he had begun to call it that because of the color of the wallpaper) looked much cleaner tonight (the floorboards had been waxed), but it was stuffy with its boarded-up windows, and the radiators still shed warmth.

Leaving his desk from time to time, the doctor paced. He smoked too many cigarettes, and drank cup after cup of the strong coffee which the cook had left beside the leather couch. The silences dragged.

He was beginning to feel an identification with the other psychiatrists who had tried and failed, men who had had the sense to give this enigma up. The novelty of adventure had worn off. These night journeys had become a burden.

Putting out his cigarette, he tried again.

He began to speak of genius and its nature. Yes, that was a matter very close to both their hearts. He had been interested in the patient because he'd heard he was a genius. He himself had studied the lives of several talented men in an attempt to analyse what made them so remarkable. Would the patient care to share his humble findings on that score?

No response, except a false one. Somebody with a deep bass voice had cleared his throat. But that was Joe, the colored orderly who was on duty now. He'd heard that voice before.

Joe was interested in psychiatry. He, too, had read the doctor's book. He was probably leaning forward now, alertly, in the dark, primed to catch it straight from the horse's mouth.

Genius, the doctor said, was a special gift of God. As far as he had determined, it had

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The Tea of Flavor

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link to race or parentage. Genetics could not calculate it. Berthoven's mother, for example, had been the daughter of a cook, and his father an alcoholic. Seldom was it passed on from father to son. It stood alone, a special gift-edged sixth sense, and its possession enabled him to leap where other men could crawl. Yet—and now he spoke with penetration, slowly—it often took its toll of human strength.

It could involve much suffering . . . He paused. No sound, except the creaking of a chair. That bed in there could not creak.

It was a metal hospital bed. It moved on rubber wheels.

Sometimes the problems of a genius were simply physical, he continued. The mind would tirelessly, with a concept for common sense. But the limited body wearied. The nerves gave out. And the strain produced—well, ordinary symptoms in some, like migraine headaches or an ulcer. He had heard that the patient suffered from upset stomachs, occasional headaches? Had they followed a period of overwork? Silence.

What had the patient taken for those headaches? Had rest or a change of scenery helped? No answer.

Then again, he said, such physical signs, if disregarded, could not always serve as an outlet for the conflict. The ambitious mind, frustrated by the body, grew more and more overwrought. Grotesque behaviour sometimes ensued, and acts were committed which were not germane to a situation. Words were flung which were not really meant. The genius might even enter a shadowy world where reality, as the world regarded it, ceased to exist. This was not shameful, nor should such acts of sheer exhaustion and frustration be taken seriously by intelligent men.

If the patient felt that he had been pressed on his job too hard, either by his own ambition or the ambition of his employers, he should say so. One act of "treason" did not negate a court-martial. Not after many years of loyalty. The patient's words would be forgiven.

Indeed, Base X itself should seem a form of hope. So were the presence of psychiatrists. This was not a prison at all, nor they his keepers. He was a keeper over them. All would be done to aid his genius and restore it.

Once again he waited. Absolute silence. Everybody would be more

than delighted to have him back, under any terms. He could go on a long vacation. He could have a period of rest at home. Anything he pleased. He could work shorter hours. Was it a matter of pay? Anything financial troubling him? The doctor doubted it, for it had been his experience of genius that money seldom was a goal. Nor was fame, one's name in lights. Genius usually worked for the love of the work alone. But if the patient disagreed with this . . . ?

Once more, no answer.

No sound.

He coughed, went on.

Genius suffered often in its social relationships. Love, family, and friends could, under the strain of trying to "fit in," often seem like crushing burdens. There were so few who understood the powerful driving force of talent. One's loved ones might seem to understand, but there were bound to be periods of estrangement, when a man or a woman or one's colleagues seemed to fail, when barriers rose, and the genius stood alone.

THEN hatred, bitterness could set in, unfounded perhaps on facts. But if a personal hate or a sense of loneliness existed in the patient's domestic life, Dr. Fenton would like to know of its existence. Confession would harm no one.

No one, outside this place, would ever be apprised of what went on here. The patient's wife would never know. Nor any of his family.

No answer.

Genius could not conform. The patient, by his acts, had led a life of outward morality. Perhaps he had not wanted to live that way. Perhaps he had desired things outside the pale of marriage, the acts of standard duty.

His throat was dry. It was nearing eleven-thirty and time for Stevens to appear. But he pushed on, hoping still.

"For example, you may not really love your wife. You may be sorry that you married her. Trying to conceal that fact from her and from yourself and all the world, your actual desire may be to murder her."

"M—murder?" said a sudden, choked-up voice.

A voice of baritone quality, which seemed to come out of the grave. It stammered over the "m." But the word itself (and what a strange one to have chosen) was pronounced

with refinement. Through the microphone came the sound of heavy breathing.

Dr. Fenton waited tensely.

Nothing else except the breathing ensued. He counted up to twenty.

"Do you want to murder your wife?"

For answer there came a laugh. It was followed by a short, curt "No."

"Do you want to murder anybody?"

No reply.

"Will you tell me what is wrong?"

A pause. Then there was a choking sound. Next it sounded as though the patient were vomiting. Hurried footsteps, and although the doctor had not pushed the button, the doors closed.

Still it was an achievement and a pleasure to write at last on that blank pad: "The first response took place October 20, 11.25 p.m."

Edna Willoughby had just answered the telephone and told the caller that the doctor was about to begin a consultation, but covering the mouthpiece with her hand she said, "He says it's urgent."

He did not recognise the voice at once. Stevens had a voice as neutral as his personality.

"Operator 10 calling, Doctor. May I ask if anyone else is on the line?"

"No."

"Right," said Stevens crisply. "Doctor, I hope this doesn't inconvenience you too badly, but it's been necessary to cancel tonight's session. I'll phone tomorrow morning to let you know about the next one."

"I see," said Dr. Fenton. "Well . . ." He paused, somewhat surprised at the disappointment he felt. Slight though the accomplishment might be, he had been carrying around a sense of triumph since the patient spoke two nights before. An erratic schedule could break the continuity.

"May I ask," he said, "whether the change of plans is based on some change in the patient's condition?"

"I'm authorised to say only what I've just told you, Doctor," Stevens replied with a faint shade of impatience.

Psychiatry was something that came in quart bottles!

Dr. Fenton drummed on the arm of the couch. "All right, it can't be helped, I suppose. Stevens, now that you've called I'd like to ask a favor. I'd

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Continuing . . . BLINDFOLD

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planned to ask you this evening."

"What is it, sir?"
"It's a matter of vital importance that I speak with the General. Could you tell me how I may contact him by phone?"

For a few seconds Stevens was silent. "I'll see if it can be arranged, Doctor."

"If I put through a person-to-person call to the Pentagon . . ."

Dr. Fenton began. "That wouldn't work," Stevens said. "I'll see if it can be arranged, Doctor. I'll get back to you as soon as possible."

At six Edna Willoughby left for home.

When, at seven, Stevens still had not called, the doctor gave up. The evening was a waste.

He had dinner at his favorite Italian restaurant, saw a movie in which a man of fifty or so and a girl of twenty-one or so fell in love, and was home by ten o'clock.

"Is that you, Doctor?" Louisa asked superfluously, since he was already standing in the doorway. She remained, with no embarrassment whatsoever, stretched on the library couch. "Everywhere I go I see women on couches," he said.

"I thought you were out with your new girl-friend," Louisa said, making some pretence of hauling her huge frame from its place of repose.

"Don't get up, Louisa," he said. "You look much too comfortable to be disturbed." She had been reading a mystery novel he had bought himself the day before.

"You sure?" she said, settling back.

He could use the sleep.

But sleep did not come easily. He lay in the dark, addressing the man behind the screen. At times the imaginary interview was interrupted by other thoughts, these derived from the movie he had just seen. Already, he reminded himself, you're over forty. Forty-two and a half, to be precise.

At two o'clock the following afternoon Stevens called back. "Do you have a pencil, Doctor? Can you be at the Hotel Bennington at seven o'clock this evening? Room 351. Got it?"

"Yes," the doctor said. "I've got it. But what does it mean?"

"Your request is being complied with," Stevens said. "And the next session will be tomorrow night. Right?"

The doctor smiled in spite of himself. Stevens was a minor phenomenon. "Right," he said briskly, and hung up.

Did it mean that the General was coming to New York just to see him . . . just to avoid having to use the telephone? Or in Room 351 would he be catapulted into a fifth dimension where top-secret Generals abided?

It meant that Monica would be sore. Although, he reflected, beginning to dial her number, sore was not exactly the word. The soreness would be only on the surface.

And what beneath? Apathy? Resignation? Or merely irritation at being inconvenienced? He really didn't know for certain, but he did know that he and Monica were acting out a charade, nothing more. She was pleasant to look at and pleasant to be with . . . and she knew he would not marry her, and she knew the reason why.

"Monica?" he said. "Well, hello," she said.

"I have a patient waiting," he said. "I just have a second. But about tonight . . . I'm terribly sorry . . ."

Tonight they were to have been in the second-night audience of a play hailed as the best to hit Broadway in ten years.

"After what Louisa told me the other night, I wasn't counting on it," she said.

"What did Louisa tell you?" She laughed. "That you've been staying up till all hours . . . It's all right, Dick."

"Maybe some day I can tell you about it," he said.

"Maybe I'd rather not hear about it," she said.

"You're just flattering me," he said. "Listen, I may still be able to make it, I mean, if you want to take the tickets and meet me at the theatre to save time . . . But the safest thing would be for you to take the tickets and ask somebody else."

"No," she said. "It's a lousy play. I saw the run-through," she sighed. "All right, Dick."

"It's what you get for messing around with older men," he said. "I'll send the tickets by messenger."

Since he had not been instructed to approach the Hotel Bennington by way of Lincoln, Nebraska, he took a cab direct. It was an antiquated hotel in the Chelsea district. He entered the lobby at precisely three minutes before seven, threaded his way among potted plants and took the old-fashioned open-grille lift to the third floor.



The door was opened a crack, and he recognised the eye and bridge of the nose as belonging to Stevens. "Come in," Stevens said, graciously opening it to a full eight inches.

Dr. Fenton slipped through, and Stevens immediately slipped out, closing the door silently behind him.

"It's good to see you, Doctor."

The General, dressed in civilian clothes, was seated on a twin bed covered with a pink chenille spread, reading a Bible by the wan light of a lamp. As Dr. Fenton entered, he rose, extending his hand.

"Good evening, sir," Dr. Fenton said.

The General indicated the other twin bed, and sat down as before. His finger was inserted in the Bible. He looked at the doctor over rimless glasses. "I've just been doing a little reading," he said quietly. "Powerful stuff. I never get tired of it."

The General was a tall, broad man with waxy, almost artificial-seeming white hair. His face too was waxy, pink in hue, with a heavy nose and fleshiness about the jaws. Without the uniform, he gave the impression of a parson.

"Voices crying in the wilderness," the doctor said. "Valleys being exalted . . . tremendous."

The General smiled. He snapped the Bible shut and placed it on the night table.

"Our facilities for hospitality are somewhat limited, I'm afraid." Rising, he crossed to the dresser. "I can offer you a glass of ice water, though." At the dresser he turned lifting the pitcher.

"All right. Thanks very much."

Dr. Fenton looked about the small room. There was no luggage in sight. Not even so much as a newspaper, for that matter.

The room obviously had been hired for the single purpose of this meeting, just as had been the one in early October. The topcoats spread over the chair would go; Stevens would smooth the beds, perhaps even wipe away fingerprints. Security left not a ripple.

"I'm sorry we can't offer you anything stronger," the General went on. "But, of course, the less attention we attract . . . He proffered the glass of water. "I'll also ask you not to smoke, if you don't mind."

"Not at all," said the doctor.

They sipped their water. Somewhere in the lower reaches of the hotel an orchestra had begun to play. The tune was "Moonlight and Roses."

The General set his glass down on the night table.

"General," Dr. Fenton said, "I hope you didn't find it necessary to come all the way

on the subject I'd like, if don't mind, to offer some suggestions. I have, of course, heard the tapes. His use of the word 'murder'—the significance . . ."

"It's too early to attach significance," the doctor murmured.

"You were talking, at time of his wife, as I recall, the General said.

"Yes, that's right."

The General rose from bed, paced to the dresser, stood with his back to the window. The shades on both windows had been drawn.

"Utter silence on his part until her name came up," the General said, beginning to show excitement. "And then—"

"—he struck his palm with fist—'bang-o.'"

"It may or may not be significant," said the doctor. "Do you think it had significance?"

"In what way?" said the General, looking bland and more and sitting down on bed.

"Something personally was in the marriage which I had not yet been told about," the doctor said, fixing his eyes directly upon the General. "I'd been told that it was good marriage."

"Oh, it was from all counts." The General's eyes roved towards the ceiling. "Nothing certainly in the nature of a scandal, Doctor. No fidelity on either side."

"Then why were you pressed?"

The General shrugged.

"As a matter of fact," Fenton went on, and now reached automatically for cigarette, then, remembering, put the pack away. "The General has been on my mind several days. And she is one of the reasons why I want to see you. It would help tremendously if I could talk her. Would that be possible?"

The General cleared his throat. "I'm sorry, Fenton."

Dr. Fenton studied his hand. He placed his thumb aside, side, then locked his fingers together.

The orchestra below ended "Moonlight and Roses" with a flourish. The room was silent, save for the General's heavy breathing.

"I was sure that you would eventually ask me that," the General said. "But believe me when I say that we are giving you all the latitude possible. You, I am sure, it must be like no latitude whatsoever. Us— he spread his hands. "It's almost a carte blanche."

The doctor smiled.

"Some carte blanche, did the General said. "I know what you're thinking, Doctor. I know what you're thinking. But you must believe me. This is a matter of—well, it's to call it life or death. But amounts to that on a very grand scale."

"In other words," the doctor said, "for me to see a wife would amount to learning his identity?"

"That's part of it," the General said. "But only part of it. There are other difficulties." He picked up the Bible, fluttered its pages. "The word is no longer at the installment . . . at the patient's home, in home, that is."

"Why did she leave?"

"She was given permission to take the child and go to another domicile while her husband is being treated. Her mother is quite ill."

"Then she is no longer under Security regulations?"

"She is—but in a loose sense. I'd prefer not to elaborate, Doctor . . . The General looked disturbed. He shifted uneasily on the pink spread, rumpling it. "She is a very pretty woman, Doctor."

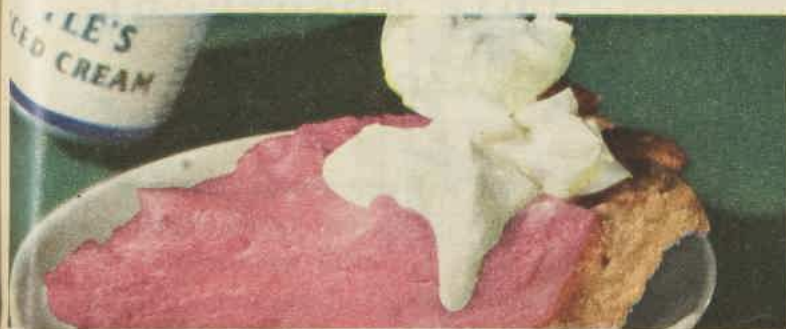
"I am immune to wives."

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patients, General," the doctor said, smiling.

"No, no. It isn't that. I'm not imputing a single flaw in her character. She has been staunch, co-operative... But, while we're on the subject, she is a woman with a strange attractiveness for men. They run after her, do crazy things for her. Not that she makes overtures..."

"Interesting," the doctor murmured. "What sort of crazy things?"

"Kid stuff." The General grunted. "So far. But two years ago, at the installation, it was discovered that some of the men were using photographs of her as pin-ups. And three months later some fool of a marine lieutenant made an ass of himself by writing her love letters. He actually had the nerve to ask her to leave her husband and run away with him."

"Did her husband know about this?"

"Yes. And he raised Cain. He had the pin-ups ripped off the walls and the lieutenant was shipped to Guam and nearly lost his commission. You see, Doctor, what I mean by the problems that might be created. Some unsavory character might fall in love with her, or be in love with her out of the past... Well... His mouth twitched with finality. "Do what I say, and any information you need from her we'll get."

"It would still help," the doctor persisted — and then he changed his mind.

"Then that's why you thought the patient's use of the word 'murder' had significance. Something to do with jealousy?"

The General grinned. "Doctor, that's all your province," he said blandly. "You're doing the analysis. I'm only here to keep you out of trouble." He rose now, Bible in hand, and his face looked grim again. "There's more to it than you'd ever dream. The patient himself, his family — you, everybody connected with this business — have to be protected. And protect you we will. If the time comes when we feel

you are in peril, we will take you off the case."

The doorknob turned. Wheeling, the General faced it. It was Stevens. He slipped inside, pointed to his wrist-watch. "Yes, I know," the General said.

Stevens slipped out again. "I'm sorry," Dr. Fenton said. "No hurry," the General said. "They can hold the plane if necessary." He sat down on the bed again. "You do understand my feelings now about the wife?"

The doctor nodded. "If you have another second, there's another question..."

"Go right ahead," said the General, laying the Bible gently on the night table.

"This may seem irrelevant.

Continuing . . . BLINDFOLD

from page 58

genius. What it will provide is a frame of reference..."

"A frame of reference?" The General looked up.

"Here is a man in a state of deep shock," said the doctor. "In panic... talking about murder..."

The General picked up the Bible again, rested it on his knee. Then, decisively, he put it down on the table. He rose, picked up his coat from the chair and put it on.

"This could be very ill-advised," he said. "The patient as an individual has been unpublishable. But his existence, the nature of his work, the nature of his genius are well known

is an anonymity. The nation may never hear about him—except through his works. I believe that if he can be cured, Doctor, we may yet win the race. It's not often that a man is given the chance you have been given to serve his country."

"The race?" Dr. Fenton said. "What race?"

"Let's call it the race into space," the General said. "Let's call it control of space."

"You mean the moon, and so forth?" the doctor asked.

"Exactly," the General said. "The moon, and so forth." He held out his hand and the doctor clasped it.

"Now if you will, Doctor, leave ahead of Stevens and myself. Stevens..." he called softly.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



It may seem as perilous as meeting the wife. But it would mean a lot to me. Can you tell me the sort of work our man is engaged in? Can you tell me what he is? I can make certain deductions, of course. I can guess, and perhaps I can come fairly close to a correct answer. But I'll prefer not to guess.

The General's foot began to tap on the drab rug.

"I'm not asking for his name," the doctor said. "That's of no importance. But something about his occupation, the way he spent his days... that's important. It could be vastly important. Particularly when we are dealing with a

on a level that has nothing to do with newspapers... I am saying it poorly... but if it were known that you were caring for him, you could be...

The General stood with his hands at his sides, military in bearing now, in spite of the tweed topcoat. "A ruthless race is on, Doctor. Ruthless men are competing."

Dr. Fenton rose. "I judge he is an atomic scientist."

The General looked him in the eye. It seemed a long time before he spoke. "He is a genius of the highest order," he said. "You are correct. An atomic scientist is what he is. But that does not tell the entire story. To the nation he

The door swung open. Stevens stepped inside. "La Guardia tomorrow evening, Doctor."

Dr. Fenton nodded. "Good night, gentlemen," he said. When he got home, Louisa called from the kitchen that a special-delivery letter had come for him about an hour before. It was on his desk in the library.

Buffeted by strong winds right from the take-off, the little plane was a good twenty minutes reaching its cruising altitude. The going finally became smoother, the seat-belt sign went off, and Stevens, losing no time, moved immedi-

ately up the aisle towards the electric coffee pot.

Dr. Fenton removed the letter from the inner pocket of his jacket and examined it for perhaps the tenth time since its arrival the night before. It was in a long, plain white envelope with a smudged postmark. The address was complete, even to the proper zone number. The message was a single sheet of lined paper torn from a spiral notebook.

If wish information certain scientist call Green by mid night tonight Plaza 6-2438.

No signature.

The letters had been cut and pasted in neat rows. Silver block letters of the type used for decorating Christmas packages. A very neat job, except that the "c" in "call" had come unstuck and lay in the fold of the letter.

"Doctor..."

Stevens was offering him his coffee.

"Thanks very much." He drained his paper cup and waited until Stevens had done likewise. He was about to hand the letter across the aisle when Stevens said, "Doctor, how much do you charge, if you don't mind my asking?"

"You mean my patient's Twenty-five dollars a session, in most instances."

"Wow!" said Stevens.

The doctor smiled.

"That's good money," said Stevens. "Damn good money."

Fenton had the feeling that Stevens was interested in pursuing the subject, but didn't know what approach to take. When Stevens finally turned to his crossword puzzle, taking from his pocket the inevitable chocolate bar, the doctor held out the envelope. "This thing came special delivery last night. I thought I'd better turn it in."

Stevens accepted the envelope and examined it impassively, turning it over to look at the back, and then the front again. Finally he drew out the letter, read it, looked at the back, refolded it and slipped it into the envelope. "Hmm," he said and shoved it into his pocket.

"It goes without saying that

To page 61



BEST FOR BABY . . . BEST FOR YOU

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powder**

Only an absorbent powder can give complete protection against perspiration and other harmful moisture, the major cause of skin irritation. Gentle Johnson's Baby Powder is superfine . . . absorbs moisture without caking or clogging . . . lets the skin breathe naturally . . . keeps baby soothed and contented.



SPECIALLY MILD FOR BABY'S TENDER SKIN . . . Enriched with added lanolin, Johnson's Baby Soap keeps baby's skin — and yours — smooth, soft and lovely.

Continuing . . . BLINDFOLD

from page 60

"What did he say?"
"Most of it we couldn't understand. Just the name. He said it over and over again. You know, he has a very bad speech difficulty — stammers a lot. It's hard for him to get the words out. He didn't used to have it."
"What did you understand?"
"I think he's worried about this woman. He kept saying something that sounded like 'Take care of yourself.' Then once, I believe, he asked her to forgive him."
"But most of it" — a gleam

SOLUTION TO SOLVE-A-CRIME

From page 53

You have noted that the bullet which passed through the dead man's head, as well as the first two that Barnett fired, entered the wall only a few inches above the skirting board. Yet Barnett said that "Big Bill" Jackson had been standing at the time.

You suspect that Barnett deliberately fired at the drunken man as he lay sprawled on the floor near the wall, and that he probably fired Jackson's gun into the mirror to bear out his story.

came into his eyes—"was lovely-dovey. He kept telling her how pretty she was, and so forth."

"How is he now?"

"Still very restless. Though it comes in spells. He has eaten a little better since you were here. But he won't let us feed him yet." Dr. Throckmorton sighed, picking up the coffee pot. "That mask, Doctor! It's a mess. If you could get that off, it would really help us very much. Another cup."

"No, thank you. One's enough."

If the patient had been "restless," he seemed to have calmed down now. If he had come alive since Monday evening, he was wary. That was the trouble with being restricted to a particular evening and six hours out of a week. Patients did not

perform on schedule. So, sitting with his notes before him after a disappointing silence, Dr. Fenton scribbled down a new request.

Since the microphones and recording apparatus were always here, couldn't they make some tapes during the day hours for him? Then, little would be lost, and if the patient proved quiescent during the interview period, he could spend the time listening to the previous evidence. It might prove helpful. He would transmit the idea through Stevens.

But at 9.00 p.m. some muttering began.

Dr. Fenton stopped his routine questions and listened carefully.

No names tonight. It was at first all quite indistinguishable, scarcely to be regarded as words, more animal sounds, much tossing in the bed. When words, or something like language emerged, they were pronounced in garbled fashion. And in the effort to force them out, the patient choked and gagged. But the doctor caught what he could.

Going over his entries, when the session was finally through, he had the following:

9.15. Incoherent mumbling. Something like "Wichita Falls" repeated several times. Or maybe "wish for . . ."

9.15-9.30. Moaned. Wichita Falls. Or could be a woman's name? Wish for . . . Doesn't say. "Wish for what?" I asked just now. He stopped, lay still.

9.30-9.45. No sound. His voice, a definite baritone. Fine quality. Midwestern accent. Breathing heavy. Big man?

9.50. Clear, rapid sentence, after gagging effort to speak. Couldn't catch all words, too fast. Asked him repeat. He isn't aware. Didn't.

10.00. Same rapid sentence. Delivery terrified and angry, as though pursued. Definite paranoia. Caught two words. "Rather." "Murder."

10.15. Has now for past ten minutes been under hallucination. Still talking angrily, rapidly. Caught words "Moon. Order of universe. Petty." Think also "Metaphysics."

10.17. Doors almost closed, and buzzer drowned out much. Wichita Falls again. Could Wichita Falls be location of home base?

10.30. He has given up. Silence for past eight minutes. No reply to any prompting.

10.35. I brought up wife and marriage. Dead end.

10.50. Still questioning him on personal relationships. Mother? Father? Silence.

11.00. Offered genius theme. No soap.

11.15. Muttering now. Again that peculiar pronunciation of Wichita Falls. He does it like wind-imitation, all one syllable.

11.20. Rapid fire sentence, same. Word "Stars" now also came through. "Murder. Rather. Moon. Murder." Signal buzzed. Doors inched. Brown stuck head in and retired.

11.15. Silence.

11.30. Tiring. Throckmorton entered. Said he'd gone to sleep.

FENTON took his glasses off. He sat there deep in thought, so deep in thought he scarcely listened to what Dr. Throckmorton had to say, or noted Stevens' entrance into the room. For at least he felt at closer grips with the man. This muttered testimony, direct from the subconscious, was the kind of world he knew, and priceless stuff, even though it was veiled by a screen and captured by a microphone. The human mind was still the greatest mystery in this whole adventure, and the clouds before it were slowly beginning to clear.

"Doctor—"
"Yes?"
"It's ten to twelve."
"Certainly."

How minor seemed the blindfold, and how short the journey now. Even Stevens' final words fell on disinterested ears.

"I called the General about the letter."

"Hm?"
"He said you were to disregard it, but to watch your step. Report anything out of the ordinary."

"Of course."
"Don't talk to anybody. If somebody calls you up, act like you didn't know what they were talking about. Keep clear of strangers. Don't lay yourself open, get into corners, you know the kind of thing he means."

"Okay."
Stevens unfastened his seat belt, for the plane had landed at La Guardia. "We won't be using this airport again after tonight. Monday next we'll leave from Newark. Here are some new instructions. Please memorise them, then burn them, and—just trust the General . . ."

He said goodnight and stepped at last into the cab. A period of uneasiness lay ahead, more rigmarole, and an even deeper vigilance. But as he sat back these faded, and in his ears once more he heard that muttering voice. "Wichita Falls . . . Wish for . . . Stars . . . Murder . . ." Really, quite a successful evening after all. He was whistling softly as—having left the cab on 86th Street as per the plan, and walked from Lexington toward the park and 92nd—he finally entered his silent house.

On the hall table under the lamp lay another special delivery. This one was postmarked "Annandale." He was to call Mr. Green for information about a certain scientist, long distance, Jefferson 7-0603, Annandale, Virginia, collect.

To be continued

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● Good posture is very important for perfect health.

A leaflet to help you achieve good posture for your baby is available from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

NOTE: A stamped addressed envelope is required.

Start the weekend well with

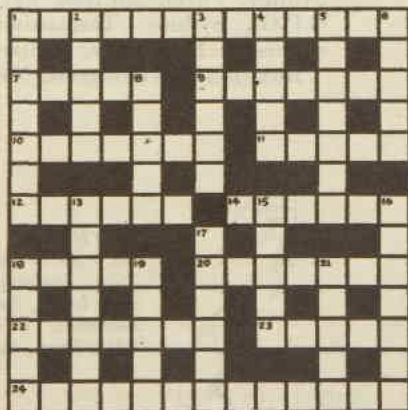
WEEKEND

1/- from your newsagent

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Attractive pressing round a body of constables (13).
7. Pledges shortened round plums (5).
9. A pithy phrase containing a pig and a mare (7).
10. A very high mountain where a famous lady took rest (7).
11. Not enough, and what there is is mostly slang (5).
12. Read it; it's a long declamation (6).
13. Sector (Anagr., 6).
14. Heraldic black, though the animal is brown (5).
15. Leopard, scarcely bigger than her ant (7).
22. Swiss town where a famous conference took place in 1925 (7).
23. Do first to quibble (5).
24. He avoids his duties. He may be a musician (13).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. This is a matter of color (7).
2. Bird of prey (5).
3. He sets linen for the bed (6).
4. Petticoats on the cricket field (5).
5. Forcible encroachments in ways (7).
6. Mug at the major diatonic scale (5).
8. Swifts of a pedestrian who lost his train (5).
13. River, Caesar crossed it (7).
15. Had no dew (5).
16. Irritate with more T.N.T. (7).
17. When a broken pal leads a broken mob the result is coolness (6).
18. Such law excluded females from succession to the French throne (5).
19. Mistake or mistake (5).
21. He performed the pilgrimage to Mecca (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

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LL 23.WWHPC



FRESH, white rick-rack braid trims these mother-and-daughter summer frocks. The high neck and three-quarter-length sleeves make them double-purpose dresses and suitable for slightly formal occasions.

Mother-and-daughter frocks for summer

• Patterns for both dresses can be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, Hobart. New Zealand orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



MOTHER'S frock (right)
No. 5986 requires 3½ yds. 36in. material, 4½ yds. rick-rack braid, ¾ yd. 36in. contrast material. Comes in sizes 32-38in. bust. Pattern price 4/9.



DAUGHTER'S frock (left)
No. 5987 requires 1½ to 2½ yds. 36in. material, 4 yds. rick-rack braid, ¾ yd. 36in. contrast material. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 years. Price 3/6.

F706.—Sheath dress has elbow sleeves, attractive neckline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

Fashion PATTERNS

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 945 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, Hobart. New Zealand orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F7032.—Summer skirt and blouse with draped neckline has matching wide-collared jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Skirt and jacket (illustration A) takes 2½yds. 54in. material and ½yd. 18in. guipure lace; blouse only (shown with skirt in illustration C) takes 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 5/6

F7035.—Slender frock has loose matching jacket, bow trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 5/6.

F7035

F7056

F7032

F7045.—Charming bell-skirted frock has three-quarter sleeves, unusual bodice styling. Sizes 32 to 34in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/9.

F7048.—Slim-skirted dress has three-quarter sleeves, wide collar. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/9.

F7048

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

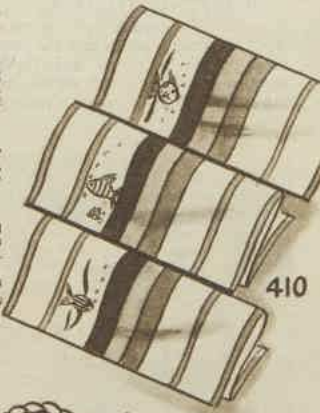
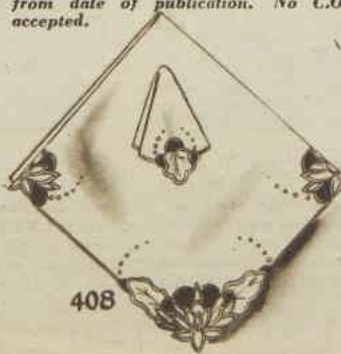
No. 407.—TENNIS FROCK
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No. 406.—LUNCHEON CLOTH AND SERVIETTES
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No. 409.—DUCHESS SET
Basket-design duchesse set is available cut out and clearly traced to embroider on Irish linen. Colors are pink, blue, green, cream, and white. Price is 10/6 per set, plus 1/- postage.

No. 410.—TEA-TOWELS
Multi-color striped tea-towels are available cut out and clearly traced to embroider. They are priced at 21/6, plus 3/- postage, for a set of three, or 7/6 each, postage 3d. extra.

Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning January 23



ARIES
The Ram

MARCH 21 - APRIL 20

Lucky number this week, 9.
Lucky color for love, rose.
Gambling colors, rose, gold.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
Luck in action.

You need to keep moving both mentally and physically, sitting around will have a bad effect on health and spirits. If you play games you are under excellent stars; if not, make sure you get exercise through gardening, housework of the more strenuous kind, or walking wherever possible. Inspiration will come to you while you are physically active.



TAURUS
The Bull

APRIL 21 - MAY 20

Lucky number this week, 1.
Lucky color for love, yellow.
Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
Luck in your career.

If you've just left school there's an offer of a job. If a bit older you hear news of a change in your occupation. If you are a voluntary worker there could be a preliminary survey of new activities due to commence soon. Some of you decide on a sideline which you hope to turn into a money spinner. You take your smiling seriously.



GEMINI
The Twins

MAY 21 - JUNE 21

Lucky number this week, 2.
Lucky color for love, mauve.
Gambling colors, mauve, green.
Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.
Luck in a journey.

You cross distance with a definite purpose. You may go to join one you love to apply for a job, to further your education. Whether your journey means a permanent removal or merely a short expedition, preparations for it will be carefully made and anticipation will be keen. Aside from achieving your objective there is a pleasant adventure.



CANCER
The Crab

JUNE 22 - JULY 22

Lucky number this week, 6.
Lucky color for love, light blue.
Gambling colors, light blue, silver.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
Luck in solving a problem.

Your problem may be a simple one concerning finances, ways and means to carry out a plan, or it could be connected with personal relationships which are wearing thin or subject to increasing friction. Some will find a sensible solution to difficulties with a neighbor or a too-frequent unwelcome guest.



LEO
The Lion

JULY 23 - AUGUST 22

Lucky number this week, 5.
Lucky color for love, green.
Gambling colors, green, white.
Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
Luck in a partnership.

If you're about to go up the aisle to the strains of the wedding march the stars are shining on you. If going steady, that engagement ring will shortly appear. If a teenager there's a new pal coming into your life with many good times ahead. Choose your partner with care, for it will be through joint efforts that you can hope to gain a victory.



VIRGO
The Virgin

AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 22

Lucky number this week, 3.
Lucky color for love, violet.
Gambling colors, violet, blue.
Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.
Luck in accepting help.

You are independent, refusing to put yourself under obligation to other people. A touch of the clinging vine, on occasion, could endear you to the opposite sex, who are apt to regard you as too self-sufficient to need a gallant escort. Call on others to lend a hand; you'll be surprised to find how it enhances your popularity and makes life easier.



LIBRA
The Balance

SEPTEMBER 23 - OCTOBER 22

Lucky number this week, 7.
Lucky color for love, silver.
Gambling colors, silver, gold.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Luck in romance.

That summer love affair may have developed so gradually that you've only just realised that it is the biggest thing in your life. Some of you may have found love at first sight. If you are young and impressionable, if older, a pleasant companionship is on the point of turning into a life partnership. This is the fade-out for any emotional triangle.



SCORPIO
The Scorpion

OCTOBER 23 - NOVEMBER 22

Lucky number this week, 8.
Lucky color for love, grey.
Gambling colors, grey, rose.
Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
Luck on the threshold.

If you've been away on holidays, home looks attractive and familiar. If you've been staying home, you have streamlined summer housekeeping, renewed your energy, made big plans for the future. Good fortune is most likely to appear close at hand. The members of your own family may help you to fulfil a wish. Good news travels towards you.



SAGITTARIUS
The Archer

NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 22

Lucky number this week, 2.
Lucky color for love, white.
Gambling colors, white, violet.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday.
Luck in a communication.

You might receive a favorable answer in regard to a business matter, a reply to an application, an invitation to a wedding or an important social event, or an announcement which interests you. Should you have a contract in sign, read the fine print before committing yourself. Correspondence should be answered without delay.



CAPRICORN
The Goat

DECEMBER 23 - JANUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 9.
Lucky color for love, red.
Gambling colors, red, black.
Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
Luck in a business deal.

Before setting out be very sure of what you want. Don't be hurried into taking second best. If you are going to be unhappy over it. Although you may follow the crowd your greatest success is most apt to lie in a quiet corner. Unexpected developments will influence your decisions. Obstacles to your hopes and wishes can be surmounted.



AQUARIUS
The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 18

Lucky number this week, 4.
Lucky color for love, orange.
Gambling colors, orange, brown.
Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday.
Luck in personal affairs.

Feeling that you have been helping others long enough, you now turn to your personal concerns. You catch up on postponed or neglected tasks, or probably handle at least one delicate situation with tact and patience, work out plans for a new venture. Certain of you indulge in plain speaking if you have been used by someone with an axe to grind.



PISCES
The Fish

FEBRUARY 19 - MARCH 20

Lucky number this week, 8.
Lucky color for love, black.
Gambling colors, black, white.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.
Luck in a quiet interlude.

This period between two bursts of activity should be welcome. You may live more within yourself, sum up recent experiences, draw conclusions, contemplate a new chapter ahead. If you're in love you'll be inclined to dream about the one-and-only. If you are a busy housewife you may be glad too much is not expected of you socially just now.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.

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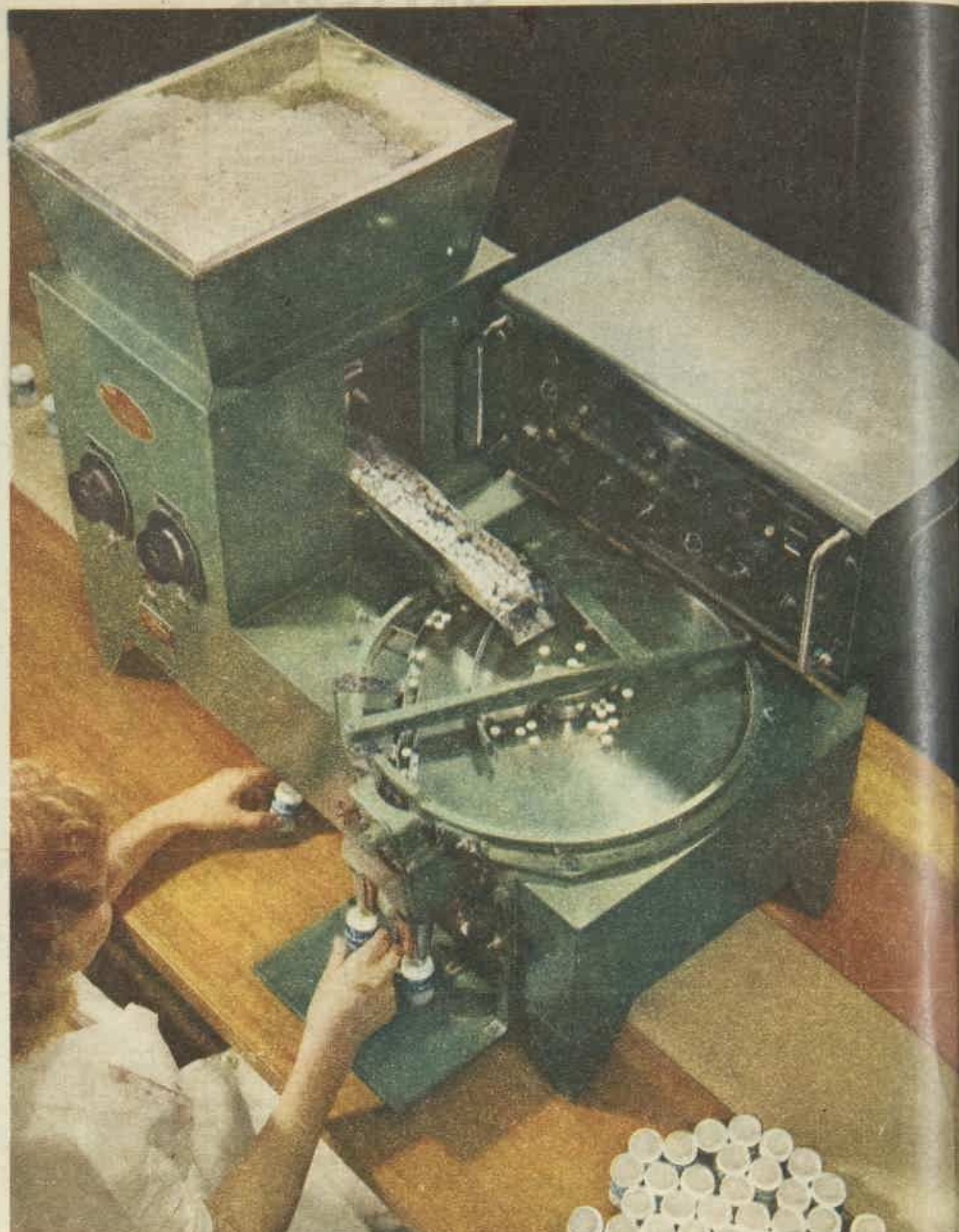


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